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SYDNEY



The Consort of the King is she,
Who shares with him his Jubilee,
And through her graciousness and pride
Her name is honored nation-wide.

MOTHER of EMPIRE

The standard she has set is high,
Wherever British flags may fly;
In faithful service, just and good,
Example to all womanhood.

—P. DUNCAN-BROWN



HON. MRS. FRANCIS LASCELLES, aunt of the Princess Royal, whose fascinating articles on royalty, written exclusively for *The Australian Women's Weekly*, appear in this issue.

£2,000,000 for FLOWERS and SEATS at Royal JUBILEE!

Spectacular Display Surpasses Anything in History!

MANY DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, Special London Fashion Writer to The Australian Women's Weekly. By Beam Wireless.

Jubilee Day will be one of the most dazzling in London's long history of social and Royal pageantry. The formal side will be represented by a spectacular Royal procession through decorated streets in which people have paid a million pounds for seats. The King will have the Queen seated on his left, in the traditional place of the Consort.

The other historic official function will be an impressive Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's, where scarlet, blue, and gold uniforms will make a display unknown to the younger generation.



EX-KING GEORGE, of Greece, who is one of the distinguished visitors to London for the Jubilee.

had aboard ex-King George of Greece, Fred Perry, Betty Balfour, and Noah Beery.

The season's curtain-raiser was the opera opening, when Covent Garden's glittering boxes recaptured the title of "Diamond Horseshoe" from the New York Metropolitan Opera.

THE popular side of the celebrations will be represented by crowds surging from the ends of the earth through the metropolis from which all vehicular traffic will be excluded. The King desires everyone to have the fullest opportunity to witness the illuminations, fireworks and decorations.

Socially, Jubilee Night will last till dawn with private and public parties in night clubs, hotels, restaurants and cabarets. Ten pounds is a normal price for dinner without wine at one of these elaborate hotels. One Australian wine authority anticipates that enough wine and cocktails will be drunk this night alone to float a battleship.

Although the Royal procession will officially inaugurate the Jubilee, the great town houses in Belgravia, Mayfair and the West End are already a-glitter with preliminary festivities. "Dances" in the season's all-embracing term for social affairs. All accommodation in the big hotels is booked up. Exclusive night clubs and cabarets will be simply crowded to the doors, reservations being made weeks ahead.

West End flats now cost anything up to £60 weekly. Yet, for the most part, these preliminary festivities are only informal and young "lovelies" of this, Britain's greatest season since the spacious Edwardian days, are having their pre-Jubilee fling before more formal functions demand all their energies.

AN indication of how celebrities are flocking to London is given by the fact that one train arriving this week



THE MAHARANE of Cooh Behar, one of the visitors to the Jubilee celebrations, whose jewels are causing a sensation in London. Her emerald, alone, are valued at £800,000.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT, who will be one of London's most prominent hostesses for the Jubilee.



FRITZ KREISLER, one of the many world-famous artists who will appear in special Jubilee concerts.

World Stars

WORLD stars here for opera or concerts include Toti Dal Monte, Lily Pons, Chaliapin, McCormack, Kreiser, Grace Moore, and Conchita Supervin. The latter will sing *Cinderella in Rossini's opera* of that name. She now lives in an ultra-modern flat with walls and furniture almost entirely made of glass. Her bedroom is done in white with tomato red hangings and bedspread of white foxskins.

Despite its many super-cinemas, London is the only capital in the world where the theatre still holds all its former glories. There are 53 stage productions running, stars including Ivor Novello, Owen Nares, Marie Tempest, Jack Buchanan, and Diana Wynyard.

Costs of the Jubilee season, which lasts two months, reach such proportions that imagination lingers. Flowers alone, one West End florist computes at £1,000,000. This is understandable, when a single rosebud can cost five shillings.

Costly Dances

DRESSES will cost tens of millions. The Duchess of Kent, this week, ordered thirty new frocks. Her morning dresses are mostly three-piece suits with rather full finger-length coats. Her gowns are simple in design and gracefully draped. One is of green pleated chiffon with a wide winged cape. She chose a wide-skirted mauve organza with a cluster of flowers at the waist, which she will probably wear at Ascot.

Insurance brokers and wise men of

Hatton Gardens declare that jewels valued at forty-eight millions have already arrived in London with visitors from India, the dominions, colonies, Continent and America.

That such figures are not phantoms of over-heated imaginations is seen by the fact that the Maharajah of Patiala has twenty-one roped pearl necklaces, valued at £1,000,000. The emeralds alone of the Maharane of Cooh Behar are worth £800,000.

Margaret Rose, the new color, so soft that it is almost flesh-colored, and Jubilee blue, which is slightly darker than powder-blue, are the Jubilee colors. Blue hydrangeas most closely approximate the latter color, and the demand has been so great that stocks of these flowers have been depleted, and they are only obtainable at a stiff premium.

TYPICAL expenses for one elaborate private Jubilee dance are: Wines and cocktails, £500; caviare, oysters, loes, £300; other foods, £200; flowers,

£200; dance band, £250; cabaret acts, £100; other expenses, £200; totalling £1750.

There are over 100 debutantes' dances already listed, and over 150 major affairs. These take no account of dances given by hostesses in hotels, which are merely minor functions, and range from £200 to £1000.

The King and Queen are giving a series of dinners at Windsor Castle to those in Court circles and distinguished visitors.

LONDON, PARIS AND SYDNEY

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FASHION and the JUBILEE

From MARY ST. CLAIRE—By Beam Wireless

Jubilee, Jubilee, Jubilee—whichever way one turns one hears it. There are Jubilee brooches, Jubilee scarves, Jubilee posies. There are glittering fabrics to grace regal functions.

There is a feeling everywhere of rejoicing—a feeling for clear, soft colors and riotous flowered prints. For hats trimmed with glamorous feathers, and for fans, for laces, for delicately lovely accessories.

EVERY British designer has created Jubilee frocks for the important events that will take place during the next few weeks. Every collection has been influenced by this great national event, so dear to the hearts of the people.

But Fashion, although she has yielded to the spell of all this pageantry, has been in no true way influenced by the Jubilee. And for one very good reason. Scarcely has there been a less beautiful period in the history of dress than the year 1910, at any rate from the standpoint of the woman of to-day. The high, boned necks, the hour-glass waists, the full bosoms, and the exuberant hips all speak to her of discomfort and of awkwardness.

They are against her ideals of grace, of a free carriage, of unfettered charm. Even the fabrics seem to her to be harsh and crude in color! It is a period that is too recent for revival.

Looking back the crinolines is invested with a certain air of romance. The bustle has an elegance which cannot be denied. Edwardian beauties, in their ruffles and their laces and their sweeping skirts speak to us of leisure hours,

of lifting waicoes, of quiet security. But 1910 says nothing that we want to hear again.

Edwardian Revival

AND so it is that those designers who have tried to bring back the past are frankly much more Edwardian than of this reign.

There are a certain number of little waisted jackets, with tiny, fluted basques and huge leg-o-mutton sleeves, worn over gored skirts which mould the hips and spread widely at the hem. They are accompanied by amusing pill-box hats, with a large flat rose in the front, and they are made for dining in restaurants.

There are, too, quite a number of white cotton blouses, perched above the waist and severely plain about the neck. But, for the most part, no effort has been made to recapture the general line of twenty-five years ago.

Instead, fabric designers and the creators of clothes have co-operated to bring out all that is best in the dress of to-day.

Because this season will be the most brilliant that London has known for

many a year evening dresses continue to have trains, although in Paris they have died out. The moulded silhouette, following the natural curves of the body, remains first favorite, and the richer the fabric the lovelier the model.

Brocade lame in pale tones is used by all the leading houses. Lace, embroidered with tiny pearls or dotted with tiny sparkling pendant-beads, is a general favorite. Clear prints, with posies of flowers widely spaced on white grounds, are fresh looking and gay and romantic.

Dressy Frocks

ONE type of frock the Jubilee has revived, and that is the rather "dressy" daytime outfit that used to be known as an afternoon ensemble, and that has, for so many seasons, been eclipsed by plainer clothes that could be worn all through the day.

Pastel-colored dresses have half-length loose coats, embroidered with drawn-thread work, and with elaborate sleeves. Vivid printed tulle is combined with plain silks, the jackets being reversible, so that the printed or the plain side can be worn outside.

Heavy crepes, the skirts shaped with circular frills which wind spirally from the hem to the waist, and flower-patterned necks, tailored with exquisite precision, will all be seen in infinite variety in St. Paul's Cathedral on the day of the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service, and, if only the sun shines, it is certain, from the clothes that are being ordered, that the stands that line the route of the procession, will be as vividly colorful as a summer garden.

THE MAN Who Is OUR KING



Empire Honors His Jubilee

FITTING it is, indeed, that the whole Empire should join with devout gratitude and whole-hearted rejoicing in honoring the Jubilee of our King. To his personal work, more than to any other single factor, the Empire owes its integrity to-day.

His marked gifts as a statesman, his wisdom and

vision, his high ideals, his wide grasp of affairs, and his unflagging devotion to duty have marked him as one of the greatest kings in history.

Wherever he goes, the cares of State follow him. He knows no respite from the necessity to keep in touch, daily, with the members of the Government. He holds frequent conferences with his Ministers, and, though the public hears little of it, his opinion

weighs considerably in formulating new policy. This involves constant care and careful study.

He keeps in touch, also, with all the Governments in the world and takes a deep personal interest in the affairs of his Dominions.

Australia, farthestmost of those Dominions, gives voice to her love and gratitude in the heartfelt prayer, "GOD SAVE THE KING!"

AMAZING Book Offer to Our READERS!

*Jubilee Gift Scheme is Another
Women's Weekly Triumph*
THIS WEEK'S UNIQUE ISSUE

To-day, in a special four-page centre supplement, every reader of The Australian Women's Weekly is invited to accept, at privilege prices which make them practically gifts, either or both of two great books, which are crammed from cover to cover with interest and value to every member of every family.

They are the "Illustrated Family Doctor," a volume that may time and again in emergencies prove worth its weight in gold, and the "Silver Jubilee Book," an amazing record in pictures of the enthralling story of the past 25 years.

The former, usually priced at £1, we offer now to our readers for 4/-, and the latter, priced at £1/10/-, for 5/-, as set out in a special section in the centre of this paper.

With this magnificent book offer and the many other splendid features in the pages which follow, this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly marks another milestone in Australian newspaper history.

MEDICAL reference books, compiled only a few years ago, are to-day out of date, and in an emergency may fail you by being unable to supply at a critical moment vital facts which may make all the difference between life and death.

That is why everyone should have this latest work, the "Illustrated Family Doctor." It is entirely new and crammed with the latest up-to-the-minute medical knowledge.

This "Illustrated Family Doctor" has been actually compiled in Harley Street itself, and edited personally by an eminent Harley Street specialist, and every one of its 2000 and more subjects has been written by an acknowledged expert! It is the latest production of the medical editor of the "Home Doctor" and "Everywoman's Encyclopedia."

The Jubilee Book

MANY people to-day can remember the Golden and Diamond Jubilees of Queen Victoria, but how many of them have preserved any record to show their descendants?

And so, to provide you with a suitable commemorative volume of the Silver Jubilee of King George, The Australian Women's Weekly has secured the "Silver Jubilee Book," the greatest work of its kind ever attempted.

Here are over 700 unforgettable pictures—all reproduced from photographs taken at the time—pictures that tell ten thousand thrilling tales. Here is a cavalcade of Kings and Queens and famous figures. You see King Edward's funeral, the Coronation of King George, the Titanic disaster, the first "loop the loop," Scott's gallant Polar expedition, the clouds of war on that historic August 4th, the first wounded women workers, the Nation's Armistice Day, early cry-

stal sets, the first talkie, the rise and fall of governments, the whole sweeping vista of the twenty-five most eventful years in history.

This is a book you cannot miss—it is a unique, new work that will be the most sought after, most talked about book of our times.

But to take part in The Australian Women's Weekly's great book offer, you must act without delay. Turn right away to the centre supplement for full details, and act at once as directed.

Jubilee Issues

THIS amazing Jubilee gift book offer is an outstanding feature of this, the first of our Jubilee numbers.

In addition to it, this issue contains many pages of absorbing interest. This is the first Jubilee issue to be made by any Australian newspaper and neither trouble nor expense has been spared to obtain exclusive photos and articles for our readers.

Two beautiful full-page color portraits of the King and Queen appear in the issue—the Queen on the cover and the King on page 1.

A special Jubilee Supplement will be found in the centre of the paper, comprising 16 pages packed with articles and photos.

No less an authority than the Hon. Mrs. Francis Laessle, aunt of Princess Mary, has been commissioned to write exclusive articles for The Australian Women's Weekly during the Jubilee celebrations, and several of her articles appear in this issue.

Special London social and fashion articles are being contributed by Mary St. Claire, who occupies an exclusive position in British society. Young, charming and widely-travelled, she has the entrée into the most brilliant social and fashion events of London and Paris.

Eltona St. John, famous writer on royalty, has also written some fashion

articles for the Australian Women's Weekly.

The latest photos and other articles by our special Jubilee correspondent were rushed from London to Australia by air mail in time for this week's super issue!

Intense interest in the Jubilee will be sustained throughout the whole of the celebrations.

While these are in progress special arrangements have been made by this paper to provide readers with all the Jubilee news. In next week's issue you will find cabled news of the opening ceremonies of the Jubilee, and other new and fascinating features.

First Always

OUR magnificent gift book offer and special Jubilee news arrangements are typical of the many new features in women's journalism pioneered in Australia by The Australian Women's Weekly.

This paper stands alone among women's papers in the Commonwealth. It is the only woman's paper which takes as its province every aspect of world affairs of special interest to women. In order to do this with the utmost efficiency, The Australian Women's Weekly has established a special cable service in London, and maintains an office there for the purpose of providing its readers with authentic last-minute news of important happenings in the fashion and social world, as well as news of special interest to them in the wider world of affairs.

This is the only paper which issues each week as a supplement a separately-printed free novel. It was the first woman's paper to introduce color pages, and readers have been quick to appreciate the richness of the color work now featured in every issue.

The Australian Women's Weekly is bound to no party, and is not in the grip of any combine. It is the only absolutely democratic woman's newspaper in the Commonwealth. In accordance with its policy of speaking its mind plainly on every issue, especially involving the welfare of women, it has fearlessly attacked many social injustices, and can claim that much practical good has resulted, and many reforms been undertaken as the result of its firm adherence to this policy.

Notable among its campaigns was that which resulted in the netting of the harbor bridge to make it suicide-proof. Other important campaigns that this paper has sponsored have included



THE CORONATION CHAIR: This historic chair in Westminster Abbey was the Throne of Edward the Confessor, England's last King before the Norman Conquest. For almost a thousand years the Kings of England have been crowned in it. Under the seat is the famous stone of Destiny, claimed to be Jacob's pillow when he dreamed of the Heavenly Ladder. For years this stone was the Inauguration Stone of Ireland, and on it the Irish Kings were crowned.

those for Child Welfare, for the more efficient running of public hospitals, and for the thorough investigation of the causes of maternal mortality.

A NEW serial, "Amateur Lady," by Barbara Webb, commences next week. This is a fascinating story which will make an instant appeal to our readers. It is charmingly illustrated by

our popular and brilliant young artist, Boothroyd.

The exclusive knitting designs secured by The Australian Women's Weekly from world-famous designers in London, Paris, and Vienna, are deservedly popular, and readers will be glad to know that our next issue will contain another special page of delightful knitwear.

LADY GAME will Write Special Articles FOR US

The Australian Women's Weekly is proud to be able to announce that, among its special London Jubilee correspondents, is Lady Game, wife of the former Governor of New South Wales.

LADY GAME is known and loved by thousands of women throughout this State, who will be overjoyed at this opportunity to renew contact with her.

Though quite famous here for her gifts as an orator, Lady Game has not, as yet, greatly exercised her gift as a writer.

Just before she left this State

she published a number of her speeches and some charming verse. Proceeds from the sale of these volumes were devoted to charity. Their quality augured well for Lady Game's future as a writer.

Approached by our London representative, Lady Game said that she had never previously

undertaken a commission to write for a newspaper, but so highly does she appreciate the wonderful work done by The Australian Women's Weekly for women, that she willingly acceded to our request.

Our readers will appreciate our enterprise in obtaining this promise from their beloved ex-Governor's lady. The Australian Women's Weekly is very proud to be able to introduce Lady Game in her new journalistic capacity to its hundreds of thousands of readers.

"I have smoked 44,000 during the past 5 years and have never suffered any throat trouble"

Try Craven "A." Test their smoothness, coolness and flavour; their freshness and freedom from all irritation. Carreras confidently invite your verdict on Craven "A"—the Cigarette that is made specially to prevent sore throats.

CRAVEN "A"



VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON



MARGARET, exercising the fact that she felt a Governor's wife should possess, had immediately on Malachi's death, removed herself from the Council House. Under a neighboring mango tree, with a large fan palm leaf in her hand, she stood, feet together, head erect, and chin drawn correctly inward, awaiting the oncoming ship in an attitude that impressed Addie with the exactness of its resemblance to that of a Royal Princess receiving a deputation.

"She's just like the pictures in the Illustrated London News," Addie admiringly breathed, recalling with a pang of homesickness the pages of that weighty periodical, its woodcuts, richly crosshatched, deeply lined, representing members of Parliament, Royal Highnesses, trains, cricket matches, cathedrals, all drawn in exactly the same style and all presenting a fatal resemblance to one another.

"Oh, Charlie," she said, her thoughts flying fast along the line of reminiscence suggested: "Couldn't we ever, ever go back again and be respectable?"

"If anyone dared to say—" Charlie began, bristling at the thought.

"Yes, but, Charlie, they would say, and you couldn't go about pulling the noses and punching the heads of all the people in the parish and you couldn't punch the women's heads anyhow. Oh, Charlie, if that were only a ship going to bring us back to England again, and if Carrie were dead or— or something—"

"There's no 'something' where Carrie is concerned," Charlie gloomily declared. "Diana of the Ephesians isn't in it with Carrie, when it comes to behaviour."

Adeline said hopefully, "Of course, we couldn't wish to see anybody breaking the commandments. That would be wrong—but if it did happen—"

"It won't. And I don't believe," Charlie declared, truth coming to the surface at last, "that she'd ever divorce me. Divorce is a shockin' thing anyway, and gets you into all sorts of trouble. People not callin' and all that. Carrie wouldn't like not to be called on."

"I wish," said Addie suddenly, "that we had been thrown to the sharks to—rather you and me—you and I, I mean. Of course, it would have been an end. And I'm—she paused, collected herself, and launched forth with violence—"I'm tired!"

Into Charlie's mind floated a vague remembrance of something once said

Glitter

Tinselly things are now decreed
To be quite the latest fashion.
But Nature was first to proceed
With glitter for decoration.
Dewdrops, raindrops, star-dust at night,
Flashing spangles on sunlit sea;
Shen of wings in the moon's
white light—
Priceless glitter, open and free.

—HELEN NEWTON.

by one of those clever, but improper, French writers, whom of course one kept on the top of the bookcase, and never left within reach of one's women-kind: "Most honest women are tired of their condition."

Zigzagging from thought to thought, as a goat in a bog leaps from tussock to tussock to find footing, Charlie landed firmly on the idea: "I wish the Reverend Jarius was dead and drowned. Or else," he modified, "I wish this Bully Hayes would carry him off—and leave the rest of us behind."

NOTHING of this did he say to Adeline. He only pinched her arm a little, and told her not to be a darling silly. He'd no wish, he said, to be chewed up by the brutes that they had seen, even in her company. "All the same," he told her, "I'd have let them crack my bones,

.... Our Splendid
Novel of South Sea
Romance nears a
Dramatic Climax!

quick enough, if it had been that or let that greasy old beggar Shem have you. I'd have shed the last drop of my blood—"

Adeline swiftly changed the conversation. She was just a little tired of Charles and his blood. "Isn't that Shem going down to the beach?" she asked.

Everyone it seemed was going down to the beach. Shem among the crowd.

"I believe," said Adeline thoughtfully, "that I'd like a little talk with Shem." She glided away from Charles. Judith, in the distance, watched her jealously.

Charles, wondering, saw her go up to the big elderly man, put her hand almost coquettishly on his arm, and drop into what seemed to be familiar conversation. "These women!" said Charles, amazedly, feeling for a banana leaf cigarette. "These women!"

Buzacott, joining him, remarked: "That's the Leonora right enough—or wrong enough. Brig, just about the size. Just about the time, too. You'll see the biggest villain in the Pacific ashore in two twos."

"I'll be interesting," said Charles, drawing at his cigarette. He was not going to acknowledge to Buzacott—or to any man—that Addie's fervent prayer for peace and respectability was finding an echo in his own heart. "One gets enough of that kind of thing," he reflected, recalling the wild, bloody days of the Crimes. Bachelor adventures in India, accidents, perils by field and flood at home and abroad. Well, hadn't he settled down? Hadn't he got himself a country place and two or three hunters (Charles could see them now, beauties they were, especially the four-year-old bay), and a wife, and a position among the right few people? And had it settled him?

"A fellow," Charles thought, still drawing at the cigarette (they weren't much good, these island things. He wished he'd a decent cigar), "a fellow wants everything. The right house and the right people, and the right horses, and a good hunting country—and the right wife."

"And," he thought, staring unseeing at the tall brig that was coming closer and closer in. The two slim masts of her, the fore and aft sails, and the cross-yards above. "And he never gets the lot. But what I don't want," he told himself, "is any more of these damn palm trees like feather dusters, and these beaches that blur in your eye, and these coral reefs they say so much about, that rip the innards out of your ships for you, and don't have as much as a girl's necklace on them for all the talk about them. I'm like Addie. I want to be respectable, and damn it, coral islands aren't respectable, any way you take them."

The ship was coming in.

Every soul on Vainamu (save the two pastors, the two policemen, who were still away burying Malachi, James Robinson, Eleanor, and Margaret (Gilliland) was hurrying to the shore. Twice only in the history of Vainamu had an event so great occurred. Once, when the Leonora had anchored off the reef, sent boats ashore and stolen twenty women. Once when the rough little schooner owned by the islanders had returned from sea, with marvelous strangers aboard.

Now, for the third time, new streams were pouring into the stagnant pool of island life, and fearful as they were that trouble might follow the second call of the notorious brig, as it had followed the first, the people could not restrain themselves from rushing down



Illustrated
by WEP

to the beach to see the sailors come ashore.

But they came slowly this time. The ship was coming to anchor, and no boat—so far—had been lowered. There was something odd, too, about the aspect of the Leonora. Always her master, Hayes had insisted upon man-of-war order for the keeping of the brig. Yards were braced square, ropes flannel-colored, paint and brass shiny with scrubbing and polish. To-day she was different, she had an air of slackness and untidiness, almost of decay.

Buzacott, fixing a sailorly eye upon the brig, remarked: "Something wrong there."

"Some of them sick," opined Charles. "Some of them have been," corrected the sailor, watching a Jack flutter half-way up the mainmast and then stop.

"There'd be a quarantine flag, surely, if—"

"Kind of sickness they're liable to on Bully Hayes's ships don't need no quarantine flag."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I've a sort of idea," said the sailor slowly, keeping his pocket glass trained on the brig, "that someone, maybe, has bin drawing the wages that's due to him."

"Well, there's the boat lowering away anyhow. Let's go down to meet her, and we'll know."

A whaleboat, long and speedy, had been lowered, and was being pulled into the lagoon by two or three white men, and half a dozen kanakas. "It's not him in the sternsheet," Buzacott com-

"Oh, Charlie, if that were only a ship going to bring us back to England again, and if Carrie were dead or— or something—!"

meet them. The islanders, muttering and grumbling, stood apart. "Where's our women that they took away?" some demanded of the empty air. "Someone ought to catch them and shut them up, to pay for what they've been done," another declared.

The steersman, conscious of the hostile atmosphere, called out: "Here, you people, we aren't going to do you any harm. We want to come ashore and get wood and water. We haven't got your women. It wasn't us took them. Hayes he shipped a new crew in Valparaiso, all but the cook, and the cook he—"

"What did the cook do?" Buzacott asked with keen interest.

The steersman wet his lips. "Why, it'll have to be known when we make the first port," he declared, as if he were apologising to someone unseen. "Why, the cook, he's done for him."

"For Bully Hayes?" asked Buzacott, with a shout.

"Aye."

"How did it happen? This is a go," the sailor aside told Charles. "We've always said one of them would up and kill him, but we never thought. Go on. What happened?"

The man said: "Cap, he cursed the

from Vainamu. It would be all right to travel on Bully Hayes's boat, now Bully Hayes was gone.

Buzacott, his mind a battleground of warring emotions, stood staring at the ship. Of course, they'd all go away. Of course the reverend and Lady Gilliland, and Elaine and his girl—and Eleanor, poor Eleanor—would take passage by the brig to the nearest port. Black maybe would stop behind, peacocking about and trying to be made chief, but who wanted Black?

And he himself, he who had learned to love the place as he had never loved any, despite the misfortunes that had fallen there upon himself and his comrades, he who wanted more than anything in the world to pass the remainder of his days on Vainamu—he would have to choose between parting with that pleasant island for ever, and parting with Eleanor.

Who, of course, did not want him. Whose heart was buried in the grave where to-day they had buried her young bridegroom, Malachi. She'd go with her father and her sister, keep house for the bishop when they got to Australia and, he dared say, never marry again. They would be "in society," and he, a plain sailorman, would never see her. Was it worth it? Wouldn't he do better to stop where he was, find a house and a garden and maybe a wife, on Vainamu, and try to forget? As usual, she who had flung her petticoat over his head, wasn't such a bad-looking jade, and she seemed desperately taken with him. And come to think of it, weren't the men reasonable after all in demanding their rights, asking for their share of the newcomers? He was all for giving women what they wanted, provided that they didn't want anything they oughtn't to. That they wanted him—and Charles—and Black—was perfectly natural. Poor things, you couldn't but be sorry for them.

He had heard the conversation between Charles and Judith, but he laughed at the idea of "something frightful." There wasn't anything frightful about these little dears in their white petticoats.

Black, of course, would stay—and poor little Minnie would go away with the Reverend and his daughters. It was all that there was left for her to do.

Please turn to Page 57

By Beatrice Grimshaw

mented. "It ought to 'a bin." He went with Charles to the water's edge, where a crowd of Vainamuanas, male and female, had already gathered.

Buzacott said: "Here, make way," and pushed through the throng. "Boat ahoy!" he shouted. "Leonora's boat—where's your master?"

THE white man who was steering a lean, unhealthy-looking fellow with his head tied up in a handkerchief, replied in one word: "Dead." Then he shouted: "Way 'auff—in oars!" and the whale-boat glided slowly to the beach.

Now for the first time the gap left by Seremy's death began to be felt. No one knew what to say to the strangers. No one came forward to

cook for nothing, and we all began rowing, and the cook went down below to get a gun, and Can, he got a pistol out but the cook he was too quick for him and done for him in one shot." It was to become history in the Pacific, that ignominious death of a pirate king at the hands of the lowest creature aboard ship, a sea cook, one whose very name was commonly used as a term of reproach. But no one, listening to the steersman, thought of anything but personal applications of the disaster.

The island people realised with thankfulness that they were safe. Without the leadership of Hayes, no one would dare to carry off their women.

Charles instantly understood that he and Adeline might get a passage away

UNDER Their SKIN

... A Story Which Proves That All Women are Sisters.

BY

Antonia Cunliffe



Illustrated by
FISCHER

THE ugly little Welsh pony picked his own way along the steep track. His owner rode with loose rein, her whole attention riveted on the valley below. It was lashed in the full tranquil glow of a late summer afternoon. Curled in his lap, like a great cat, lay the farmhouse. On either hand, creeping up the base of the mountains, waved green fields of corn and clover.

Further up the mountain sides were dotted with sheep. No sounds but their plaintive calling and the tinkle and splash of a thousand little streams reached the woman's ears. They were deafened by the something crying within her heart: "Oh, Lance! Lance! You loved the summer so in the Tyrog valley. If you had waited until now you wouldn't have gone. I know you wouldn't have gone!"

Her pony shied violently, and she was nearly thrown from the saddle. When she recovered her seat and had quietened him a little, she saw that a gipsy woman had risen out of the bushes and was standing on the path in front of her.

She carried a pack on her back, and a baby in her arms. It was queer to come across her there, without any others of her kind.

She came forward quickly, seized the pony's bridle, and began to beg in a rapid, wheedling monotone.

Morvena couldn't bear it. Yet there was something about the round head of the baby at her breast, something in the story she told about being unable to feed it for hunger, that caused her to dive into her pockets and bring out all she had in small silver and copper.

The woman grasped it, and immediately dropped the bridle and fell behind. For all the eager light in her eyes she was genuinely weary and foot-sore, and when Morvena glanced back she was shifting the child with an effort from one arm to the other.

MORVENA drew rein again.

"If you're going down to the Pwelly road perhaps I can carry the baby for a bit?" she called.

The woman shot her a distrustful look, hesitated for a moment, and then came up and silently placed the baby in her arms. She took the bridle again and walked beside the pony's head.

"Have you far to go?" asked Morvena presently. She wondered if a band of them were camping in the mountains. She had never known a gipsy to travel alone before.

The woman glanced back suspiciously. "Maybe far and maybe near," she answered shortly.

It was evident that there was no more information to be had from her, and Morvena lapsed into silence. She turned her attention to the baby—an unsavory little bundle of rags, as brown as its mother. She held the head aside, and it stared up at her with unwinking black eyes.

The gipsy spoke. She had been

The woman shot her a distrustful look, hesitated for a moment, then silently placed the baby in her arms. She took the bridle again and walked beside the pony's head.

watching Morvena under her lashes, and her voice was softer and more confidential. "Lady," she said, "have you seen a tinker passing by here lately? A tinker and his girl, and a tall dark man with them?"

Morvena thought hard. She remembered passing such a trio on the road to Newtown a few days earlier. The tinker, a disagreeable looking old man, sat in a donkey cart among his clattering wares, and the young couple trudged behind.

"Ah, that'll be them!" said the gipsy darkly. "I'll be up with them yet!" She walked on in silence for several minutes, and then suddenly burst out: "That man was my man. An' when I get my hands on that tinker's lass her own mother won't know her!"

Morvena glanced at the woman's brown arms and long nails, and inwardly shuddered. "You—you think you'll get him back?" she asked.

"I'll not stop a'follerin' them until I do!"

"You think he's worth it?"

The woman made a contemptuous, guttural noise in her throat. "He's not worth it," she said, "but he's mine, and I'm not seen' any other woman get him without knowin' the reason why. It's not sense," she added reasoningly.

The track began to dip sharply, and the pony started to stumble and slide. Morvena left him to the gipsy and clasped both arms about the child.

The farm was out of sight now, and as the mouth of the valley narrowed the mountains on the other side seemed to reach out towards them.

The setting sun turned their peaks to fire, and blue shadows were already creeping up their crevices. A pewit

The gipsy dropped the bridle and gathered the baby into her arms. She thrust her dark face close to Morvena's.

"Lady," she said earnestly, "take the advice of Abigail Knight, who never gave a bad word to nobody. You go down to London after your man. You owe it to the child that's comin' to you."

She turned without another word and started off down the road towards Newtown. Morvena watched her go with a curious feeling of emptiness in her heart. The color slowly mounted to her cheeks.

How did she know? How did she know? It wasn't as though she'd told a soul. Not even—not even Lance.

THERE was no breeze at all in the valley that evening, and it was impossible to have the french windows shut.

Morvena found it difficult to concentrate on her accounts. She turned the pages idly, and compared the latest figures with those of last year. If great-aunt Millicent had been alive she would have been pleased.

She bit the end of her pen and stared out into the dusky garden. The gipsy woman's words kept coming back to her: "He's not worth it—but he's mine."

Lance wasn't worth it. He was weak. But she had known he was weak when she married him. Something strong within her, something she had always imagined was masculinity, but that Lance hilariously referred to as her "incurably maternal complex," had drawn her towards the young publisher with his dark laughing eyes and weak laughing mouth.

He was too sweet natured, too easily won by the flattery of being accepted

Morvena Takes a Gipsy's Advice

rose from the slope below them and circled about their heads, crying mournfully. Beyond them there seemed to be no other living thing in the world.

Morvena was aware of a strange, primeval link between herself and the woman at her side. She said simply: "I've lost my man, too."

"Ah," said the gipsy. "I thought you were in trouble. How long has he been gone from you?"

"Oh, two or three months now!"

"Are you after him?"

"No. If he doesn't want me it doesn't seem worth it. He's in London."

The gipsy turned and stared. "What! Him in London an' you just caperin' about these hills—"

The pony stumbled and nearly fell. With a quick, expert movement she wrenched him up and then struck the surprised animal across the nose. They made the rest of the descent and turned into the Newtown-Pwelly road in silence.

as a good companion, to see that the pseudo-Bohemian circle in which he moved involved was merely using him to his own ends.

He was a publisher. Only a junior partner it was true, but nevertheless, a publisher on tap, so to speak. They gloated over him.

Even Morvena who, entering the circle as a young and really-true bride, caused something of a flutter, was dazzled by them at first. But not for long. Besides, she and Lance couldn't afford to keep up with them. The parties and parties that Lance insisted upon giving were gradually breaking them.

She tried to remonstrate with him at first, but he grew sullen and refused to discuss their financial affairs with her; and suddenly, business improved amazingly. For six months their little Chelsea house was a kind of free "bed-and-board" institution.

And then Lance came to her one evening white-faced—a frightened little

boy. He hid his head in the crook of her arm and babbled something about converted funds and the flop of a book that had been destined to pay everything back.

And everyone knew that if Morvena's great-aunt Millicent hadn't swept down out of her Welsh fastness, paid an enormous sum to have the thing settled out of court and borne them away with her, Lance would have been ruined for a lifetime.

The farmhouse was roomy and comfortable and could easily have housed three families, but the old lady grimly installed them in a small workman's cottage at the mouth of the valley and proceeded to see for herself what stuff Lance was made of.

It was winter when they arrived, and the cold and the dark, the isolation and the unaccustomed manual labor nearly broke Lance. But Morvena thrived and blossomed.

The smell of earth and animals, the free rhythmical movements of her body went through, performing its new tasks, brought out the sturdy Welsh farming strain that had lain dormant in her until now.

Besides, she was warmed by a flame of which Lance knew nothing—she had the farmer's ability to smell spring with the fall of the last autumn leaf.

When the spring really came Lance's soul thawed and gushed forth in a spate of poetry, some of it fairly good, most of it incredibly bad, scribbled on the backs of corn merchants' bills as he leaped over gates and pig-pens.

The summer brought fourteen to sixteen hours a day of sheep-shearing and hay-making, but by now his muscles had grown used to the interminable monotony of movement. Only the coming winters hung like night-mares over him; and, in time, to her secret joy, Morvena saw that even the dread of these was becoming less acute.

But it was with Morvena that great-aunt Millicent discussed sales and purchases, leases and accounts; Morvena who drove her about in the battered Buick; Morvena who went up to the house to go through the books with her, and whom she kept talking far into the night.

And when one morning she was found in her chair, just as Morvena had left her, and her will was read, it was found that she had left the whole of the Tyrog valley estate to "my grand niece, Morvena Guthrie, and the heirs of her body for ever."

MORVENA had half-expected Lance to break out with the hilarious suggestion that they should sell everything and return to town. But when they climbed the Foxes Path a week or two later, and looked down on the valley below, he drew her into his arms.

"It's a lovely heritage, my darling," he said simply, and Morvena knew that the Tyrog valley had marked him for its own.

Tragedy turns upon such a simple hinge. It was one of Lance's poems—a sonnet to the valley—appearing in an obscure and highbrow little weekly that brought that letter from Penelope.

She demanded to know in what para-

disse Lance was hiding himself. She gave the news of the crowd in three racy pages, and spent two more touching in a picture of the desolation of Chelsea without them. Finally, she commanded a week-end invitation for herself, for Miriam Waters ("very blank verse, you know, you ought to compare notes"), Gustav Brook ("he paints mountains and things"), and another young man ("absolutely impossible, but he's got a car, my dear"). Morvena, watching Lance shrewdly, wondered if he saw his successor in the man with the car, but it had passed over his head.

THEY came. It was early in the spring—too early—and the rain it rained and rained.

They stayed for a week, burning enormous fires and leaving little heaps of damp clothing all over the house, waiting for the glories that Lance nearly wore himself hoarse promising them and glancing from him to the weather and the mud-soaked floor of the valley with amused, cynical eyes. Finally, they left with an organised swoop, and the next day the sun came out.

But oh, the damage. The incalculable damage. You could tell by the way Lance went about looking at everything in a fresh, puzzled sort of way that he was wondering if he had really been a man bemused these past three years, and if they were right—or, after all, they were really right?

And when one morning he came bounding up with a letter from Penelope inviting them—or rather him—"I suppose with spring and all that Morvena simply won't budge from the

My Favorite Poem

It Is Something

It is something to have wept as we have wept,
It is something to have done as we have done;
It is something to have watched, when all men slept,
And seen the stars which have never seen the sun;
It is something to have smelt the mystic rose,
Although it break and leave the thorny rods,
It is something to have hungered once as those
Must hunger who have ate the bread of gods.

—G. K. Chesterton.

Sent in by Marie Louise Stafford, Farm 973, Griffith, N.S.W.

farm?" down to stay. Gustav Brook had turned his attention to the Dolomites and would lend Lance his studio. "You go, darling," said Morvena, who had been feeling rather queer, "and I'll follow in a week or two."

Of course it didn't matter. Only—only—she hadn't expected he'd rush off to pack like that.

She didn't tell him then because she wasn't quite sure. And she didn't tell him when she was sure because the letters that he wrote hadn't once mentioned Morvena joining them.

And so she waited, proud and aloof, and perhaps a little too wrapped up in her secret to care much until that fateful, incoherent, muddled scrawl of Lance's had arrived a few days ago.

He had been a fool to imagine he could ever leave London. Morvena must forget him. He could never come back—they were fundamentally committed to one another. He and Penelope.

He and Penelope. Her hand smote the account book before her. What had Penelope done for him? What right had she to him? A crimson tide of anger flooded her cheeks. Abigail Knight was right. She wasn't going to see another woman get away with her man without knowing the reason why.

She rose and stumbled across the dark room and pulled the bell-rope savagely.

"Call me at six and order the car to be outside at seven-thirty," she told the sleepy, surprised maid. "I'm catching the London train to-morrow."

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GIANT Strides



PETER GABE was speeding like a greyhound down the street. Dramatically turning into Earl's Court Station, he plunged down the stairs and saw a train departing. Hands were flung out at him from every side. He had a fantastic view of wide

mouths and protestant faces, but with the utmost possible determination he handed porters out and leapt on to the footboard, then swung in through an open door. And when he looked round he discovered what they meant. He was the only person in the train, and it was going off into a siding.

In a stiff way he turned to peer out of the window. Then he said: "Good-bye, all!" and sat down patiently. Quite suddenly he was brought back to real life by the guard who, with a bell and book, or something of the sort, was walking through the train. He questioned Peter, and the outcome of it was that when the train came to a standstill he was escorted out and made to walk back to the station. It was raining and the board on which he had to tread was slippery. There were points everywhere, and his guide had to point continually, saying: "Live line there. Look out!" Everybody who had seen him leave with such despatch grinned at him as he plodded back in ignominy, and he was much discomfited.

HE travelled on to Putney by the next train, later than he need have been, and on arrival he was quick to point out it was not his fault. That wasn't any use. He had been late too many times before, and he had been warned what would happen if he should be late again. And now he was.

Don't think it was a lady he had disappointed. It was a crew. He was a member of the first eight of the Tideway Rowing Club in training for that autumn's Mecca, Henley. He was "seven" in a crew with a great chance for the Grand; a special long row had been ordered for this evening and he alone was very late. The crew had come out with a substitute, and he was left to cool his heels in much danger till, from the balcony, he saw the flash of sunlight on the turning ears far up the Putney reach. The crew returned, gasped outside the club, and presently out stepped the cox. Man after man followed him on to dry land strolling warmsup up

By a Girl of 17

Student

THERE he stands in mock defiance. Cultivating self-reliance; Deceitful and circumspet; Building up his intellect. Pupil of a million masters. Triumphs, failures, and disasters. Mighty brains of mighty nations Garland him with inspirations. Student! Student! Lean and bending. Who shall warm your hapless ending?

—Yvonne Webb.

the "hard," his dripping out sloped on his shoulder. They returned, lifting their craft as reverently as a coffin and depositing it under cover. Then Peter Gabe, who had come down the steps, paused and was face to face with the smallest man among them. He wore waterproof trousers, and a blazer with the collar turned up round his ears. He was a slight-built, solemn little fellow, and he was the brother of the girl whom Peter was at that time admiring. His name was Freddie Foulkes, and from beneath the long peak of the dark blue cap he had secured for coxing Oxford, he looked Peter up and down.

"His Royal Fatness," he said acidly. "Fat head, fat body and fat fool." "I went without my lunch to-day," retorted Peter, "so that I should be here in time only I got into the wrong train by mistake." "Well, Macey's going to see you presently," replied the other. "You've been chucked out from to-night. He can't reserve a place for a man who can't be bothered to get here in time."

People laughed at Freddie for a little man... But when in the final of the Grand at Henley Regatta he stroked his crew to victory no one laughed.

Long Complete Story.....By HYLTON CLEAVER

Unlike the fauntails at a theatre," he concluded, "you cannot get complimentary seats in a boat."

Peter began to answer, but "I shall see you, I expect, to-night," snapped Freddie, and went to shed his sodden clothing. Peter remained alone. "I shall see you to-night." He knew why that was ominous. Freddie would destroy his self-respect in front of Alison (who hadn't missed a Henley for the last six seasons). When she knew he had been dropped from the crew, for slackness, his stock would slump to nothing; it was not much now. And with that reflection he found he was hating Freddie Foulkes. Freddie could almost certainly have saved him this. Macey was captain of the club, but he consulted Freddie all the time, and Freddie had a down upon him, Peter. He had picked on him every night, and because everybody else thought him a fine car, Freddie had said he was fat and lazy and could not keep time with stroke.

Macey duly broke the news, and after that Peter went off in disgust.

PETER reached the home of the Foulkes that evening after dinner.

Divested of his hat he was shown with a chill respect into an inner fastness and here received the swift impression of a scene set for the rising of the curtain. Alison, one creamy-stockinged leg supported by another, sat on a pile of flaming cushions in a corner; her arms were folded and her chin was sunk upon the apple of her throat; from under delicately pencilled brows her cool eyes looked out with a feigned steadfastness reproving Peter as he crossed the floor; whilst Freddie, in an up-stage manner, was talking to a girl called Marie, whom Peter knew slightly.

He bowed, and then, all ready for the worst, he turned to Alison, after a swift and far from amicable glance at Freddie.

"You look as though you've had bad news."

"I have."

"Ah, I imagined Freddie would run home from school to tell you. Did he arrive, all breathless, in the hall?"

"We were all a little winded, naturally."

He sat down at her side, hands gripped between his knees.

"Yes, it's a triumph, I suppose, for Freddie. For a small man he certainly does chuck his weight about; fortunately, it doesn't hurt much—even when it hits."

Alison leaned back, resting her shingled head against her folded hands, her smooth white throat voluptuously stretched.

"I'm sorry you aren't going to row, but it's your own fault, and I don't think you need be so rude."

"Not going to row?" said Peter. "Oh, it isn't that. After to-night my club's the Metropolitan."

HE had expected that would be a bombshell. In a sense it was, only it fell on the silence like a dud, neglecting to explode. Alison was clearly unsympathetic, and he was surprised to find he really didn't mind. He stood up, conscious that his exit could be made now with a marked effect.

"Yes, I met Beardley of the Metropolitan this evening. They're making changes, too, and I start rowing in their crew to-morrow. I understand they're going to put me stroke."

He waited for a short while. No one spoke.

"Oh, well," he said. "I may as well push off."

The door closed after him. They

heard him cross the hall. The front door banged. Alison was the first to speak. She said:

"The worst of two clubs being deadly rivals is that a fellow only has to quarrel with his own to be accepted with a lot of acclamation by the other."

She went to the mantelpiece to look for cigarettes.

BUT Freddie stood with feet apart, one elbow resting on one hand, and knuckles lifted to his teeth. He had not yet removed his eyes from contemplation of that door since Peter Gabe had closed it after him.

"I think," he said, "that I will telephone this piece of news to Macey."

When he had gone Marie, who had said nothing yet, looked round and pursed her lips. The soft light of a summer evening filtering through the window lit upon hair golden brown and trim; her mouth was softly cornered and this, under semi-humorous eyes, gave character to an appealing little face.

"Freddie," she said with a whimsical grimace, "has had a rotten day. I had been telling him this afternoon exactly what he just heard from that man."

"What?" Alison inquired.

"Oh, well, he had a row with a taxi-driver. Certainly, the man was rude, but what's the use of Freddie's arguing? No one would come to blows with anyone his size, and all the taxi-man did was to spit remarks at him about his satchel and his slate. I told him afterwards that it was bad enough for a big man to have a difference of opinion in the street when he was with a lady, only, as a rule, big men aren't quarrelsome; and that the thing a girl objected to was for a man to get himself into a situation in which he was bound to look ridiculous."

"Well, I believe he feels that rocky manner is his only means of self-defence," said Alison. "People try to patronise him, and so he wards them off by taking the offensive."

Marie moved to look for matches on the mantelpiece, and did not turn when Freddie reappeared. Alison went quietly out and Freddie crossed the floor and stopped as though in wor-

Jealousy Parts Two Friends

ship of the nape of Marie's neck. She turned.

"You do breathe hard. I thought it was a dragon."

"No, St. George. Although," said Freddie rather blithely, "I should not doubt look very silly in an armoured bowler, being a great deal shorter than my lance and having to wear boots too big."

"St. George?" said Marie cryptically.

"St. George?" he answered with inchoate suddenness, "for the Tideway Rowing Club. If Gabe is going to stroke the Met, he'll make them just a shade the better crew, and as we thought that we should win the Grand this year, that's rather urgent."

"Was Gabe a good man, then?"

"He was a bad man, but the best one in the boat. From the point of view of rowing worth we couldn't afford to drop him, and I told them so. Considering what time he took, though, I couldn't tell HIM that. After all, it's discipline; but I'm afraid he'll have incentive now to be keen, which



Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

Marie was upon the lawn and Freddie, whose legs did not even now seem to belong to him, and who could hardly raise a hand to find his cap, and who looked old and strained, encountered her.

he never had with us. He won't be happy till he beats us in the Grand."

MANY men will tell you that as a town Marlow is preferable to Henley. As a regatta, on the other hand, the former is a mere preliminary; although it gains importance from the fact that being a fortnight in advance of Henley it is here that leading crews are seen in action for the first time at the outset of each season. Marlow is like ignition; ten days of training follow, on the Henley Reach, like the long gold streak upward of the rocket, till with the opening day of Henley comes the bursting of the fireworks into colored stars. Sometimes a crew, not yet quite ready, or not anxious to display form in advance, withdraws from Marlow, and then speculation as to Henley chances grows the more intense. The Tideway eight had withdrawn this year, and those who composed it stood in the crew's enclosure in a group that afternoon and watched Gabe stroke the Metropolitan to victory. Their chance would follow.

That evening, when the racing was concluded, and the various Tideway crews had mostly had their outtings,

son I know," Marie pointed out. "You really mustn't think you have first claim over everyone. I must KNOW other people, and, though it may seem odd to you, some of them must be nice."

"You broke an appointment, which is like breaking your word."

"I gave no word. I said I would come down to tea with you if I had nothing else to do. As it turned out, I had."

"You simply went to tea with someone else."

"An old friend whom I hadn't seen for years."

Freddie tightened his lips and Marie eyed him slantwise in a shrewd and calculating way, her long-lashed upper lids a little lowered.

"Anyone would think," she said, "from the fuss you make I had been out with your friend Peter Gabe."

He turned, his eyes like keyholes in a refrigerator.

"If you had done that I should hardly be here, talking to you now."

The moment he had spoken he knew he had gone too far. Color began to show behind his ears; he took a light stroke with one scull, and waited for the worst.

NOW Marie was a thoroughbred; you could do heaps with her by understanding that; but only a fool will bully a thoroughbred. She leaned a little farther towards him. It was very quiet; everybody was collected by the distant bridge; no breath of wind stirred in the tree-tops; there was not a ruffle on the water.

"Would you say that again?"

Freddie had one chance; he could retract. Instead he was non-committal and he tried to compromise; he was distinctly injured, and he was not inclined to climb down yet.

"I say, that if you had—"

"I will."

She went deliberately to her seat behind the wheel; the engine started; there was a swirl of water, then with gliding grace the launch departed, and he sat watching as she sped up, curving the water in a curl to either side of her and making in a wide sweep for the landing stage. Freddie, with a pucker at the corner of his mouth, turned his shell, and started sculling back. He knew nobody with a more mercurial temperament than Marie; he was for it now.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait,
sketched by Petrov

BUILD YOUR Winter Wardrobe Round YOUR TOPCOAT

BLACK, navy-blue, or any color—no matter what you have planned and shopped for, your winter coat is the most important "buy" you can make.

Around it you build your winter wardrobe. It will have to be worn for three months nearly every day, so spend plenty of time and thought before making a decision.

COATS at Paris showings have not kept to one silhouette, nor to one length, nor to any other single standard.

There are straight up-and-down coats, coats fitted to the waist with a mounded wrap and slightly wide skirt, coats belted at the waist and flaring fully at the knees in a Russian manner, three-quarter loose coats, full-length pencil-slim coats, coats with and without fur collars.

The most conservative type of coat is the most practical. It fits the figure all the way down, being slightly wider at the hem. It wraps over to the side where it ties or buttons. It has a detachable fur collar.

Smart women buy black, which, however, is only suitable for town wear. Navy-blue, the browns and greens and grey are running shoulder to shoulder with black for favor; they have the added attraction of being able to be worn for all occasions.

Fabrics are varied. There are smooth-looking fine woollens, ideal for town coats, but the fancy weaves with rough surfaces, are newer. Tiny diamond patterns, zig-zag stripes, deep vertical ridges, puffed blister effects, and some diagonals, hairy angoras, and crinkled-looking woollens—all these in one-color effects are splendid selections.

There is nothing very spectacular about fastenings. There are buttons covered with the coat material, metal buttons, and clips in copper, gold, and silver, ties of the fabric, wide belts of leather with matching buckles.

Necklines depend upon the fur collar. When this is detachable the coat usually fastens high to one side or centre-front, so that the coat will look finished when the collar is removed.

Varied Uses of Fur

COAT sleeves are cleverly cut and the fullness, if any, is very restrained. It is the fur trimmings that mark these 1935 models as more distinctive than before.

There is a reason—and a good reason—for the fur. No more hunks and patches on shoulders and sleeves. Simplicity is the keynote, and the fur is there to keep you warm and to be becoming.

Fur-collared coats with uncuffed sleeves are sold with a matching muff. Russian coats with belted waistlines, long, loose sleeves, and a high fur collar or astrachan lapels, have been copied from the coats of the Cossack—these coats are only for tall, slim women, and are made of smooth-surfaced lightweight woollens.

For the collars that are attached to the coats all kinds of fur and many styles are seen. Fox, mink, squirrel, sealskin, astrachan, leopard, coney, skunk, lynx.

Face-framing collars of fox are certainly most becoming; these should stand away from the neck at the back (they are sewn on to a three or four-inch curved piece of material), be as deep as possible in back and narrow down to the waist in front. The smartest of these collars is inclined to ripple down each side—see the example sketched at the lower right corner.

Then there are fox collars that encircle the neck and tie with a bow of the coat material beneath the chin, or just fasten there with two heads or two "legs" knotted.

Wide rippling cloth collars and lapels are faced with flat or semi-flat fur, such as dyed coney, astrachan, sealskin, squirrel, dyed moleskin. These collars stand up at the back and are flattering as well as smart. Sometimes there are fur revers and no collar.

There are Eton collars and cuffs of

flat fur, like the green coat with the leopard skin, sketched below.

Detachable Collars

THE fur collar that is separate from the coat is the most economical invention ever presented to us by the creators of fashion. These collars take various shapes. There is first of all the scarf collar which is just a straight strip of soft, pliable fur (any fur except fox or skunk), with shortish hairs, worn like a scarf. It can be looped over in front or at the side, it can be tied in a bow, if it is long enough it is worn like a stole, one end crossing the throat and hanging back over one shoulder, the other tucking through the belt.

The width of these fur scarves varies from six to ten inches.

Fox collars clip on to the necklines of coats or are sewn to shaped pieces of material, which keep them in position—there is one illustrated on the navy-blue coat below. Whole foxes form little fur cape-collars that encircle the shoulders or the neck, and fasten centre-front.

Flat furs are made into short little capes that come high to the throat and reach just above the elbows.

There are innumerable fur jabots and bibs of flat, smooth fur that can be worn two or three different ways. There are

draped shawl collars of dyed moleskin, which cross in front and button on each shoulder with fur buttons.

The following is a list of which furs to wear with different colored coats:

With a Black Coat: Black or red or silver fox, black astrachan, lynx, beige fox, black coney, sealskin, or mink.

With a Brown Coat: Leopard, brown fox, lynx, brown moleskin, coney, skunk, broad tail, brown squirrel.

With a Navy-blue Coat: Grey fox, navy-blue fox or moleskin, red fox, squirrel, lynx, grey astrachan, mole, silver fox.

With a Green Coat: Brown fur, leopard, red fox, lynx.

With a Grey Coat: Grey astrachan, navy-blue, grey fur, or brown fur.



- **THIS** sports coat from Lanvin is of green rough woollen. The collar, cuffs, and belt are made of leopard skin. The coat is three-quarters worn over a matching skirt.
- **BLACK** smooth woollen makes this slim-fitting topcoat with upstanding tucks on the sleeve. The separate scarf collar is of black sealskin.
- **A NAVY-BLUE** ridged woollen coat is fastened by two buttons on one side and a fabric bow at

the waist. A separate material scarf is bordered on three sides by lynx.

- **BROWN** woollen coat with a wrap-over skirt. The rippling collar is of brown fox. A yellow dress is worn beneath.

- **A RUSSIAN** Cossack coat of pale-grey angora cloth flares fully at the hem. The cap, revers, cuffs, and muff are grey astrachan.

WINTER SUITS from ABROAD



● THIS Matita suit presents an entirely new idea. The jacket and vest are in one piece, the "vest" being part of the jacket. Attractive colors are featured, the soft woven fabric being in a tobacco-brown with a green check, the color of which is repeated by the ruffled silk insert and the pipings to the jacket which resemble the old-fashioned braid.

● AN ultra-dark blue fabric is used for the Matita suit (top) which shows the new slit cuffs and a most unusual neck treatment. The triangular false lapel is in corrugated linen; the effect of which is softened by the gay little bow.

● A CROMWELL collar is one of the attractive details of this frock and coat ensemble made of concrete face lightweight tweed. The two hip pockets are in the shape of the Zodiacal sign of Aries, which is the sign for those born at the end of March or early in April. It is a new fad for those who believe in their stars to adopt similar symbols on their frocks and coats. (Matita model.)

● MME. SCHIAPARELLI designed this hat to wear at a big London society wedding. It is of black tulle trimmed with white wax tuberoses. This forecasts an interesting revival of the use of flowers as chapeau adornments. Note the saucy angle of its adjustment. The white moire scarf has ends embroidered with gold.

● THIS suave Matita outdoor ensemble presents a number of unusual features, the most striking being the original scoop neck treatment. The close-fitting slightly flared coat shows the new offset motif-pocket on one side, fastening on the other. A novelty towed with a heavily scored surface is used, clever use being made of the line pattern on the coat crossover.

Latest Fashion Excitements

ONE of the most exciting of recent events in the French fashion world was the opening by Schiaparelli of her new premises in the Place Vendôme.

As each model was shown a description of it was broadcast to America. The beautiful salons in their period furnishings were packed to capacity, elegant comtesses and soignée heireses grouped on the stair and around the elevators, anxious for the merest glimpse of to-morrow's styles.

THEY were certainly worth the effort. Each mannequin caused murmurs of amazement and delight.

The silhouette is what the designer calls "typical." The figure is moulded in soft, spiral folds, narrow below the knees, but accentuating the full curve of hips and bust. Straight, slim skirts of normal length are shown for day wear. The accent is laid above the waist by the set of the full, flattened sleeve, which is usually elbow-length.

The belt is placed at the normal, but a new note is struck by a fullness at the waist, gathered in by belt or girdle.

Necklines are soft and high for day wear, with touches of lace or vividly-colored scarves in the new glass weaves.

THE "casual" sort of coat is emphasized, which reminds one of Greta Garbo. Schiaparelli is the only designer whose coats have the puffed-shoulder effect and yokes from which they hang loosely, unbuttoned at the bottom to give the effect of width. The sleeves are also wide at the bottom. Often these coats are three-quarter length and the sleeves are just bare of the full-length.

Capes are also featured very strongly and draped over suits or simple frocks of glazed clintz.

From Our London Office

With the new curves, draperies, and soft-flowing lines go little parasols, sash-like braid trimmings, wax flowers, much gold jewellery, broad-brimmed hats and bonnets.

In the sports creations, a novel and amusing feature is the use of horse-blankets and cashmere rugs, which are cut crosswise and draped over the shoulders, forming little cape-wraps. Belts on sports frocks wrap around twice. There are buttons on the back of a letter, and others which look like ordinary pebbles, and there are monograms, which are embroidered several inches high.

Waterproof linen makes a splendid shower-coat, and there are heaps of very chic morning suits made of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" worsteds from Britain. The sailor hats with wide brims are shown as the very latest, rivalled by the quaint bonnets of the Salvation-Army type!

There was also a new suggestion in what was called the "Television Hat," which had a medium brim but a high, square crown with a tassel. This is not, however, likely to be taken up until later in the year.

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**HEARNE'S
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An Editorial

MAY 4, 1935

OUR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS



IT is a way of man-kind, as an English poet reminds us, to "look before and after." On an occasion like the King's Silver Jubilee, it is inevitable that Australia should take a backward glance at the years that have gone, before it sets its face to what lies ahead.

The King's accession in May, 1910, found us nine years old as a Commonwealth, with a population of roughly four and a half millions, and our plunge into the great cauldron of war yet to come.

There was in 1910 no talk of depression on a national scale. The world was at peace. The Kings of Europe were secure on their thrones. Bolshevism was a thing unknown.

Four years later came the war, with all that it meant for Australia. How she rose to the crisis, with what honor she emerged from it, what her soldiers did and suffered, are matters of enduring history.

The outstanding feature of the reign, so far as this country is concerned, has been our rise to a place among the nations to be reckoned with both in war and peace.

At the same time, our status as a dominion under the Crown has been immeasurably enhanced. The mutual sacrifices that the war entailed have made the tie of kinship more real and binding.

Australia has had its full share of post-war setbacks and difficulties. The industrial depression hit us hard, as it hit the rest of the world.

The faith and courage of the people, conspicuous at home as abroad, have outworn the darkest days and made the future no less hopeful than it was in 1910.

Among the marvels Australia has witnessed in these 25 years have been the establishment of trans-ocean air services and of voice transmission round the world.

In spite of war losses and economic difficulties our wealth and population have gone on increasing. We number six and a half millions against the four and a half millions of twenty-five years ago. We have seen the two chief cities pass the million mark.

Our standards of living have been more than maintained, and are the envy of less favored peoples.

Through every period of stress, as the visible and valued symbol of Empire unity, has shone the example and personality of the King, to whom his people pay tribute to-day.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

About a Hat

WONDERFUL what difference a hat makes! Bernard Shaw with a soft-brimmed hat, Bernard Shaw without a hat, even Bernard with a bell-topper, would still be Bernard Shaw. But the one and only Bernard with a boxer hat surmounting his classic brow and whiskers is just a travesty of what you can't describe.

It is not surprising, then, that the placing of a boxer hat on the Epstein statue of Shaw in London has led to an action at law. A Press agency thought it a good joke to circulate a photograph of the statue thus disguised, but has had to pay for its attempt at humor.

Reminds us of a story told by Shaw himself. He was walking with his mother in London when they passed a man wearing a tall hat, which he raised politely. "Who was that?" inquired Mrs. Shaw. "Oh, that was Cunningham Graham, the Socialist." "Impossible," said Mrs. Shaw, "why that man was a gentleman!"

In the Air

TELL the women of to-day that she has her head in the clouds and she may take it as a compliment. It is literally true of many of them. These two Australian girls, Nancy Bird and Peggy McKillop, spend much of their time in the air, teaching intelligent pupils how to fly. At last advice they were giving instructional flights in western New South Wales, Jean Batten by this time should be somewhere over the English Channel.

When Miss Batten was winging her way over Turkey she might, by looking down, have caught sight of Mrs. Laila Littlejohn instructing the Turks in the rights and responsibilities of citizenship. The ancient city of Constantinople—where Theodora ruled 14 centuries ago—has seen wondrous things in its time. What would Soliman, the Magnificent, have thought of this age—a woman flying overhead while another woman harangues the people down below!

Jubilee Verses

IN our school days we used to read about the King's fester. The King's poet, or poet-laureate, has taken his place. It is a question which had the harder job.

The joker had to work longer hours, but he might have the good luck to strike a monarch who was easily amused. The laureate who is expected to turn out verses on great occasions has the whole world for critic.

Those who met John Masefield, present laureate, when he was in Australia last year, will remember him as a likeable personality, and will always be grateful to him for some of his lyrics, notably the one beginning "I must go down to the sea again."

The Muse, however, is a fickle jade who never, or hardly ever, will come along when wanted. Judging by the verse published in Australia, she was not too friendly to Masefield when he struggled with the concluding couplet—

O Power, hear us as we sing,
And bless this country and her King!
The Recessional—with a difference!

Lyric of Life

Disillusion

Some of us build, some of us dig;
One for to-morrow, a palace of gold.
A palace we build for the years to be,
Where the dreams of to-day are sold.
Some of us dig the grave of hope,
And we dig with yesterday's blunted tools,
Who have paid the price of the threadbare dreams,
And are calling the builders fools.
For some are young, and some are old,
Yet we all must build in the same proud way
A palace of hope for the dreams we dream.
Till we bury these dreams in clay.
—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

FROM SUE TO LOU

Juvenile Prodigies

IT is the day of the infant prodigy. At tennis, at music, at verse-writing, they catch the eye and attract the limelight much more than they did some time ago—say when Victoria was Queen. There is young John Bromwich, aged 16, who has beaten most of the world's champions at tennis, and whose prowess, Miss Dorothy Round tells England, is "incredible." One hopes young John will not have his growth arrested by the plaudits rained on his head.

In music there is the boy Yehudi Menuhin, just arrived to give concerts in Australia. He would be reckoned a genius even without his unpronounceable name. In *The Australian Women's Weekly* we read the other day of the Sydney girl, Nuri Mass, aged 16, whose really beautiful art work is as mature and imaginative as her poetry. Whether it is the climate, the outdoor life, or something else, they DO develop early in Australia.

"Cannibals"

RODERICK MENZEL, tennis player from Prague, says Australian crowds are "cannibals." This is a new point of view altogether. It is only the crowd, as a crowd, that Menzel objects to. For individuals that he met here he has more than a word of commendation.

But the Australians, en masse and watching a tennis match, are too much for the Czechoslovakian's peace of mind, and for his rather limited vocabulary. They laugh, they call out,



THE NECKLACE of an ocean liner. Made on the same system as a fine gold chain that holds a locket, this photo of the massive links in the chain of a ship's anchor gives some idea of the size of the modern liner.

they even whistle. It is too dreadful: Mr. Menzel calls us cannibals, a word which seems to imply that we tried to eat him.

Our late visitor is a good tennis player but a bad judge of crowds. There was not a match in which he played in Australia in which they did not wish him well—so long as he let them! But a man who wants tennis played in the atmosphere of a drawing-room is rather trying.

Motorists and Pedestrians

"IT is not sufficient warning to a pedestrian for a motorist to blow his horn" is the dictum of an Australian Judge.

This is all right so far as it goes, but what is sufficient warning? Many of us would like to know.

The average driver is a careful person, not to be confused with the occasional speedster and "hog" driver who give the whole class a bad name. Moreover, the motorist is long-suffering. He pays dues, taxes, registration fees, and higher petrol prices with scarcely a murmur, and takes all sorts of care not to drive over the politicians who inflict them on him.

A Bright Girl's Letters

Duchess of York Launches a Ship for Us

From Our London Office by Air Mail

Titled people, lord mayors, droves of school-children, reporters and cameramen representing all parts of the Empire, gathered at Vickers-Armstrong's shipyard the other week to see the Duchess of York launch the P. and O. liner, *Strathmore*.

WHEN everybody had jostled and climbed into the most advantageous position offering, a suppressed murmur rippled over the crowd—"The Duchess." Heads swung, much as they do at exciting tennis matches. There was an "Ah" of satisfaction as the Royal pair came into view accompanied by many notabilities.

Leaving the Duke to inspect the guard of honor, the Duchess ignored the carpet which had been laid for her, and mingled for a while with the schoolchildren, and a cheer came from hundreds of workmen in response to her wave. She carried a bouquet of red and white roses and asparagus fern.

As the Duchess mounted the launching platform it was noticed that she was wearing a hat of pink and grey feathers, a silver fox fur, with grey coat to match, and silver-grey shoes and stockings.

A chilly wind blew, and the Duchess decided that this was no time for dallying. She gave a smile to the photographers, and, with a shrug of the shoulders, pulled the launching trigger.

"Sploosh" went a bottle of Australian wine against the bows of the *Strathmore*. The great vessel gathered speed down the shipways and seemed to shudder when she found the water was icier than she had expected.

There was a momentary silence, a hand played "Hail Britannia," and people swallowed lime. The unspoken thought in the mind of many was that Britain still has a sea supremacy.

AT the luncheon which followed, the Hon. Alexander Shaw said that, although the *Strathmore* had been intended primarily for an express service between Britain and India, she would be also seen in Australian waters.

Last year he had visited Australia and New Zealand, and had been greatly impressed by the link of affection that had been forged between Britain and those Dominions as the outcome of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York in 1927.

The speaker added that Mr. Simon Elwes had painted a portrait of the Duchess of York, and it was his pleasure to ask her to accept it on behalf of Vickers-Armstrong Ltd. and the P. and O. Company. A copy of the painting would hang in the *Strathmore*.

Not Too Ultra-modern

THE furniture of the new liner will be luxurious. It will be modern, but not so severely ultra-modern as to infringe on the borderline of comfort.

Six spacious decks, an almost full-size tennis court, two tiled swimming baths, surrounded by a verandah cafe and cocktail bar, sun-bathing platforms, and hairdressing parlors with all the latest "perming" devices, are among some of the attractions offered to passengers.

The children have not been forgotten. There are indoor and outdoor nurseries fully equipped with all kinds of toys.

The most expensive carpets, rugs, and wire spring-mattresses are being installed.

"No, there won't be any of that thick ship's crockery," said an official in answer to a question. He added that the ware supplied for the service of meals would be comparable to that found in the best homes in England or Australia. An à la carte service would offer passengers a greater choice of dishes.

No False Funnels

YOU can't judge a policeman by the size he takes in boots, neither can you judge a ship by its funnels. Most people think that the greater number of funnels the greater the ship. That myth is now exploded.

The *Strathmore*, with a gross tonnage of 24,000 (the largest of the P. and O. passenger ships), will have only one funnel. Most of the extra funnels on ships are hypocrites, in that they do no smoking, and are for show purposes only.

The *Strathmore* will make her maiden voyage in September. Leaving London, she will make calls at Bateria, Naples, Cadix and Madeira. The date for her first voyage to Australia has not yet been fixed.



LOWER'S JUBILANT JUBILEE SPREE!

King Alfred and Julius Caesar are Invited to the Big Celebrations!

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by
WEP



I WAS always in favor of jubilees. We ought to have one every week. Would jubileeve me (Hey! cut that out!)

I mean to say, jubilees are something like wedding anniversaries, and anyone who has been married for twenty-five years—well, they ought to let him off and give him a free pardon.

I DARE say a Queen has to be a good wife and all that; wait up for the eldest son every night and sing out, "Is that you, sonny?" when he's sneaking up the stairs at the Palace. But all wives are liable to fly off the handle occasionally. Husbands are very trying also.

It must be great to be a King. Look at the excuses he's got! "Sorry I'm so late, dear, but I was just launching a battleship." Or, "I've been all night arranging a pact with Bolivia, and if you don't believe me, ask the Prime Minister; he was with me."

"Oh! Is zat so? How long has the Prime Minister been using lipstick?"

"Eh!... er... Oh, that! That's blood. We signed the pact in blood, my dear."

Checkmate: The King can do no wrong.

Another thing that makes me

feel fond of Jubilees. Take the Anzac Day we had last Thursday. It was an extra special jubilee effort. All the boys rolled up with medals jangling like cowbells, and you couldn't cross the road for two hours, and the town ran out of beer at 2.15 p.m.

The padres were getting drunk with the boys, and the boys were trying to borrow money from the padres, and the street musicians were playing "The Roses of Picardy," and old ladies were hurling florins at them, and the ambulance men were taking away people who had fainted in the crush, and there were eight fights in King St. I saw the eight of them. All willing goes. What a King!

Galaxy of Kings

I HAD Julius Caesar with me at the time, and he said to me, "This reminds me of my

own jubilee, somewhat. But where are the lions?"

"What lions?" I asked respectfully.

"The lions you throw to the Christians in the arena."

"Where," I countered, "are the Christians?"

"I never thought of that," said Julius. "Have you met my friend, Alfred?"

"Not Alfred the Great!" I said, shaking the man warmly by the hand. "Not the man who burnt the toast?"

"Cake, it was," replied Alf, "but why bring that up? Everybody I've met in this town seems to think that I did nothing else in my life but go about setting fire to cakes. Don't you remember that I won the battle of Trafalgar?"

"You're a liar," said Caesar, calmly. "That was Cromwell."

"I beg your pardon," said Alfred. "This George Windsor..."

"His Majesty to you," I interjected.

"His jubilee looks like being a wow. My own was spoilt because I had to do all the cooking—cakes and things, you know. I'm rather interested in these Indian princes who are turning up for the show. I understand that each of them has about eighty-

Mr. Lower entertains King Cole, King Alfred, and a few others.

five valets apart from the rest of the retinue, and they all have thirty millions' worth of jewels with them. What I want to know is, will they give them a language test in Gaelic and will they be allowed to land?"

"Listen," said Caesar. "When the Queen of Sheba came to me bearing gifts..."

"You're a liar," said Alfred.

"That was the Duke of Wellington."

I parted them. I am known as Leonard, the Peace-Maker. Or the Pace Maker, depending on the circumstances. They left me.

Anyhow, they're welcome out at my place any time, and this goes for any other King who needs a bit of cheer.

It's my birthday. Excuse me,

When feeling
BILIOUS
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Biliousness! Oh what an awful feeling! Troubled sleep, dizziness when arising from a sitting or stooping position, bitter taste in the mouth and a furred tongue. Bowels may be loose and natural one day, but constipated the next. All or any of these symptoms may accompany the bilious condition and while they exist the patient's life is scarcely worth living.

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DR. MORSE'S
INDIAN ROOT
PILLS
For the Liver

The FIRST Blood-Test In Matrimonial Case

From Our London Office—By Air Mail

FOR the first time in the legal history of Great Britain or Ireland, evidence based on the test of a baby's blood to determine the father has been advanced in Court.

After hearing this testimony in the Dublin High Court, Mr. Justice Sullivan granted a husband a divorce "from bed and board," which is equivalent to a judicial separation.

The husband returned from a long trip to America, and seven months after his return a child was born of which he alleged he was not the father. This was supported by a blood-test carried out by the State pathologist revealing that the husband belonged to the "O.N." group of blood classification, his wife to the "O.M." group, and the child to the "O.M." group.

There was a good deal of discussion as to whether the pathologist's testimony should be submitted to the jury. The wife's counsel asked the Court to refuse any but the generally accepted evidence to be given to show that the husband was not the father of the child born in wedlock.

Mr. Justice Sullivan said, in summing up, that as science advanced from year to year, it might be possible for medical men to agree, not in one country alone, but all over the world, that some decisive test had been found by which it was possible to say whether a certain person was father of a child. He did not maintain that the present practice could not be altered as scientific knowledge progressed, and he had no hesitation in admitting the evidence.



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BEAUTY in his BRAIN

How a Man Remembered a Woman's Love and Avenged a Killing.

By.....
DANA BURNET



It was after dark of a chill winter evening. Lawyer Gail Morton was alone in his office, which was lighted only by his desk lamp and the faint reddish glow of a coal fire in an old-fashioned grate. Sitting hunched over his desk, his chin in his big hands, Gail stared at a newspaper clipping, about four inches square, which lay under the lamp before him.

The clipping revealed the blurred photograph of a woman whose faded prettiness had survived even the newsmen's cruel camera. The caption with the picture read: "Mrs. George Pendexter, whose husband was killed in Local Cigar Store Hold-Up."

As he studied the picture Gail's long, lean body drooped. His massive bony face looked haggard in the lamplight. It was a face stamped with a Lincoln-esque ugliness. This suggestion of a resemblance to the Great Emancipator had helped Gail enormously in his legal career. He was known as an honest man, and the most successful lawyer in the large sprawling industrial town of Wokingham, Massachusetts.

Suddenly he straightened up and pulled his watch from his pocket. It was five minutes to seven. He put the clipping into his top desk drawer. He got up and walked to a closet beyond the fireplace. From the closet he took his overcoat and his black fedora hat. He put them on. He drew on his yellow pigskin gloves and buttoned them methodically. Then, instead of leaving the office, he went back to his desk and sat down—to wait.

In a few minutes he heard footsteps in the outer office. Immediately the door of his private office opened and a man stepped quickly, with a catlike movement, into the room. The man was short and squat; swarthy. His

eyes were black and cold, yet curiously glittering; the eyes of a wary animal—or of a professional gangster.

"I'm Johnny Bracco," he said in a taut, guttural voice.

Gail nodded.

"Sit down, Bracco. I didn't know whether to expect you or not."

"You says seven o'clock, alone here in your office, and I—"

"Yes. But I wasn't sure you'd show up," Gail indicated his hat and coat. "As you see, I was ready to go home. But you're right on time."

"And you're alone, Mr. Morton?" The man's eyes were bright with suspicion; but the lawyer met his gaze frankly, calmly.

"Certainly. You may search the place if you want to."

Bracco sighed and sat down in a chair on the other side of the desk, facing Gail. "No," he said. "I gotta trust somebody, and you're supposed to be a straight guy. That'll help me a lot, see? That's why I sent word to you I wanted you for my mouthpiece, see?"

The dark man paused, and again the gleam of suspicion appeared in his eyes. "But what I wanna know is why you was willin' to talk turkey with me this time when you wouldn't never take no business off me before? You're the smartest lawyer in this town. I and my mob could of used

you all durin' the prohibition racket, but you al'ays turned me down cold. What's changed you, Mr. Morton?"

"I'll answer your question in a moment," said Gail. "First, let's consider the facts. From what I've read in the papers you have been arrested for complicity in the Pendexter case. You are now out on bail. Is that correct?"

"Yeah! But they ain't got a thing on me. They didn't have no right to pinch me. I could sue them damn dicks for false arrest. I—"

"You probably could," interrupted Gail. "Legally, no man can be arrested on an officer's suspicion. But practically it's done every day. The chances are you'll go to trial. Bracco, Public opinion will demand it. The whole town is worked up over that Pendexter murder."

"It wasn't no murder, Mr. Morton! Honest to Gawd it wasn't!"

"How do you know?" snapped Gail suddenly.

"I—well, I read the papers, too, see? And I seen where this guy Pendexter was found dead behind his counter with a gut in his hand. So natchery we—I mean the other guy would of had to shoot in self-defence and—"

"Baloney, Bracco!" Gail laughed briefly. "You certainly need a lawyer. You've practically admitted to me that you or your thugs killed that cigar store clerk—"

"I never—"

"Don't lie to me, you rat!"

Involuntarily the gangster's right hand jerked toward his left shoulder, then fell limply to the desk.

"All right," Bracco said. "All right, I'll take that from you, on account I need you, see?"

"Then tell me the truth," Gail said sternly. "Or get out of my office. Jump your ball bond and run away. That'll be as good as a confession. Then, when they catch you, you won't need a lawyer. You'll need a priest!"

"Now wait, Mr. Morton. Don't get sore. I'll tell you the truth, see? Only first I wanna know why you're takin' this case? Are you my mouthpiece or ain't you—and why?"

Gail's homely face, the face that resembled Lincoln's, was an imperturbable mask.

"This Pendexter case," he said, "interests me. According to the newspapers, an innocent man was shot down in cold blood. There was no evidence of robbery, nor any other reason for the killing. From a legal standpoint the complete absence of motive interests me, Bracco. It fascinates me."

"Oh, yeah, Mr. Morton?" Once more the glittering black eyes darted suspicion. "So you're takin' the case becuz you're interested, huh? Jus becuz you're interested!"

The worried scepticism in that harsh voice struck a note of warning in Gail Morton's brain. His expression changed, softened.

"Maybe you don't know it, Bracco," he said almost lightly. "But there has been a depression in the legal profession, too."

"Huh? Oh, yeah. I get you, Mr. Morton."

"I take it you'd be willing to pay me well for my services?"

"Sure! There'll be five grand in it for you anyways—just as a retainer fee."

"Five thousand dollars. That's a lot of money, Bracco."

"I'm in a lotta trouble," growled the gangster.

Gail spoke slowly: "A man will do things for money that he wouldn't do for any other reason. You understand that, don't you Bracco?"

The gangster grinned with relief, showing his ragged tobacco-stained fangs. He was on his own ground now.

"Sure! It's the best reason in the world for doin' anything, ain't it? Money! Why, sure, smart guy. I understand that, all right."

"Then let's have your story," said Gail. He shoved a box of cigars across the desk. "Smoke?"

"Much obliged," grunted Bracco. He stripped off a pair of expensive fur-lined gloves, put them in his pocket, and lighted a cigar. "You want the truth, huh?"

"Yes," said Morton.

"Maybe I'm trustin' you with my life, see?"

"You can trust me or not, as you choose. There's no danger to you, because there are no witnesses to our conversation. Besides which no lawyer who expected to continue in practice would betray a client's confidence. But make up your own mind, Bracco."

Please turn to Page 44



Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one week competition! It is just a short and easily worked paragraph about TROUT FISHING, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "There are . . ." will tell you what it is all about—and for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two or three words, but not more than three. Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution in INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to: "BRAN TUB" No. 2, BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than TUESDAY, 14th MAY. The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided but the full amount will be paid. Scaled Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. Stamps not accepted. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, 25th May.

Example:

SEE
HOW
EASY
IT IS



Example:

TO WIN
A BIG
CASH
PRIZE!

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER "Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



DOCTOR: I'm afraid you'll have some trouble with Angina Pectoris.
PATIENT: So do I, but that's not her right name.



"Why are you not writing?"
"I ain't got no pen, sir."
"Where's your grammar?"
"She's dead, sir."



"Thomas, I do not like calling my chauffeurs by their Christian names—what is your surname?"
"Darling, Madam."
"Drive on, Thomas."



"Oh, Doctor, the new patient in Ward 3 is light-headed!"
"Blond or delirious?"



"No, Harold! When I marry it must be a strong, silent man, full of grit."
"Sounds like a deaf and dumb dust-man to me."



"but Kotex gives freedom from chafing and twisting that was impossible in my youth"

KOTEX is the ideal pad for active girls because it stays dry and soft. There's no chafing and rubbing. Women used to complain so about pads twisting out of shape and pulling. But Kotex keeps readjusting itself to conform

to the body, no matter how active you are. The centre equalizer is specially made to protect under any and all circumstances, which means, of course, a safeguard against soiled linings. Ends are smooth and flat, so they don't show under close-fitting dresses.

Obtainable from Drapers and Chemists, Everywhere
HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER? Many a mother wonders. Write Miss Lilian Clark, G.P.O. Box 2589, E.H. Sydney, for free copy of the story booklet entitled "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

REVELLER: Believe it or not, officer, I'm huntin' fr parkin' plashe.
Officer: But you haven't a car.
Reveler: Oh, yesh I have. Itsh in th' parkin' plashe I'm huntin' fr.

MIGGS: I suppose you heard about Oscar?
Biggs: No—what?
Miggs: Someone gave him a pair of spats for his birthday and he had them soled and heeled.

"WHAT on earth are you pulling that heavy roller over your field for, Pat?" asked the passer-by of the Irish farmer.
"Save time in the kitchen," was Pat's reply. "I'm going to grow mashed potatoes."

"WHEN has a man horse sense?"
"When he can say 'Nay,' my son."

TEACHER: What is a literary man?
Too-Wise Boy: I suppose he's one of those men that collect litter.

SALESMAN (at the door): Madam, this fire-extinguisher is guaranteed to give you service for fifty years.
Elderly Lady: Good gracious, I ain't be here all that time.
Salesman (misunderstanding her meaning): Oh, but you can take it with you when you go.

LITTLE BOY: Mother, is it true that an apple a day keeps the doctor away?
Mother: Yes. Why?
Little Boy: In that case I'm right for a fortnight.

"Do you know what all that bother was about outside the cinema?"
"Yes. Two Scotsmen were trying to get in on the same ticket on the ground that they were half-brothers!"

Are You Bashful?



Shy or Nervous?

Are you timid? Self-conscious? Afraid of meeting people? Liable to blush, stammer, and become confused, just when you would like to make a good impression? Do you worry over trifles? Are you gloomy or depressed, or FEARFUL regarding the future?



Come Out of Your Shell!

STOP BEING SHY! You're missing half the happiness and enjoyment of life if you are handicapped by a shy, nervous, or worrying disposition! Banish your fears! Overcome Shyness and Blushing! Conquer that "Inferiority-complex!" Be a LEADER—not merely one of the LED! This amazing FREE Book will show you HOW!

Be POPULAR - MAGNETIC

You can MAKE people like you. You can be Popular with the Opposite Sex! You can attract Love, Friendship and SUCCESS into your life! Yes, you can develop self-confidence, will-power, and a strong, fascinating, MAGNETIC personality—if you read "Nerve Strength and Personal Magnetism," the amazing book of personality secrets now offered FREE to readers of this paper.

A "Strange" Book

Truly, this is a "strange" book! It seems to cast a mysterious spell over the reader, and, gradually, as you read it, you become aware of a wonderful feeling of confidence and power, as the magnetic forces within you are awakened and subordinated to your WILL. You MUST see this amazing book—read it—learn its great secrets—FREE! Send no money—just the Coupon—and it will be posted to you, absolutely free, by return mail.



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NAME (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address
State M.

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?



SHOP to shop . . . counter to counter . . . just where your fancy takes you. But there's a price to pay, when the day's shopping is done, in weary, sore feet. This is where Zam-Buk is a blessing. Footsore folks will find it a soothing, healing balm which relieves chafing and swollen ankles and takes all the soreness from over-tired feet.

Try this Method for Relief.

Bathe the feet in warm water and rub Zam-Buk in over the soles and between the toes, and massage the ankles. As it is absorbed you will experience a feeling of ease and comfort such as you had not thought possible. This simple treatment will amply repay you in freedom from the strain of tired, aching feet. Try it to-night.

1/6 & 3/6 Everywhere

ZAM-BUK
for tired feet

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Thornton Wilder's Story of a Travelling Salesman

Some few years ago the literary world became wildly enthusiastic about "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," a book by an author at that time unknown, Thornton Wilder.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey" became a best seller in every civilised country, and was soon followed by others from the same pen, "The Cabala" and "The Woman of Andros" being chief among them.

AFTER a fairly long silence, Thornton Wilder has now produced a new novel entirely different in background and theme from anything he has done before.

"Heaven's My Destination" is a story with a modern American background, and while it is not at all what one would expect of this author, admirers of his previous works will not be disappointed in it.

Actually, this new book is just as apart from the main stream of novels at present rolling off the presses as are the earlier Wilder volumes.

It is the story of a travelling salesman who has been "saved," and who, trying to put into practice in a modern world the fundamental precepts of Christianity plus a few of his own half-formed ideas on banking, human relationships and marriage, succeeds only in antagonising most of the people with whom he comes in contact.

This brief description might give an idea that the book is over-serious, dull. Far from it! It is one of the most amusing novels that has appeared for a long time—a blend of satire, humor and seriousness, the whole enlivened by a healthy touch of burlesque.

It is a tribute to Mr. Wilder's artistry that he has succeeded in making a sympathetic character out of a young man who, superficially, could only be accounted a prig. Ridiculous, narrow, half-baked, George Brush certainly is, but underneath all that the author has succeeded in showing a magnificent simplicity, a real idealism that is independent of its small-town manifestations.

"Heaven's My Destination" is delightfully free from any hint of forced situ-

ations or humor. Even when Mr. Wilder allows his pen to linger over the most absurd pictures—such as George Brush's trial by Judge Carberry on charges of attempted kidnapping and hold-up—there is no straining for effect. The laugh is there and the satire, but one never feels that the characters have been deliberately jockeyed into position to get them.

"Heaven's My Destination." By Thornton Wilder. (Our copy, Moore's Bookshop.)



MISS EVELYN GATLIFF, the youthful author of "Savoy Stories," reviewed on this page recently.

SHORT REVIEWS

"RIVERS GLIDE ON." A. Hamilton Gibbs. With the acquisition of a fortune George Hibberd flies from the pettiness of his domestic hearth on a tour to anywhere so long as it is away from his own home. He takes with him his small daughter Ruth, who teaches him in her observations and comments on affairs in their domestic circle more than he learns in the freedom of travelling.

Even his deep admiration for Mrs. Bramshaw in an ideal Italian village only serves to point out to him that he has run away from the problems which confronted his wife and his other children in England. His sudden return startles them, but his clearer insight helps all to pursue the tenor of their ways more evenly and, relinquishing his desire for fresh fields, he settles down again himself into his old rut, but keeps his head above it. (Hutchinson. Our copy, Swains.)

"ARISING OUT OF THAT." Horace Annesley Vachell. When one remembers some of Mr. Vachell's books, one is somewhat compelled to feel disappointed with his latest work, "Arising Out of That." Admittedly it is a chronicle of the "small beer" (as the author himself frankly states) of a rural village in England from 1889—when there was a "rural England"—until the present day, and is not fiction.

Mr. Vachell introduces us to all the stock characters of the time and generation, the squire, the doctor, the parson and his "curick," and the "gaffers" and "gammies" of the period. Their history is given with a wealth of detail. These sketches of village life will probably appeal more to the older generation than to modern youth.

In a foreword the author admits that he was impelled to write this book because Rudyard Kipling insisted that he should do so as a complementary volume to "This Was England," a former work. (Hodder and Stoughton; Angus and Robertson.)

"BESIDE A NORMAN TOWER." Mase de la Roche. The creator of the Whitecoats family needs no introduction to the reading public, and the latest story from this author's pen is very alluring. "Beside a Norman Tower" is the story of two small children, and is poetic prose revealing in a delightful fashion the innermost thoughts and fancies of infancy. The background is good, the English countryside and the pageantry of London being intermingled. (Macmillan. Our copy, Moore's Bookshop.)

"FOLDED HILLS." Stewart Edward White. "Folded Hills" is a colorful story of Andy Burnett, a frontiersman, and his wife, Carmel, and their life in California during the days when Mexican slackness there provided fuel for many feuds.

Love of his wife, child, home and his prosperity would have satisfied Andy, but life demanded more from him than a peaceful routine of well-ordered days.

Written with a deep understanding of human nature and sympathy with people who love the land, the story will make a wide appeal. Romance, history, thrills, information and entertainment are provided in abundance, skillfully woven into a delightful setting. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"THE QUESTING TROUT." Ursula Bloom. There is nothing new or particularly interesting in this popular novelist's latest addition to the long list of books standing to her credit. It concerns a woman, Dorothy Dickens, who awakens to a consciousness of middle age when she hears her son of nineteen age refer to her as a trout. Her prosaic husband and her well-ordered home suddenly oppress her, and while in such a mood she receives a letter from an old school friend, telling her of the beauty of the farmhouse where she is holidaying. Jane, the friend, twice divorced, inspires Dorothy to revolt, and, having made a break by departing from her home without telling her husband, she decides to stay away altogether and grasp some of the so-called happiness of life before the power to enjoy it forsakes her. But Dorothy's Indian summer is short-lived, and she reviews her standard of values before it is too late. (Hutchinson. Our copy Swains.)

Indigestion GOES

No More Stomach PAIN!

ACIDITY
GASTRITIS
FLATULENCE

World's fastest way!

Every word of this Announcement is important to Stomach Sufferers.

PROF. H. Maclean, M.D., M.Sc., D.Sc., received an honour probably supreme in Medicine when he was appointed Director of the Medical Clinic of St. Thomas's Hospital, London. Every doctor throughout the World acknowledges Prof. Maclean as an authority on the Treatment of Stomach Troubles, and the Professor's Formulae long since established a reputation possessed by no other stomach treatment. . . .

ACID Stomach IS DANGEROUS...

The excess acid causes distress; often agonising pain. Work suffers; sleep fails. Worse, the burning acid attacks the stomach lining. Gastritis, Dyspepsia, Colitis—startling Heart Palpitation—the fear of an operation—these all follow the ravages of harmful Stomach Acidity.

Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder means peace. PAIN GOES. You can eat what you like without fear

Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder is based on the discoveries made famous by Prof. Maclean. The formula to which this great Remedy is compounded offers the following advantages:

(I) It INSTANTLY neutralises harmful acid, thereby preventing and stopping any distress. . .

(II) It provides the stomach lining with a perfect, entirely harmless coating of protection against ulceration. It absorbs harmful mucus, and also shields the bowels, preventing gripes.

(III) It heals raw, inflamed internal surfaces, giving bland, sweet content to the harassed stomach, and ease to the intestinal tract.

(IV) It strengthens the stomach, enabling it to do its work naturally and unaided. This action is superior to that of artificial digestants which may lead to the stomach refusing to work without such artificial aid. The action of Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder throughout is logical, natural, and of well-proven efficiency. Rigid dieting becomes entirely unnecessary.

SUFFER NO LONGER Obtain LASTING Relief from Your Handicap to Happy Life!

Suffering means also Danger. Stomach upset can make life a burden. You know that delay is unwise. Therefore, ask your Chemist to-day for a package of genuine Harrison-Maclean Stomach

Powder. Say the name in full, and see this mark on the red-and-black printed white package. The cost is 2/6d. It will prove one of the best investments of your life. If the first package does not convince you of this—money back!

HARRISON-MACLEAN
Stomach Powder

Is recommended especially for Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Pain During or After Meals, Gastritis, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Nausea, Heartburn, Gas, Palpitation, Stomach Ulceration, etc.

Gives INSTANT RELIEF—but also prevents the need for Constant Relief.

(Proprietary Rights are claimed to the name Harrison-Maclean, but none whatever in connection with the name Maclean.)



Photograph shows St. Thomas's Hospital, founded 1705, one of the great London Hospitals, and the most magnificent in the World. Modern Antacid Treatment of Digestive Disorders owes much to this Hospital, and to Prof. Maclean, whose work at the Hospital in alleviating Stomach Distress is as justifiably famed.

PUT IT ON WITH A CLOTH

IN 30 MINUTES IT IS DRY AND SHINING

JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT

POLISHES ITSELF

By the makers of Johnson's Polishing Wax, Automobile Wax, and Cleaner.

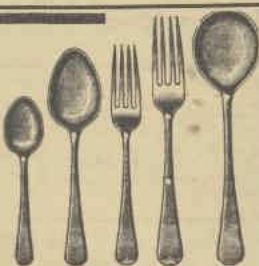
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Tea Spoons	13/6	12/6	11/6
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NEW GLAND TONIC

that is producing surprising results in cases of Nerve Weakness, Mental Dullness, Lack of Energy, Headaches, Sleeplessness, and Lack of Concentration, etc.

ACTUALLY PRODUCED IN GERMANY. NOW OFFERED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AUSTRALIA

When your nerves have lost their tension and you complain of general fatigue, restlessness, headache, sleeplessness, irritability, disinclination to work, lack of concentration and that depressed feeling, it is high time to do something. Don't let this nervous debility continue. Bear in mind that your whole well-being depends on the condition of the nerves.

Science has now proved that these symptoms are invariably caused by the lack of hormones or internal secretions of certain glands in the blood system, given an abundant supply of these substances, full robust health with its attendant energy comes as a matter of course.

Following on the experiments and research of men eminent scientists as Professor Steinhilber, of Vienna, and Brown-Séquard, of Paris, Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, of Berlin, founder and president of the Berlin Scientific Institute, has discovered a secret process, whereby the precious active hormones, which are as necessary to the system as vitamins, retain their entire activity. These hormones are embodied in the remarkable New Gland Tonic, "Vito-Gland," which is now being offered for the first time in Australia. This preparation is not a patent medicine or a stimulant which has to be taken indefinitely, but is a combination of glandular extracts which is actually produced in Germany, and is guaranteed perfectly harmless to men and women of all ages, even those in a delicate state of health.

If you suffer from nerve weakness, irritability, low spirits and mental dullness, lack of concentration, mind-wandering or lack of confidence, nervous debility, lack of energy, physical weakness, premature old-age, indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervous, metallic, tremulous, rheumatic or muscular, then "Vito-Gland" is going to help you overcome your trouble.

Mrs. Mary P. at Vic. on 18th of November, says: "I am feeling the benefits of the Gland Tonic; there has been a decided improvement in energy, and the treatment has been satisfactory."

Mrs. E.D. at N.S.W. on 28th of March, says: "I have got a lot of benefit and have gained 10 lbs. in weight."

Mr. A.J.C. at W.A. on the 18th of February, says: "I am feeling a lot better."

Mr. W.R.G. at N.S.W. on 20th of December, says: "I have used a course of your Gland Tonic with good results."

Mrs. E.R.T. at Tasmania, on 2nd April, says: "I am feeling great benefit from the Gland Tonic."

Mrs. R.C. at N.S.W. on 10th April, says: "Much better I feel considerably better."

Mr. S.H. at Victoria, on 11th April, says: "I have already felt the good effect of this Tonic."

Mr. H.A.J. at N.S.W. on 18th April, says: "I certainly feel stronger in my legs."

Mrs. E. Bailey, at N.S.W. on 8th April, says: "Your Gland Tonic did me a lot of good."



"Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, who is one of the most prominent Scientists in the world to-day. He founded a special International Reform League, the four international congresses of which were presided over by Dr. Hirschfeld in each instance in Berlin, Copenhagen, London, and Vienna. Dr. Hirschfeld also founded the Berlin Scientific Institute, which in 1923 was taken over by the Prussian Government, the general management of which still remains in the hands of Dr. Hirschfeld."

FREE

So that you may learn just how this remarkable New Gland Tonic increases vitality and recharges or rejuvenates the body—no matter what the age—with all the strength of youth, then send your name and address, enclosing a 2d. stamp for postage, to the Aust. Dist. Agents for Vito-Gland, A. O. Baldwin & Co., 34 Pitt St., Sydney, and they will send you free and without obligation under plain sealed cover so interesting and instructive matter fully explaining the functioning of the glands, together with full details of Vito-Gland. They will also tell you how you can test Vito-Gland for 10 days in your own home at your risk. Send your name and address now and be sure to enclose 2d. stamp for postage (4s. 6d.).

JUBILEE visitors to England will witness the rise of two new stars in Gem Hoaching, a young Chinese, who is hailed as a coming champion, and Senorita Anita Lizana, "the Pavlova of the tennis court."

Senorita Lizana is a Chilean woman champion, and has already danced her

way to fame here, winning with remarkable grace her first tournament.

Hoaching is under 15. She is too young to compete in the Wimbledon junior singles, but is likely to qualify for the Wimbledon all-England championships, and thus appear on the famous centre court against world stars.

"It's interesting playing against women, who I find more crafty than men and play longer rallies," said Lizana, who was forced to play against



JOAN HARTIGAN

men in Chile, no women being anywhere near her standard. She is a diminutive, charming five-foot lady, and will probably be the smallest Wimbledon competitor. She is one of the most finished players I have ever seen.

My own first tournament was the Scarborough hardcourt championship, which is an important northern fixture. I was successful in winning both singles and doubles without being extended.

I had a splendid trip across, having a good farewell from Australia in the form of tennis at Adelaide and Perth, in both of which cities some excellent games had been arranged for me. The courts at Perth merit the highest praise. They not only have a perfect surface, but are situated in ideal surroundings.

Colombo also provided some enjoyable tennis. Here, as on the last occasion when I visited the island, pleasure in the game was very considerably enhanced by the cordiality of the members of the club and the hospitality extended.

Now I am visiting Scotland, but have no intention of allowing the national game—golf—to interfere with hard practice on the courts.

TIRED, Aching FEET?

SUFFER NO LONGER — USE QUIRK'S SALVE.

From All Chemists, 2/6 and 1/6 per jar. To prove our claims send 6d. for Trial Supply. Quirk's Salve can be used effectively for Piles, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and Various Sores. **MADAM QUIRK, M.A.P.** Phone: R3066, Box 1111H, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

TO END CATARRH

BREATHE This MEDICINE

It has brought happy relief to thousands—a few drops into the nostrils sends healing vapors direct to the seat of trouble. The special medicine dropper enclosed with every package makes it so easy and pleasant to use. Simply ask your Chemist for Clysmae—it costs a trifling 1/6 for month's supply. Besides, it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed, or purchase money will be refunded for the first package. This really amounts to a trial without risk—a penny. Anyone suffering from Nasal Catarrh should use Clysmae and enjoy the comfort and relief that it is guaranteed to give. If you cannot obtain Clysmae locally, write to Clysmae Chemical Corp., Box 1833H, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

£50 COOKING COMPETITION
IN CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR FAVOURITE RECIPE

WITH FOUNTAIN SELF RAISING FLOUR

1st PRIZE £20
2nd PRIZE £10
3rd PRIZE £5
4th PRIZE ...
Dinner Set
5th PRIZE ...
Set Aluminium Saucepans

Competitors may send in as many entries as they like, but each in a separate envelope, and accompanied by the coupon top of a 4lb. packet of "Fountain" Self Raising Flour; envelope to be marked "Cooking Competition." Each entry to be clearly written, and to include competitor's name and full address.

Competition closes 31st July, 1935. Results published in Sydney "Sun" on 18th August, 1935.

No correspondence will be entered into. All entries must be addressed to Ruth Boyle, Box 218D, G.P.O., Sydney. Judging will be carried out by: Ruth Furst, Cooking Expert to the "Woman's Weekly."

40 Consolation Prizes of 5/- each

If you prefer Baking Powder in your favourite recipe, use only "Fountain" Brand and attach coupon found in every 1-lb. tin.

"Fountain" Flour has been chosen for the cooking championship of Sydney, shortly to be held in all suburbs.

Write to-day for Ruth Boyle's new recipes, "The Key to Successful Baking." Enclose 2d. stamp for postage, and address to Box 218D, G.P.O., Sydney.



FOUNTAIN SELF RAISING FLOUR

POPULAR BROADCAST FROM 2 G.B. EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, & FRIDAY, AT 6.20 P.M. THAT FASCINATING STORY THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON



LINCOLN MILLS

SUPER KNITTING WOOLS

THEATRE ROYAL,
Nightly at 8. Matinee Wed., Sat., and Next Mon. at 2.
The most brilliant production in years
"ROBERTA"
With Madge Elliott—Glad Rutherford
And a host of other favourites
Watch for "HUGH JENKS"

CRITERION
Nightly at 8. Mat. Wed., Sat., and Next Mon. at 2.
J. C. WILLIAMSON'S NEW ENGLISH COMEDY CO. IN
"LABURNUM GROVE"
J. B. Priestley's Sparkling Comedy. Cuming—"THE DOMINANT SEX."

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FURS by HEILMAN

(Late Continental & Museum Fur Stores)

Ladies, you are invited to make an early inspection of the finest quality furs in Sydney.

BUY FROM THE MAKER. Select your own skins from our extensive stock, and have your winter coat or cape tailored to your measure according to Fashion's latest decree. Renovation a Specialty. 5th Floor, State Shopping Block, Market Street, SYDNEY.

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Sound, night-long sleep!

Set the alarm . . . for nothing else will wake you once cosily asleep under Challenge Blankets! Without excessive weight, they keep you snug in the bitterest weather. Their deep, downy fleeciness does not wear off in the wash. Made with Australia's finest, long-stapled merino wool, Challenge Blankets are extra durable and economical. Every blanket is guaranteed by the retailer who sells it.

Be sure to ask for Challenge Blankets . . . odourless and free from filling. Every one is plainly labelled.

Challenge
BLANKETS

IN ALL NEEDED QUALITIES AND SIZES

EC 13

LONDON GETS a Mighty Beauty TREATMENT

Duke and Duchess of Kent Give Lead in the Decorations for History's Greatest Party!

From Our London Office — By Air Mail

ABOUT to stage the greatest party in history, London is now putting the finishing touches on a beauty treatment done on the vast scale befitting this great Jubilee occasion.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent gave the lead to Mayfair. Their Belgrave Square home has gone all cream and blossomed out with a black door!

So many thousands of other Londoners have rushed to contractors with similar orders that it looks as though the town will be all decked out in white houses, each proudly boasting a black door.

NEWs comes from New York that Thelma, Lady Furness, and her twin-sister, Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt, have opened an exciting dress salon, all decorated in grey-beige, with walls and chairs to match, and curtains in salmon-pink.

The Vanderbilts sell very simple frocks, which are not at all expensive, and also more elaborate garments which run into thirty or forty pounds. One long coat is made of chiffon with the entire upper half completely covered in violets made of purple velvet.

The Ideal Home Exhibition draws to its end after its most successful season. The late Dame Nellie Melba's name figured in a number of exhibits.

A tapestry picturing the progress during the King's reign gave pride of place to Dame Melba's first broadcast.

The microphone from which she made this historic broadcast from Chelmsford in 1929 is on view. It has a handle and

the trumpet is made from the sides of a cigar-box joined up by adhesive tape, in great contrast to the modern microphones the King uses—elegant gold and silver-mounted instruments delicately suspended.

MRS. LYONS continues to have a very busy time with constant deputations and women's conferences.

She visited several maternity hospitals during the week, and is full of enthusiasm over the up-to-date equipment in some of London's East End hospitals.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyons visited the King and Queen at Windsor on Tuesday night. Mrs. Lyons cannot tell us any details of the visit, of course, as it was an unofficial occasion.

But she does say that she thoroughly enjoyed it, and gave the impression when I talked to her that it was all great fun and not too formal. They dined and spent the night and left about eleven next morning.

It is a Royal custom that their Majesties bid their guests good-bye be-

fore retiring, and rarely see them again next morning before they leave.

Mrs. Lyons is collecting plants for her gardens in Canberra and Tasmania, and is very proud of having procured some from Anne Hathaway's garden.

New Cocktails

JUBILEE cocktails are spots of bother. Three cocktail experts have made new cocktails and called them "Jubilation" and "Silver Jubilee."

Tony, of the Trocadero, and Alex, of the Cumberland, are going to continue using these names, although the Bartenders' Guild decided to copyright the use of the names which Henry Craddock, of the Savoy Hotel, invented for his cocktails first of all.

Jam Sahib of Nawanganar is one of the Jubilee visitors. Last month he married the daughter of the Maharaja of Sirohi. The Aga Khan gave them a racehorse for a wedding present, and the bride's father sent five elephants. The bride is an accomplished landscape painter.

It was seeing her work and admiring it that led to the Jam Sahib first becoming acquainted with his wife.

Australians On Deck

WHEN Australians go rambling around London these days they will certainly not feel like strangers in a strange land.

If you roll into the Players' Club in Denman Street, you'll notice the barman looks vaguely familiar, and he turns out to be Desmond Jeans, who's well at being a barman when he isn't giving all-in wrestling shows.

At Severn's "Blue Train," one of London's pet playgrounds, there is the famous Tony, who spent so many years at Sydney's Romano's that he knows all the visitors from the other side of the Pacific.

Some of the smartest cocktail party hostesses in Mayfair have asked clever Zoe Milbank, Mrs. Murray-Green's youngest daughter, to take charge of the catering. She has invented positively hundreds of new and amusing "snacks" instead of the eternal sandwiches-on-sticks and cheese-straws.

Elaine de Chate is having a busy time seeing down of her Australian girlfriends who are over for the Jubilee. She is up in town for a few weeks staying at her club in Curzon Street.

ADVERTISEMENT

Happy days for WOMEN

(if the Country's governed right)



Every woman will be affected by the result of this election.

If—as happened once and would happen again under Socialist government—jobs are scarce, there is general unrest, prices are high, and taxes increase; then there is unhappiness, anxiety and hardship in the homes and lives of the people, and the lot of wife and mother is unhappiest of all.

If, on the other hand, there is more work about and regular wages—as there is under Stevens government—the home runs more smoothly and life runs more happily.

That is the difference between good and bad government, between Stevens and Lang government, so far as women are concerned.

That is the reason why every woman should go to the poll on polling day and vote—and work—for the return of the U.A.P. candidate.

LISTEN IN EACH NIGHT AT 7.15 P.M.

Every night at 7.15 p.m. (except Sundays), the Premier, the Hon. B. S. B. Stevens, talks for five minutes through the following stations—

2GB, 2UE, 2UW, 2CH, 2SM
2GN (Goulburn), 2HD (Newcastle),
2WL (Wollongong), 2KO (Newcastle).

VOTING IS
COMPULSORY

Vote U.A.P.

Authorised by H. W. HORSFIELD, 15 Bligh St., Sydney.

U.A.P.—46 41

It's Good-Bye . . . to Summer Days!



AUTUMN snaps from Australian beaches. The girl and the dog, wet from a late summer frolic in the sea; the three kiddies; the shivering boy gobbling ice-cream in spite of the temperature; the baby asleep in the now gentle sun; the last plunge in the surf; the game on the beach, and the surf-girl with the long shadow pointing to winter, are all typical scenes these autumn days.

WEAK KIDNEYS



No wonder you
look haggard
and old before
your time

IF EVERYBODY realised how vitally important to general health was the naturally healthy working of the kidneys, not one case of kidney weakness would go a day untreated. Every drop of blood in your system must pass through the kidneys, there to be filtered of all impurities and poisons—chief amongst them being uric acid. If the kidneys are too weak to discharge this duty properly the blood stream carries the uric acid all over the body. This uric acid will then form jagged crystals that settle in joints, causing painful swellings, stiffness and finally the stabbing agony of rheumatism. The crystals may actually lodge in the bladder, giving rise to gravel, stone or

chronic inflammation. Kidney weakness, which can be recognised by backache, heaviness and general lassitude, joint pains or baggy eyes, should be treated at once with De Witt's Pills.

DE WITT'S Kidney and Bladder Pills act directly on the kidneys, toning them up and assisting them to clear the blood stream of impurities. That the soothing, healing elements of De Witt's Pills actually reach the kidneys will be proved to you within twenty-four hours. Sold only in the white, blue and gold boxes, from chemists everywhere. Price 3/6, or the larger, more economical size, 6/6.

Be sure you get the genuine—

DeWitt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

Same

NESTLÉ'S QUALITY

..but Extra Weight!



STILL 3d. 6d. 1/-
but EXTRA WEIGHT



STILL 3d. 6d. 1/-
but EXTRA WEIGHT



STILL 3d. 6d. 1/-
but EXTRA WEIGHT



STILL 1d. 3d.
6d. and 1/-
but EXTRA
WEIGHT

Now these favourite Nestlé's Chocolate tablets will be bigger favourites still! The same rich Nestlé's flavours, the same famous Nestlé's quality, the same popular prices, but extra weight of chocolate, extra value for money in every tablet!

Eat a Nestlé's tablet every day. Every confectioner has the new extra weight tablets—Take one home to-night and one for the children too.

Still 3d., 6d. and 1/-, but more Nestlé's Chocolate in every tablet.

A. 25

AND NO ALTERATION IN PRICES!

RADIO'S Happiest Job is Entertaining CHILDREN

The Kiddies' Hour at 2GB

Entertaining the children has always been one of the big tasks of radio, and to-day radio takes this task more seriously than ever.

MOST of the outstanding personalities of early days on the air were the radio Uncles. Maybe that was because being an Uncle to everybody else's children was only one of the duties the versatile announcer was called upon to perform.

Outstanding among these personalities was Uncle George, who came to 2GB from the old 2BL to conduct the children's session close on eight years ago.

Not long afterwards there appeared on 2GB a new personality—Bimbo. He played the accompaniments to Uncle George's singing, became the butt of Uncle George's jokes, but by his incomprehension seemed to defeat them in the same way that a duck defeats a shower of water.

Bimbo was something entirely new in radio, and however difficult it is to describe what exactly is this personality that Bimbo succeeds in transmitting to his listeners, the children appreciate him immensely.

Birthday Calls

PERHAPS he has the same qualities as the stupid school child who disconcerts his master by asking questions which neither he nor the master understands.

With birthday calls, songs, jokes, stories, and occasional visits to the studio, the children's session on 2GB, under the guidance of Uncle George, became one of the most popular on the air.

To-day the Children's Session is undergoing a big change. With the development of radio drama, children listen more and more to the grown-ups' session, so that to hold the children's interest 2GB is developing the Children's Session into a series of first-class entertainments, both dramatic and musical. A forerunner of these was "Krazy College," presented by Cyril James and the bedtime story boys.

"The Search for the Missing Link," a dramatic serial presented three nights a week, combines thrilling adventure with the story of evolution.

Professor Lane, his friend Jack, together with their African servant Lono, are travelling the world in search of the missing link. They meet with many adventures before they finally discover the skull which proves the link between man and his animal ancestors.

By means of this story the children learn about the people and animals of the world. This is a George Edwards

production, and the story is from the pen of Maurice Francis.

THEN three nights a week there is a dramatic adaptation of a famous childhood classic, "The Swiss Family Robinson," a book with a distinct educational value.

It is the work of Professor Wyss, of Switzerland, who, in between writing books on the "supreme good," fell under the sway of "Robinson Crusoe" and wrote a book to solve the problem how a whole family would fare if wrecked on a desert island, with a copy of Defoe's masterpiece as a guide.

Another addition to the children's session is "Guips and Quavers," a presentation of song and humor by Albert Russell and Reg Morgan.

American transcriptions that have proved popular with the American children

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, May 4.—8.0: Bernard Elie and his Orchestra. 7.35: Original Astrologer. 7.45: Darby and Joan. 8.20: Frank and Archie. 8.45: Count of Monte Cristo. 9.0: Ellis Price in "A Woman of Letters." 10.0: "The Trial of Jean Pierre Vaquer."

SUNDAY, May 5.—8.30: Schumann's Concerto, Cortot and London Symphony Orchestra. 1.40: Highlights of "Faust." 3.30: Pages from the Past. 3.50: Lotus Land. 6.30: Jones and Hare: Bourne-mouth Orchestra. 7.20: Mr. A. W. Wood, B.A., "Education as I Had It." 7.40: Mr. A. B. Piddington, K.C., "Youth in Soviet Russia." 8.15: Memories of Ship-board. 8.45: George Edwards in "Great Expectations." 9.45: A. M. Pooley. 10.0: Evensong.

MONDAY, May 6.—10.45: "Clive of India." 11.45: "People in the Limelight." Dorothea Vautier. 2.45: Radio School of Domestic Science. 7.50: Inspector Scott. "The Case of the Well of Horror." 9.0: Ellis Price in "Marie." 9.15: Ninth Parade. 9.30: Comedy Capers.

TUESDAY, May 7.—3.30: Dorothea Vautier, "Musical Personalities." 6.35: Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven." 6.45: The Voice of the People. 8.5: Love Making, Inc. 9.15: George Edwards as Columbus.

WEDNESDAY, May 8.—4.45: "Glen Southern: The Voice from Hollywood." 8.0: Moments of Melody with Norman Allin. 9.0: Happy Harmony from Ireland. 9.45: Easy-chair Music.

THURSDAY, May 9.—2.15: Betty Templeton, "Numerology." 8.12: Fashions of the Moment. 9.15: "Birth of the British Nation: Agricola, the Roman Friend." 9.45: Land of Nod.

FRIDAY, May 10.—10.0: Richard Want, B.A., Film Talk. 8.45: Cyril James, Mother's Day.

children are an added attraction. One of these, "Once Upon A Time," is the Walt Disney idea applied to radio. The old fairy tales appear in an attractive new garb.

While more and more time and thought are being spent on the children's session, many other 2GB presentations are devised with the purpose of appealing to grown-ups and children alike.

History Sessions

IN fact, teachers advise their pupils to listen-in to the historical presentations from 2GB in order to get a more vivid knowledge of history. "Great Historical Moments," presented by Mr. George Edwards, covers many famous historical characters and events.

"The Voice of the People" tells the history of Russia, and the "Birth of the British Nation" depicts the growth of England from the arrival of Julius Caesar to the period of the Norman conquerors.

"The Count of Monte Cristo" is an elaborate dramatization, from the American transcription studios, of a book long a favorite with the elder children and the grown-ups.

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ANYONE CAN DO IT. NO ELECTRICITY. FOR LADIES OR GENTS. Complete outfit for home use. The "Ray-wave" (Pat.) gives natural waves with only sand. The "PERMANENT" (Pat.) sets for lasting time of waves round the head similar to Water Waves. Waves are guaranteed permanent. A lifetime's use. 10/- and 21/-. Postage 1/-. Spec. Trading Co. 48 Raxson Place, Sydney.

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

So they Say

IT'S YOUR PAGE

The "So They Say" page is your page. You can write what you like in it, about what—and how—you like! No topic under the sun, if it is interesting, will be banned! So go ahead and get that pet theory of yours off your chest.

SPREADING INFECTION

NOW that the season for coughs, croup, and influenza is upon us, it becomes necessary for parents to be more careful in sending their children to school in anything but the best of health.

Many children who complain of a sore throat or headache are sent off to school regardless of the possible infectious disease they may be spreading amongst their schoolmates, and so needlessly cause pain and anxiety in scores of homes.

This often occurs through the unsympathetic attitude of some mothers who are too ready to accuse their children of malingering in order to evade school.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. G. S. Hutchison, P.O., Aldgate, S.A.

TIME FOR ACTION

ISN'T it time for dressmakers to be forced to give some guarantee of experience and efficiency?

Any novice can hang out her sign, and run her customers' material, and there is no redress.

Recently I took two dress lengths to a local dressmaker, who always looked smartly dressed herself, and although I gave her ample material and chose simple styles she made a botch of both dresses.

One is so ill-fitting that I can't wear it out of doors. The other was so tight that I gave it away.

And yet I had to pay the dressmaker £2/10/- for the privilege of ruining these two dresses, which I could quite easily have made myself.

Dressmakers should have to fall into line with other industries, and produce certificates of qualifications.

Mrs. W. A. Robbins, Cambria, Lalbert Rd., Vic.

STORY ENDINGS

WHAT do the majority of readers prefer in story endings? Just lately I have collected opinions from numerous readers of The Australian Women's Weekly, and almost invariably the "happy ending" has been chosen by women, the abrupt, unusual, or "true to real life" ending by the menfolk.

"Evening," I was told, kept us in suspense, but fortunately ended "right," "Road House" and "The Tents of Shem" were universally popular, the former extremely so. The general opinion is that unhappy and unsatisfactory endings are too common in life to be enjoyed when one is reading a book in one's leisure time.

Mrs. A. E. Kelly, Rose Avenue, Yeronga, Qld.

SCENES OF DISASTER

WHY is it that people must rush to a scene of disaster and gaze upon some person's helplessness? Are we all the same?

The other day, when coming home from business, the trams were held up, and word was passed along that there had been an accident. Immediately three-quarters of the people rushed to the scene. They could not do anything to help, yet they went. Are we all morbid, or is it curiosity? Other people who waited in the trams were only concerned about getting home, and not once did I hear anyone say a word of sympathy for the unfortunate person. Some may have murmured a silent prayer, but perhaps in these days of hurry and bustle we have no time for such things.

Do I lack faith in humanity, or do people cloak their feelings with seeming indifference? I should like to know.

G. Applethorpe, 21 Philip St., Bondi, N.S.W.

WOMEN AT WAR

I WAS very interested in the article in The Australian Women's Weekly, 6/4/35, about women in the next war.

I suppose there are many fit women who could go and fight, but there are also thousands whom one could never imagine under such circumstances. Of all the young girls and women I know, there isn't one I could see in the role of soldier. They, most of them, suffer from nerves, and are easily frightened.

Mrs. Lynch, cr. Maud and King Sts., Waratah, Newcastle, N.S.W.

When Medical Advice Must Become a Command

I QUITE agree with Miss E. Healey (13/4/35) that medical bodies should be given the authority to administer certain treatments when they consider them necessary.

This is an age of advancement, and doctors are studying and specialising so that knowledge is increasing. Therefore let them decide what is best for the patient.

Miss G. Waygood, 396 Lutwyche Rd., Windsor, Brisbane.

Uncharitable Words

HOW many of us ever stop to think how far an uncharitable word goes, and its effect?

Very often in our own heart we may be thinking well of a person until someone drops a few careless, condemnatory words and inevitably our opinion is influenced, not greatly perhaps, but the feeling is there just the same, and crops up at an unexpected moment, very often causing embarrassment.

According to men, women are the worst offenders—and perhaps they are right.

Mrs. C. Morris, Millaa Millaa, Nth. Qld.

No Compulsion!

SURELY there should be no question of compulsion in this matter! Men and women regard doctors, and rightly so, in an almost reverent light. They realise they have spent years in training and specialising, and are better qualified than the neighbor next door to judge whether the child should have a certain treatment or operation.

Let him gently explain, and a mother will listen, and take his advice, too. But let there be no talk of compulsion.

Mrs. J. Masterton, Myrtlebank, Adelaide.

Life Is Precious

I SINCERELY agree with Miss Healey (13/4/35) that in cases where fearful parents refuse to sanction needful surgical measures which would give a child a sporting chance, it should be legal for the medical authorities to step in and override the parents' objections. In a country where every life is precious and urgently needed, then surely it is all the more necessary that the population there should be as near being physically and mentally perfect as possible.

Agnes M. Boyle, 532 Pt. Nepean Rd., Brighton S6, Vic.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

RICARDO CORTEZ

HAD 3 FISH ON ONE HOOK AT THE SAME TIME NEAR CATALUNA ISLAND. HE WAS FISHING WITH LANE BAIT AND TWO BIG FISH STRUCK ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY AND WERE HOOKED.



BUSTER KEATON

HAS AGREED TO LAUGH ONCE... BUT ONLY ONCE... IN A PICTURE NOW BEING MADE IN FRANCE.



IRENE HERVEY

SPENDS MUCH OF HER SPARE TIME PILOTING HER MINATURE RACING CAR. IT WILL DO 90 MILES AN HOUR.

Peddalling to Health and Happiness —Per Bicycle

GOOD on you, Mrs. Laker (The Australian Women's Weekly, 13/4/35). I, too, think cycling an excellent sport, and so do half the girls in Newcastle judging by the look of things.

Many of us think of our would-be tram fare to work sitting snugly inside our pockets, and smile cheerfully at the train conductors as we flash by. By the time one arrives at work on these chilly days, one has a bit of warmth in one's body with which to combat the cold of the office.

Miss Joan Henry, 35 Kenrick St., Junction, N.S.W.

Ungrateful

MY only objection to cycling for women is that a woman never looks so ungrateful as when on a bicycle. I still retain pictures in my mind: A very fat girl holding a large bunch of flowers in her left hand, and grasping the handle-bar with her right, while a wild "westerly" merrily whipped her skirt up around her shoulders—picture it!

Ride a bicycle in the country in slacks or shorts, but in town keep to a more dignified mode of conveyance.

Mrs. Gertrude Stockwell, Dayboro, Qld.

A Letter from Cairns

I QUITE agree with Mrs. Hazel Laker's remarks on cycling. There is really no necessity to travel as far as England, for here in Cairns it is not considered "unladylike," for quite a number of women not only find it healthy, but also a cheaper means of transit. Cairns supports no fewer than 11 bicycle depots, and were it not for the support of the women some of these cycle shops would find it the harder to exist.

R. Carson, P.O. Box 194, Cairns, Qld.

It's So Exhilarating

BRAVO, Mrs. Laker! I, too, agree that there is nothing better than a good spin on a bike. From childhood I went here, there, and everywhere on mine round about my home in the Old Country.

A few years ago, starting to cycle out here, I saw that very few women did so, but now I think their numbers are growing. It is so exhilarating and enjoyable, and also eliminates trudging to shops some distance away.

Mrs. R. White, 6 Myall Avenue, Kensington Gardens, Adelaide.

Why Not Extend This Mercy to First Offenders?

MRS. ANTHONY brings to notice the plight of the ill-used first offender. There are, however, many aspects to consider. Very few are ignorant of the law, and many grave crimes are allowed to go almost unpunished of late years, and there are many careless ones to-day who, if they are allowed to get off lightly the first time, will take advantage of this and so continue to do wrong. If one does evil knowing the law, punishment is justified. Certainly it is unfair for those who, through circumstance or mere folly, have committed a crime.

To a great extent, however, publicity is a just punishment, and it is only in fairness to the public that many of these cases should be made known, and a fair judgment of the case will not unduly prejudice anyone. It is slander that is the big worry of all, and how few stay the mean word against the offender! It is the unkind public opinion that matters most.

M. Cunningham, Fernbrook Rd., Dorrig, N.S.W.

From a Woman's Angle

LOOKING at it from a woman's angle I agree wholeheartedly with Mrs. Anthony, writing in The Australian Women's Weekly. I, too, think the names of first offenders against the law should not be published.

A woman is so emotionally constructed as to fear the very breath of a scandal. Fight, yes, for her child, tooth and nail—she will defy any scandal for him. But when it touches her, personally, it is a different matter. She actually fears scandal, the "talk" of her neighbors, and can never forget the "shame of it." Thus a momentary temptation, a tiny slip, may ruin a woman's life.

Who can expect a mere man to understand this? Yet, I think all women should help by urging that a law to this effect be passed.

Mrs. T. O'Connor, c/o Lismore P.O., Lismore, N.S.W.

Your Days of Learning Never Cease

WHY do people usually hold the idea that when they leave school their days of learning have ceased? Is it that they think they've received enough tuition for a lifetime while at school, or is it just that they don't realise how much there is in this world of ours of which, if we do not strive to learn, we will remain ignorant for all time probably?

Surely it cannot harm our minds to stock them with all the knowledge possible, and in doing so will we not make ourselves of greater benefit to mankind in general?

Miss H. Baggaley, 39 Cornelia St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

Already Too Lenient

MRS. ANTHONY (13/4/35) would have the names of first offenders suppressed. This has been frequently done, yet the results have not been encouraging.

At a time when crime is so prevalent we are asked to extend more consideration to law-breakers!

It is becoming increasingly difficult owing to misdirected mercy, to place upon wrongdoers a proper sense of their responsibility to the community at large.

Publicity is undoubtedly a punishment, and that is the main thing. We are now erring on the side of leniency, and are doing too little to discourage crime.

T. Brown, G.P.O., Adelaide.

Don't Publish It

I AGREE with Mrs. Anthony (13/4/35) that the names of first offenders should not be published.

We all know the saying, "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him." What chance have those who have made just one slip to live it down and become respectable citizens if they are labelled as criminals and "expected" to do wrong.

People, unfortunately, are only too ready to talk about the mistakes of their weaker brethren, forgetting that it is only those without sin who may cast the first stone.

By all means let the names of first offenders be suppressed, and they may never transgress again.

Nancy Bruce, 23 Jurang Rd., Balwyn ES, Vic.

THE BATHROOM HOG

OF all the trials and tribulations that business men and women suffer in the course of their business day, undoubtedly the worst of all is the wait for the "bathroom hog" to finish his bath.

This creature seems to think that unless it stays at least three-quarters of an hour in the bathroom every morning, its day begins badly, and consequently it dawdles about, blissfully unaware of the fact that the other occupants of the house are seething with rage, until the morning is well advanced.

Twenty minutes is ample time to brush teeth and have a shower, and no one should be allowed more. For those who wish to stay longer, a time limit should be set, after the expiration of which it should be the right of any other member of the household to order the offender out.

Janet Somers, 10 Rae St., Randwick, N.S.W.

ETIQUETTE



DON'T BE ASHAMED to confess ignorance—listen and learn.

MAKE HOMES BRIGHTER

IT has always puzzled me why single-fronted houses were ever built in Australian cities. Lack of space could not have been the reason. I think they are most depressing: long, gloomy passages, with a blank space of wall on one side, and so many rooms, one behind the other, the middle ones getting very little sun and air.

Very few people like to be boxed up in a house without being able to "see out."

Double-fronted houses are far more cheerful and healthy.

A "Housing Reform Committee" has been formed in Melbourne, and I hope other States will copy and see that the new homes built will give the maximum of light, sunshine, and air so necessary to our health and well-being.

Mrs. W. Smith, 23 Tyrone St., South Yarra, Melbourne.

OPINION ON US

I HAVE just finished reading the experiences of a prominent London journalist who spent three years on the staff of a Melbourne newspaper. His comments on Australian men and women are far from flattering, and one cannot help but wonder at the conclusion of the book just where one would find the type with whom he came in contact. He is one of many, however. Unless it is the absence of hands at their boats, and red carpets at their doors, I am at an entire loss as to why men of "culture" should make personal, disparaging remarks about those who entertained and befriended them during their stay in this country.

It seems that Australia and Australians have become an obsession, also, with every second novelist one picks up. It is becoming tiresome. One never sees a reference to South Africa or Canada. I wonder if all this attention is a compliment to us? I am inclined to think it is.

Margaret Harrington, Kilmore, Vic.

ATTRACTIVE DESIGNS

I WOULD like to congratulate your excellent paper on the beauty of the new needlework designs which are now appearing. They far exceed anything of this nature in other magazines, and have the added advantage of being original. With several friends, I anxiously await this feature weekly, and it is the first page to which I turn.

C. Anderson, 608 Harris St., Sydney.

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Call on Ethel C. Sharp while in town . . . be measured for TAILOR MADE corselets or corselettes . . . have all your figure problems solved as only tailored to your measure garments can solve them . . . secure a complete correction of faulty posture . . . receive correct and scientific support of all your delicate organs, which will promote health and give your figure youthful and symmetrical lines. Once fitted with the New Age Creations your corset troubles are over. We service after Sale Free. Ring MA1874 for an appointment, or call any time.

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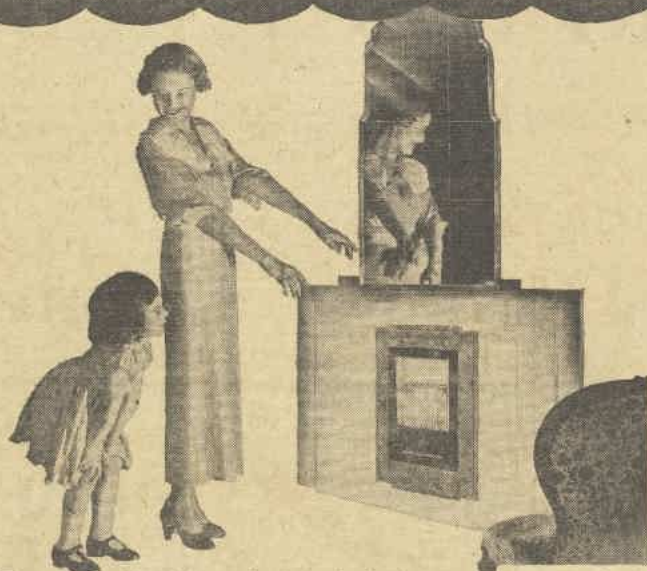
GIRLS Will Cheer Boys to VICTORY

Thrills of Boat Race Day

How many G.P.S. regattas have been decided, not by last-minute exhortations from the coach or inspired jockeying on the part of the cox, but simply by that extra ounce put into the battle by "stroke" and the seven brawny youths behind him, all of whom are conscious that supporting them are boat-loads of pretty girls to whom the winners will be heroes, demigods? Of course, that's a question that will never be answered, but we'd say—quite a few!

HOME IS HOME

With the Healthy Comfort of a Modern Gas Fire



The only trouble with a modern gas fire is that you never want to leave it! Its glowing radiant heat warms you in such a friendly manner; and its automatic ventilating action keeps the air so pure and pleasant, that you'll find your gas-fired room almost too popular. Then the styles in which the new gas fires have been designed are so smartly modern, they're worth lots for their decorative charm alone. Don't forget, doctors recommend gas fires for your health.

A modern gas fire is easy to buy—(deposits from 10/-); it is very economical to use and will be installed in your home for a special concession.

Call in at The Australian Gas Light Company's showroom in Pitt Street and see the new gas fires on display . . . or write or 'phone us to send you a descriptive booklet.

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY, SYDNEY. 'PHONE M 6503

ON Saturday, "fours" and "eights" will once more speed along the Parramatta, between a laneway of boats of all descriptions, loaded down to the gunwales with shrieking school-comrades, old boys, and, above all, girls!

For the younger set, those who still stand in awe of head-mistresses and have not yet reached the stage of really grown-up parties, the Regatta is the big event of the year.

It is the occasion for displaying the nicest frocks that indulgent parents can be wheedled into giving, for wearing yards of ribbon proclaiming allegiance to Scots, or Joey's or High, for canvassing, as seriously as the male adherents of the schools concerned, the chances of each crew, and more than anything else, the occasion when youthful high spirits can be let go in one long, uproarious combination of shrieks, whistles, calls and cheers without any shadow of reproach for breach of decorum.

In short, it is one day in the year when girls can be girls without having to be young ladies.

Every crew on the river has its traditional supporters among the girls' schools. High will be cheered on by flocks of girls wearing chocolate and brown; enthusiasts from Sydney Girls' High School.

The north side of the harbor and the Quay will be thronged by excited damsels displaying dark blue and white; the girls of the many schools of the northern suburbs rallying to encourage Shore.

Joey's colors will be borne by determined young persons from the Sacred Heart and Loreto—and so on.

But whatever the colors worn, and whatever the results of the races, the real object of the glorious outing is fun—the kind of fun that leaves one crushed, hoarse and trodden upon, but still happy.

AND so manufacturers of cardboard megaphones and trumpets are working overtime; shops are making of their windows a colorful mass of ribbons, badges and pennants; sundae shops are ordering vast quantities of ice-cream and engaging extra waitresses; and theatre managers are rubbing their hands in anticipation of Saturday night's big business.

Meanwhile, the heroes themselves are having last runs over the course, all confident and no will put out by the caustic remarks of coaches or the open-mouthed admiration of members of the junior school.

Win or lose, they will row the race of their lives on Saturday, row until they drop, for the sake of their schools, and, no less perhaps, to gain the favor of the youthful charmers who wear their colors.

For the tournaments of the past are not yet dead; they live on in these yearly regattas. The Boat Race is a tournament, complete with champions, badges and "ladies' fayre," but now it is—a tournament of Youth.

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WOMEN Flattered by VOTE-SEEKERS Hardly-Won Ballot Privileges Now Give Them Big Influence

When, on May 11, polling is conducted to elect a new Government for New South Wales for the next three years, the votes lodged by hundreds of thousands of women will be a big factor in determining the result.

In these days, the feminine vote is sought and flattered by politicians of all shades and colors; it was so in the recent Victorian elections, and will be again apparent in the forthcoming Queensland campaign.

YET, among all those women who now share, as electors, in the government of the country, how many are there who betray a real interest in their responsibilities as citizens; how many who are aware of the terrific battle waged for over half a century to win this right for their sex and, through it, freedom from shackles that had bound women down for hundreds of years?

At the beginning of the 19th Century, no woman had a legal personality; she was dependent upon the will—good or bad—of some male: father, guardian, or husband. "My wife and I are one, and I am he"—that was the position of a married woman in those days.

Agitation for political rights for women first started among the women industrial workers of the England of 1818, who, forced by the squalor and misery of their conditions, began to form associations which, by working for feminine suffrage, would help bring nearer the time when women might fight politically to better their conditions.

Hampered on all sides by a centuries-old tradition of "decorum and modesty," which in the minds of England's rulers, and even to women themselves, meant a readiness to endure humbly rather than outrage the conventions by a daring public demand for equality, the movement yet gathered force. Elizabeth Fry, Sarah Martin, Florence Nightingale, and Josephine Butler all proved, in the face of strong disapproval and active antagonism, that both sexes had something to contribute to human welfare.

Although these women were not directly in the fight for the vote, their influence was great, proving, as it did, that the home was not woman's only sphere. They paved the way for the active measures which became a feature of English life from about 1870 onwards. London was given its initial big laugh at the pretensions of "the fair sex" to political equality in 1869, when the first public suffrage meeting with a woman in the chair was held.

Ridicule was heaped upon organisers and supporters alike. But there was, too, another section which failed to see the matter as a subject for funny "Punch" cartoons. These earnest thinkers denounced, from the platform and through the Press, public speaking by women as being "not only ridiculous, but immoral."

Franchise Extended
FUEL was added to the fire of feminist indignation when, by the Reform Bill of 1864, working men were enfranchised, but women again excluded. Intelligent women of all classes entered into the struggle, forcing two new suffrage Bills into the House of Commons, both of which were thrown out.

But, in spite of this growth of agitation, the great mass of people remained apathetic. The majority of women asked as too many of them still do: "What do I want with a vote?" They could not, and cannot, realise the tremendous freedoms that are part and parcel of political equality with man. Nevertheless, among the women who did under-

stand what the movement meant, the sense of injustice and betrayal overcame at last the tradition of "decorum and modesty." Headed by the indomitable Pankhurst family, the party became militant, and, finally, discovering that interrupting of meetings, picketing of Ministers' houses, cries of "Votes for women" produced no results, violent.

Then began the period of hunger-striking, window-smashing and property-burning. One suffragette, Emily Davison, attempting to rush on to the course on Derby Day to stop the King's horse, was killed. There was no attempt, as in ordinary rebellions, on the lives of opponents; these women only desired by their acts to draw public attention to their claims and the justice of their cause.

THE echo of these conflicts reverberated all over the world. It is no exaggeration to say that the fight being waged in England was responsible for women being accorded the vote in New Zealand and South Australia as early as the 'nineties, while other Australian States followed shortly after. In England, however, universal feminine suffrage did not come until 1928.

And out of all this has come—what? Directly or indirectly, most of the privileges women now enjoy as human beings can be traced to the pioneering efforts of those iconoclasts who first battled against a condition of affairs under which women, as citizens, were nothing, and even in the domestic sphere were not even "trained to be wives; only to get husbands."

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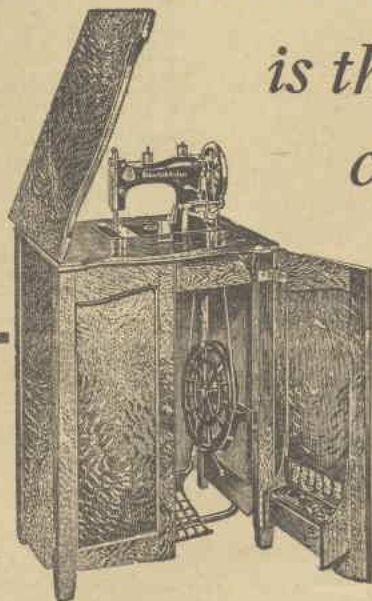
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Ship-Lovers' Dance

THE Blue Funnel liner *Ulysses*, by the courtesy of the agents, Messrs. Oll-christ, Watt, and Sanderson, has been placed at the disposal of the Ship Lovers' Society of N.S.W. for a ball and bridge evening on Tuesday, May 7. Proceeds of the dance will be devoted to the Rawson Institute for Seamen.

Their Excellencies, the Governor, Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, and Lady Hore-Ruthven, have given their patronage to the ball, and the shipping companies are combining to further the success of the ball.

The *Ulysses* has splendid space for dancing and spacious saloons for bridge. Many novelties have been arranged, and many prizes generously donated by the shipping companies and firms. The vessel will be moored at Central Wharf, Miller's Point. Tickets, which are 7/6 each, are obtainable at the Carlton Hotel, Usher's, Palling's, the Royal Exchange, the shipping companies, and Captain Wade, 8 Bridge St.

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NORA HILL Enthusues Albert Hall AUDIENCE

"Brilliant Performance," says London Musical Critic!

By Air Mail from Our London Office

No more triumphant welcome could be asked by any singer than that accorded to Nora Hill, Irish-Australian soprano, who made her London debut last week at the Albert Hall, London's greatest and most famous auditorium.

Miss Hill, whose coloratura-soprano is well known to Australian music-lovers, awoke the enthusiastic applause of a large and critical audience, who called for more even after half a dozen encores had been given.

THE musical critic of the London "Daily Telegraph," speaking of what he describes as Miss Hill's "brilliant performance," said that her "bright, silvery tone and fluent coloratura justified her temerity in making a first appearance in such an exacting test as 'Caro Nome'."

But the outstanding beauty of the singer's voice was not the only thing that captivated her listeners. Many admiring remarks were heard as to her attractive personality and dainty appearance and charm.

Miss Nora Hill, it will be remembered, created a strong impression in Australia



NORA HILL

when the Imperial Opera Company was playing here. She sang Gilda in "Rigoletto" during the season, a role she subsequently filled very admirably during the Broadcasting Commission's season of operatic performances.

No less impressive was her interpretation of the name role in "Lucia," another of the Commission's broadcast operas. Indeed, these two performances introduced Miss Hill to an audience who were most enthusiastic about her voice, but who, previously, had had no opportunity of hearing it.

When the N.S.W. Conservatorium of Music was making up a concert party to tour the State this singer was selected as soprano. A second invitation followed when a similar tour was being organised last year, but Miss Hill's admirers were disappointed by her inability to accept owing to the pressure of other affairs.

And now London, one of the musical centres of the world, is praising her. The critics have rarely been as unflinching in their admiration of the beauty of tone and production of a woman's voice as they have been in their remarks about this singer, who first arrived in the capital less than six months ago.

"THE DISTAFF SIDE" ...

JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S play, "The Distaff Side," had an enthusiastic first night at the Savoy on Saturday last, when it was produced by the Independent Theatre.

The cast, which numbered 13, included many well-known repertory actors.

Florence Dancigers, as Liz, is a newcomer to the Independent, and proved very promising.

Eva Kurat was a very attractive and vivacious "Alex."

Gertrude Johns gave a wonderful character study as the crotchety old grandmother, Mrs. Venables, even though her make-up did make her look a bit like Lon Chaney in the "Unholy Three."

Peter Osborn was excellent in the part of Roland, the young medical student. John Wyndham gave a fine study of the temperamental and artistic young Toby Chegwidden who gets a sudden attack of influenza on the stage. Mrs. Hope Suttor as Mrs. Millward was sincere and convincing.

Others in the cast were Alma Sutherland, Alfred Race, Kathleen McGarry, Kitty Horne, Helen Lupton, Don Hill and Clive Coppard, all of whom played their parts excellently.

"The Distaff Side" is a fine play with something in it to appeal to all ages. It will be repeated for the next three Saturdays.

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WORLD'S GREAT Musical Genius in AUSTRALIA

Father is Menuhin's Mentor

History holds so many instances of purblind parents who have regarded the genius of their children either with puzzled dismay or positive hatred that it is indeed a happy change to meet the father of Yehudi Menuhin, the world-famous violinist, who opened his concert tour in Australia last Saturday.

To talk to Mr. Moshe Menuhin is to realise that, in developing the genius of Yehudi and presenting it to the world, he has shown himself possessed of a combination of vision, sympathy, and executive ability which is almost as rare as musical genius itself. He has filled with marked brilliance the varied roles of father, friend, tutor, secretary, business, publicity, and financial manager to his wonderful son.

FROM babyhood, Yehudi Menuhin showed unmistakable signs of the genius which has made him the world wonder he is to-day, and, right from the infancy of Yehudi, Mr. Menuhin realised the tremendous responsibility of protecting and caring for his son so that his individual character could expand to its full power. Even to this day, when Yehudi is hailed as the most outstanding musical figure of the century, his father considers that his violin-playing is merely one cultural phase of his life, albeit the youth has dazzled musicians of America, Great Britain, and the Continent and

Family life has become almost a religion to this devoted family, who constantly spend sixteen months away from home on one tour.

When it was considered by Mr. Menuhin that his son would benefit from tuition from Georges Enesco, the whole family moved to Paris. When the master left for his native Sinaia, in Rumania, the Menuhin family moved with him.

Then came the change to the quiet little village of Basle, Switzerland, where Yehudi studied with Adolf Busch, famous exponent of the German school of music, for two invaluable years.

Knowing his son and his needs far

the Menuhin family are markedly international in their outlook on life. This is a great joy to them all, as they feel they are better able to enjoy the world's wonders without the limiting motive of possession.

"For hours and hours," said Mr. Menuhin, "I gaze with my family at the glories of the harbor from the balcony of our suite without losing an iota of pleasure from the fact that it is not our harbor."

In the mood of praise which flows for Yehudi Menuhin, wizard of the violin, surely his parents should not be forgotten.

Genius will out, but it is safe to say Yehudi Menuhin, at the age of 18, would never have reached the pinnacle of fame which he has achieved without the loving and intelligent care of his parents.

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YEHUDI MENUHIN, wonder violinist of the age, practising with his sister, Hephzibah, who is a brilliant pianist and has appeared with her brother on the concert platform.

commands for each performance figures of startling magnitude.

His musical life is but part of his general education, which includes studies of international interest, philosophy, and history. Yehudi is also an accomplished linguist and his text books are just as likely to be written in French, German, Italian or Russian as in his native English. No fewer than eighteen cases of books follow the family on their peregrinations around the world.

Publicly has played a very minor part in the lives of Yehudi and his almost equally brilliant sister, Hephzibah and Yaela. Their parents have the greatest horror of their shapely and charming children becoming blasé and spoiled, and have always taken strong measures to prevent this.

better than anyone outside the family circle could possibly do. Mr. Menuhin, as business manager, decides exactly what contracts to accept and when and where they will take place, and nothing will alter his opinion when he has finally decided upon his course of action.

In a businesslike fashion, Yehudi discusses programmes with his father, now in capacity of secretary, who takes down notes and finalises previous suggestions. In this way are programmes decided upon twelve months in advance.

In fact, Yehudi's contracts have already been finalised for the next three years allowing, as always, for sufficient rest periods in between concerts.

As a result of their travels and studies,

heard his recordings will doubt; the thing is that those who selected his first programmes gave him little scope to show himself in this role; the object seemed to be to concentrate on exhibiting his virtuosity to an audience which was already convinced of it before buying their tickets.

Later programmes are more interesting. The third, fourth, and fifth include Lalo's Spanish Symphony (of which there is a magnificent Menuhin recording), a Mozart Concerto, a Franck Sonata, and a Bruch Concerto, all works well worth travelling far to hear.

There is but one fly in the musical ointment. For the full quality of some of these compositions to be savoured, a violin and orchestral combination is called for. No mention has been made on the programmes of arrangements for an orchestra to appear with the violinist. It is a pity. Those who have not had the opportunity of hearing the works in question will be given no clear idea of their full value, while Menuhin himself will be forced to rely on a piano accompaniment which, on first concert indications, is in itself not quite adequate.—S.H.

Menuhin's Opening Concert

Publicity and an absolute barrage of his recordings over the air paved the way for the first concert of Yehudi Menuhin's Australian tour.

IN consequence, Sydney Town Hall was packed, and it is a tribute to this young violinist to be able to say that he did not disappoint the people who crowded so eagerly to hear him.

He gave a performance that was as near to being flawless as the most critical could hope for, an exhibition of mastery over his instrument that definitely stamps him as being one of the three, if not of the two, greatest violin virtuosos at present playing.

The programme chosen, however, while it served splendidly to demonstrate the violinist's highly-developed technical skill, was not such as to enable the audience to judge fully of his interpretative gifts—his musicianship, using the word in its fullest, all-embracing sense. Certainly he demonstrated qualities of warmth and splendour in gradation in the Bach Chaconne, a work which, as treated by so many violinists, can be made just an excuse for a pyrotechnic display, but, in spite of this and the Tartini Sonata, one was left with a feeling that something had been missed.

THAT Yehudi Menuhin is a very fine interpretative artist nobody who has



CHARLES LAUGHTON, as the demure valet in "Ruggles of Red Gap," yields himself up to all the fun of the fair.

CHARLES LAUGHTON Takes To Slapstick COMEDY!

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

WHEN "Ruggles of Red Gap" comes shortly to the screen, Australian audiences will have the pleasure of seeing that eminent English actor, Charles Laughton, break out in an entirely new place.

The film is in the farcical comedy class, and accounts from the studio during production are to the effect that Laughton, who can make an audience shiver with suspense and dread, as he has demonstrated before now, is a dab at throwing custard pies.

WILL Laughton, in "Ruggles of Red Gap," out-Chaplin the great custard pie expert? That is what we are pining to know. We seldom hear of Chaplin nowadays, except that he is about to break his vow of silence on the screen, or else that he is going to direct other players in a production yet unnamed.

This latest vehicle of Laughton's is an adaptation of a best-selling story of more than 20 years ago by the American writer Harry Leon Wilson, a joyous humorist who was responsible also for "Oh, Doctor!" and "Merton of the Movies," the latter being one of the best skits on film making and a star's career that has been written so far.

Plays a Valet

THE character of Ruggles, that of a valet who goes out to a Western frontier town and is mistaken for a member of the English aristocracy, was suggested to Laughton with some trepidation. How would this distinguished player react to the idea of taking a part so vastly different from any of the important roles he has been seen in before?

To the general gratification Laughton hailed the suggestion with delight. He is charmed to have this opportunity of proving his versatility yet further.

He enjoys throwing custard pies immensely.

THE original period of the book, 1907, has been retained for the film. This is wise. The first decade of the twentieth century is just long enough ago for its costumes and manners, especially in the uncouth and crude society of Red Gap, to add for modern audiences an extra touch of quaintness.

A film version of the story was made in the old silent days, with Edward Everett Horton in the principal role.

Associated with Laughton in this present version are Zasu Pitts, as the maiden lady with whom Ruggles falls in love, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, and Roland Young. These are all comedians of no mean order. So the fun should be fast and furious.

The part of Ruggles affords plenty of scope. It is no mere pasteboard charac-

Right: The expression of bright docility, plus the side whiskers, suggests that Laughton's "gentleman's gentleman" is a sparkling comedy performance.



terisation, but capable of light and shade. As Laughton says himself: "Ruggles is a very real character to me. It is one that I can understand well, as all Englishmen can. However, I know that audiences in the United States, too, will appreciate the mental struggle of the bewildered valet, who finds himself taken for an aristocratic English colonel and has to revise his inherent idea of class distinctions."

"Ruggles of Red Gap," he adds, "in spite of its purely American background, is universal in its appeal. I hope to play many more roles like it."

THOUGH Laughton, in his great variety of roles hitherto, has made his biggest impression on the public mind through his sinister characterisations, he is, of course, no stranger to comedy. There was the small but extremely telling part he played in "If I Had a Million." His Henry VIII also was diversified by superb drolleries. All the same his bluff King Hal was every inch a king; it was no slapstick performance.

There was, too, his Nero in "The Sign of the Cross." This character, preoccupied with "delicious detchments," had humor indeed. But it was primarily a morbid personality. Then there was his depressed clerk in "Payment Deferred," a powerful study, and his Cockney trader in "White Woman," a villainous creature strongly reminiscent of Joseph Conrad's Malay tales. More recently we have witnessed Laughton's terrific presentation of the strange, warped mind of Edward Moulton Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

A more limited actor would have been well content to rest on the laurels gained by these performances, and to repeat them with slight variations for the ready

acclaim of his public. But Laughton is a player who believes in enlarging his experience. And low comedy opens up a new avenue.

IT will be remembered that for several months of last year he foretook the screen with the handsome emoluments it offered him in order to play a sustained stage parts at the Old Vic in London, where his salary was, in comparison, a mere trifle.

This hard work, as he said, was undertaken for the love of acting in the best school available, where he might refresh and increase his powers. For an actor who views his profession thus to turn to low comedy is an understandable choice.

As Henry VIII

HOW closely Laughton has been identified by filmgoers with the role that definitely brought him into the very front rank is well illustrated by a drawing in a recent number of "Punch."

A party of schoolboys are shown being taken round what is possibly the dining-hall of King's College, Cambridge. One bright little lad, catching sight of a full-length portrait of Henry VIII (who interested himself in this foundation) hanging above the High Table, calls the attention of the others to it. The caption beneath the drawing runs:

"Coo, look! There's Charles Laughton."

It was certainly his performance in this part that sealed Laughton's fame as an actor. But who knows? In years to come perhaps that well-remembered image may give place to something of more modern guise, yielding with unfaltering aim a custard pie.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★ ★ ★ GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Henry Hull, Phillips Holmes, Jane Wyatt. (Universal.)

GREAT activity on the Dickens front has been announced for some time. Here is the first of those ambitious productions we have been hearing about. The story of Pip, the forlorn orphan boy who learns as he grows up that a mysterious benefactor has undertaken to make him a gentleman, is forcefully presented. And the realistic background is fascinating—the coffee-room of the Cheapside Inn, the sober richness of Jaggers' house, the paraphernalia of the old coaching days, and the silent-flowing Thames by night.

Pip as a cowering child stumbling on the unhappy convict, Magwitch, and coming timorously to play at the big house with eccentric Miss Havisham's adopted niece, is invested with due pathos by George Breakston, here of "No Greater Glory." In adolescence and as a young man the part is portrayed sympathetically by Phillips Holmes, whose best scene is the shocked discovery of who his benefactor really is. Henry Hull acts strongly as Magwitch, and Jane Wyatt is in character as the hard-hearted mink, Estella, grown to womanhood.

The fatal blemish of the piece, however, for the true Dickensian, is that the cast is preponderantly American. Some of the minor characters, such as the lawyer, Jaggers (Francis Sullivan) and Miss Havisham's maid (Eily Malyon), are perfectly in harmony. The kindly, simple soul, Joe Gargery (Alan Hale), and his shrewish wife, are not inappropriately played. But the children are purely American and, in the case of the little girl, unintelligible. —Pinza, com. May 3.

★ CARAVAN

Charles Boyer, Loretta Young, Jean Parker. (Fox.)

ERIK CHARELL, a noted Continental director, has handled this ambitious production with a flowing camera movement, which gets full value out of the crowd of gipsy musicians and Hungarian villagers engaged in the festival of the grape harvest. The accompanying music also contributes strongly to the sense of revelry and romance. These massed effects, however, of gipsies swarming up and down staircases of the ancient castle and of maidens treading out the grapes tend to be too opulent and continuous.

The story is pure fantasy concerning a young countess (Loretta Young), who returns from abroad to her ancestral estates and, finding that she is being forced into a marriage, chooses, instead of an unknown cousin, a gipsy fiddler (Charles Boyer). Miss Young, of whose upward, wondering gaze we could soon tire, hardly passes as the countess who elects to be "off with the wrangle-taggle gipsies, oh"; she has not the necessary liveliness. Nor is Jean Parker suited to the part of the wildly-jealous gipsy maid. But Boyer has captured the insinuating grace and the aura of the wild which belong to that vagabond people, and Phillips Holmes is well cast as the scapegrace lieutenant. —Capitol, com. May 3; King's Cross, com. May 4.

★ THE WHITE COCKATOO

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Jean Muir, Ricardo Cortez. (Warner Bros.)

CAN the prevalent superstition that children and dogs are infallible judges of character be extended to include cockatoos? We suspect that this bird hopped into the picture on his hind legs.

As with many thrillers, the various sensational happenings—kidnapping, murders, impersonation, and so forth—would never have occurred but for a certain hopelessness on the part of otherwise blameless persons. Sue Tuley (Jean Muir), having lived in Europe for the best part of her twenty years, could surely have found plenty of people to identify her to the satisfaction of her family lawyers, and as for her brother's proceedings, they alienate any interest we might otherwise have felt in the fate of such a crack. As for the chateau, hotel on "the wind-swept coast of France," where the scene is laid, it is more like the Castle of Otranto than any conceivable hostelry for contemporary tourists. —Capitol, com. May 3; King's Cross, com. May 4.

★ BEHIND THE EVIDENCE

Norman Foster, Sheila Mannors, Donald Cook. (Columbia.)

IF we can believe the films, newspaper reporting is the high road to adventure and romance. Here is a young New Yorker (Norman Foster) who returns from an extended big game shooting trip abroad to find that all his money has vanished in a bank smash. However, through the kind offices of the man who writes the Home Notes and Hints to Mothers column in an influential daily, he becomes a reporter and, pronto, he picks up a clue to a baffling series of robberies. And he is merely a society reporter at that. What spurs the affair for him is that the head of the gang (Donald Cook), a dubious broker, has

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

just become engaged to the girl (Sheila Mannors) that Foster himself has long loved.

Why Foster should have left the girl in the first place we cannot say. But it fits in with his chuckle-headed conduct in pursuing investigations on his own and warning the villain to decamp while there is yet time. Still, a villain who has so many held-up engagements on his mind that he has to note them down on a paper in the cigarette case he leaves about naturally slips several times in his attempts to "bump off" Mr. Foster, who is finally saved from his clutches and restored to the heroine by a posse of police with machine-guns and tear-gas. Some people have all the fun. —Regent, com. April 30.

★ THAT'S GRATITUDE

Frank Craven, Arthur Byron, Sheila Mannors. (Columbia.)

ODDLY enough, this film, completely American though it is in authorship, setting, and cast, shows some of the characteristics of a typically English light comedy. The slickness and rattling speed of Hollywood have been replaced by a certain quiet naturalism in the setting; instead of pulverising wise-cracks there are occasional philosophic comments. Unfortunately the piece has also a still too frequent demerit of English productions; it tends to meander.

However, from the scene where the unsuccessful theatrical manager (Frank Craven) cements in rye whisky a new-made friendship with his hotel neighbor, Maxwell (Arthur Byron), a business man from Kansas, through his over-prolonged visit to the Maxwell family and to his conquering return with the daughter of the house in tow there are several entertaining passages. Sheila Mannors, who sacrifices her appearance in the earlier scenes to be the plain, dowdy daughter, suffering from a wart and from yearnings for the stage, presently undergoes a transformation into a dazzling leading lady that will no doubt prove instructive. —State, com. April 20.

★ CARNIVAL

Lee Tracy, Sally Eilers, Jimmy Durante. (Columbia.)

CHILDREN are more in vogue than ever to supply plot material for films. Here the puppeteer, Chick Twisp (Lee Tracy), is left by the death of his wife to look after a new-born baby, and he enters on the task with becoming zest, though the actual feeding and minding and putting to bed and so forth seem to be performed by his two friends and assistants in the carnival business—Daisy (Sally Eilers), who is only 500 willing to mother him, too, and Fingers (Jimmy Durante), whose talent for picking pockets is employed with altruistic motives.

Any assiduous flinggoer could point out to Tracy at the start where the solution of his problem lies. But that would cut the story, which shows us the anxious father seeking a mother for his two-year-old in an attractive lecturer on children's upbringing, entering the boy for a baby contest and almost losing him in a fire which burns down the show tent before Miss Eilers up and makes plain her attitude.

★ MILLION DOLLAR

RANSOM (Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Phillips Holmes, Mary Carlisle, Edward Arnold. (Universal.)

THE racketeer's halo may be tarnished and slightly askew, but it still sheds some of its pristine glory round him. Witness Edward Arnold, as the boss bootlegger who returns from three years as the guest of the Federal Government to receive ovations in his former haunts. True, life has lost its zest; even the unshakable devotion of a female cabaret crooner and the possession of a peach daughter (Mary Carlisle) do not deter him from acting as the game wack up. His final exploit is to conspire with a millionaire's son (Phillips Holmes)—himself, by the way, a student of the law—to stage a fake kidnapping of the young man by way of shocking his mother out of her intended marriage to a swindling gigolo. His dying words express a whimsical surprise that after unbroken success in a career of crime, "The first time he tries to go straight, he gets bumped off" by his former associate. Still, since he has given his daughter a Paris education and carried her to a son of the New York Four Hundred, he has not done so badly.

ROYAL JUBILEE SECTION

Saturday, May 4, 1935.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE Love Story of the KING and QUEEN

King George Won His Bride
Against Unenviable Odds

By The Hon. Mrs. FRANCIS LASCELLES, Aunt of Princess Mary



ABOVE: The present King and Queen photographed at the time of their wedding 42 years ago. Left: Historic picture of the bridal group. Standing (left to right): Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Victoria of Edinburgh, the Duke of York (now King George VI), Princess Victoria of Wales, Princess Maud of Wales. Sitting are the bride and the younger bridesmaids, Princess Alice of Battenberg, Princess Margaret of Connaught, with Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh at her feet, the Duchess of York (now Queen Mary), Princess Victoria of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught.

The idyllic married life of King George and Queen Mary has been an example to the nation and to the world. It is fitting, therefore, that this happy union should have been the result of one of the most romantic and touching love stories ever recorded.

For years it had been apparent to all observers that Prince George was more than ordinarily attracted to Princess May. But, as with all women, the Princess's heart was in her own keeping, and rumor had it that the Princess had fallen in love with Prince George's elder brother, the Duke of Clarence.

WHEN the engagement of the Duke and the Princess was announced there were national rejoicings, and Prince George was the first to extend his congratulations to the happy pair.

How the Duke of Clarence suddenly died from influenza in 1892 just when his fiancée was busy making her preparations for the wedding is now almost national history.

The blow to young Prince George and Princess May was severe indeed, and it was their sense of common loss which brought them closer together than they had ever been.

PRINCE GEORGE was compelled to retire from the Navy, a step which gave him a hard wrench, and in a few weeks this practically unknown sailor Prince stepped into the fierce limelight of Royalty. He was now second in direct succession to the Throne.

In the space of a few months he became the Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Killarney, and his every movement in public was photographed and chronicled in the Press.

It was indeed a dramatic change for a man who was looking forward to a career in his beloved Navy, and Prince George by no means relished the transformation.

He knew that all the publicity and attention he was receiving was due to his changed status, and as a blunt sailor he valued it at what it was worth. After the Royal betrothal the Prince spent more and more time with Princess May.

It was he who suggested that she should go abroad for a complete change

and rest, and the Duchess of Teck and her daughter took his advice. They went to Paris and Cannes, and for nearly a year settled down in the South of France.

It is said that the Prince wrote three times a week to the stricken Princess, and he made more than one trip over, "incognito," to cheer and comfort her. The Prince was then in his 28th year, and a man of the world. Yet he needed help and sympathy in the new role he had to fill, and this he found in abundance in Princess May and her kind and practical mother.

"I never thought that George was so tactful and understanding," remarked the Duchess of Teck once to Queen Alexandra, who was delighted at the compliment to her only surviving son.

In the Garden

WHEN the Duchess and her daughter returned home, the Duke of York was the first to welcome them in London, and he became almost a daily visitor at White Lodge.

In the lovely gardens around the residence the future King George V wooed and won his boyhood sweetheart. It is said that it was in a secluded part of Richmond Park that the actual proposal was made.

Her year of grief had convinced Princess May that her late fiancé's brother was a man who was genuinely devoted to her. The wife of a certain American Ambassador has recorded that in an intimate conversation with Queen Mary, Her Majesty declared that the Duke of Clarence's death revealed to her for the first time the love and devotion of



his younger brother, and that she had never regretted her marriage, for it had been "supremely happy." The Queen gave this confidence when her American visitor told her of the unique compliment paid to his wife by Mr. Choate, one-time American Ambassador in London.

When asked at a dinner who he would like to be if he was not Mr. Choate? he replied, "Mrs. Choate's second husband!" Everyone knew in Royal circles that Princess May was a sensitive and proud young woman and that she would not be inclined to follow her own heart if the step could possibly lead to misunderstanding. It says a great deal for the love and tact of King George that he was able to surmount this barrier.

"I am the happiest man in the world," he exclaimed when a group of naval officers entertained him to a private dinner at Portsmouth just after the announcement of his engagement on May 3, 1893.

It was long rumored in the Navy that the Prince had proposed to Princess May when he was 20, but that was probably a naval yarn. There is a story, however, that as children the present King and Queen went through a mock marriage in the garden of the White Lodge, and there is one old lady still living who swears that she witnessed it.

Queen Mary is too practical to be superstitious, but once, as a girl, she had her hand read by a palmist at a garden party, and she was told that she would find great happiness after great sorrow, and that she would live to a ripe old age.

It is said that it was in the third week of April, 1893, that the Prince made

SOME of the many wedding presents which were showered on the Royal pair from every part of the globe. A pair of gold opera glasses studded with pearls and diamonds, a piano built like an old spinet, and a solid silver dental outfit.

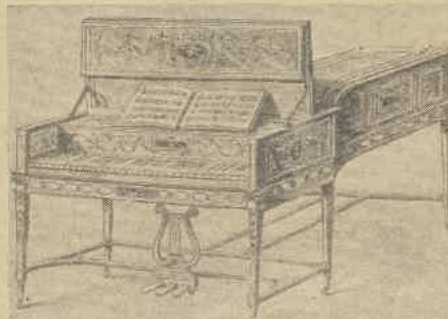
his successful proposal, and, according to Court gossip, the anniversary of the date is still celebrated by the King and Queen. On the evening of the day in question, only close relatives and intimate friends of the King are invited to dinner, and His Majesty proposes the toast of the Queen.

Love stories of British royalty are not made public, and only positively will be privileged, perhaps, to know the inner details of the romance of King George and Queen Mary, and what a wonderful story it will make!

The Duchess of Teck, Queen Victoria, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and the Duke of Edinburgh—Prince George's uncle—all had a part to play in encouraging the match, and that was all that was needed to spur on the Royal suitor.

The Duke of Edinburgh was the favorite elder relative of Prince George, and his death in 1900 was a blow that Prince George felt severely.

A sailor like himself, the Duke had



a great love and admiration for his nephew, and it showed what the Prince thought of his uncle when he asked him to be his "supporter" at his wedding. The Duke gladly agreed.

Once the engagement was announced, events moved swiftly. The marriage ceremony was fixed for July 6 and the venue the Prince selected was the Chapel Royal, St. James. This, being a small and private chapel, did not meet with the approval of the public, but both Prince George and Princess May wanted as quiet a wedding as possible, and held firmly to their choice.

During the period between the engagement and the wedding the betrothed pair saw each other every day, and every morning a bouquet of rare flowers arrived for the Princess from her fiancé.

A card or a note with a personal message always accompanied the flowers, which were picked from the gardens at Sandringham by the Prince and sent by special messenger to White Lodge.

Please turn to Page 27



Little hands eagerly reach for Bournville Cocoa

Children love its chocolaty flavour, they always drink Bournville Cocoa readily, even when other food is refused!

Bournville Cocoa, made with milk and a little sugar, is much more palatable—and provides 45% more nutriment—than milk alone. It gives the growing child indispensable food elements in correct proportion. Even though your children are up to normal weight they need the extra nourishment of Bournville Cocoa to build sturdy frame and solid muscle.



A cup of BOURNVILLE Cocoa made with milk and sugar equals $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of milk—and the BOURNVILLE costs less!

Always have a tin of Bournville Cocoa in the home; grown-ups enjoy it equally as well as children.

Cadbury's
BOURNVILLE
Delicious
Chocolaty
Flavour
COCOA

M8.245

ECZEMA SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES

Phenomenal Success of Young Chemist's Secret Formula. Acclaimed as miracles by many sufferers, who had despaired of relief from all kinds of skin diseases, results achieved by Mr. J. J. McHugh, a well-known Sydney Consulting Chemist, are unique.



Cases of ten to twenty years' standing, on which hundreds of pounds had been spent without success, have responded readily to his treatment. Hundreds of grateful letters testifying to the wonderful efficacy of his secret formula, may be inspected at his rooms. Skin Diseases which Mr. McHugh has treated both personally and by post with equal success are as follows: Eczema, Milking Eczema, Psoriasis, Grown Under Nail, Varicose Veins and Ulcers, Acne, Tropical Ringworm, Ringworm, Barber's Itch, Pruritis, Dandruff, Rosacea, Urticaria, Chilblains, Infantile Eczema, etc. Typical of letters received by him is the following: For some time I have intended writing to let you know how I got on with your treatment. The Psoriasis has completely disappeared, and I have felt much better myself since taking your treatment. I think it is only fair that you should know the result. I think it is wonderful, as I had suffered torture from it. This complaint for eight years, and now, after a little time, you cannot see where it has been. I will always recommend you to anybody suffering from a skin disease. Gratefully yours, Mrs. C. W. P. — BOTTLE COAST.

The above letter, and hundreds of others, may be inspected at Mr. McHugh's rooms. Readers suffering from any skin trouble are invited to write (enclosing stamped addressed envelope) or call on Mr. McHugh at 114 Liverpool Street, 1st Floor (Opp. Snow's), SYDNEY. (Phone: MA6028. HOURS: Monday to Thursday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Friday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday, 9.30 a.m. to 12 noon.)

MAY IT PLEASE Your Majesty—

Here are a few words your women subjects in Australia crave leave to say to you.

Your Majesty,

AS the days of your Jubilee year go by, pictures of the panorama of the past twenty-five years must often come before you. But your thoughts must travel back beyond the quarter of a century that you have been a Queen, if you wish to recall memories of your visit to this corner of your realm which is Australia.

So far away is that time, its brightest memories must be dimmed. A whole world separates this great island from that little isle which is the heart's core of your great Empire. You meet so few of us. Do you, we wonder, realize how much you mean to Australian women?

Each year, when you hold your Royal Courts, there are among the women privileged to be presented to you a few Australians who, with proudly beating hearts, drop their curties to you—a memory to cherish and to hand down to their children's children. But the great majority of us have never seen you, and never shall see you.

WE are not privileged, as are your humblest subjects in England, to see you pass by on some occasion of State, some errand of mercy, or some informal personal outing.

Yet no living woman means so much to every woman in Australia as you do. We have not met you, but we love you. Not a woman among us but feels that in you "a thousand claims to reverence close, as mother, wife, and Queen."

Those words, first written of another great Queen, hold the secrets of why you have, in the past quarter of a century, aroused our loyalty, our reverence, our love, our gratitude. Through storm and stress, where many forces have conspired to lower the standards of womanhood, Your Majesty has remained not only a Queen, but the great exemplar of our sex.

HERE, in Australia, most of us live nearer the simple things of life than do women in older and more crowded lands. We see things shown of their trappings. Accidents of pomp and circumstance do not easily blind us. We deal so much with realities that we cannot take the sentimental view of life, and it would be quite impossible for us to see even a Queen through a rosy glow of idealism. We are not good at dissimulating. We have to be sure of the genuineness of people before we can take them unreservedly to our hearts.

For twenty-five years we have known Your Majesty. To-day there is not a woman of us but takes pride in you. Not a woman who does not love you. Not a woman who is not grateful to you.

We are grateful to you because you discharge every duty of your high office as Queen faithfully, and graciously. What your unfailing tact, interest, and sympathy must mean to His Majesty, we can only imagine.

Especially during his recent terrible illness, your steadfast courage in putting aside your private anxiety and assuming a heavy burden of State must have been of inestimable value to the Empire.

The Ideal Queen

YOU are, indeed, the ideal Queen, actively interested in the lives of your subjects, especially concerning yourself with the welfare of women and children.

Your personal work for maternity and other hospitals has been a boon to the women of England, and provides an example we in Australia are earnestly striving to follow.

And whilst you are indeed a most Gracious Majesty, you are also a woman



THE QUEEN inspecting Titania's Palace. Her Majesty is indefatigable in attending all exhibitions of public interest, and on these occasions her thousands of subjects have an opportunity of seeing her. The Queen was particularly interested in the furniture and decorations in the home of the Fairy Queen.

with a home-keeping heart. In a world of shifting values you have steadfastly fulfilled an ideal of family life which is in keeping with our highest ideals. We women of Australia are especially grateful to you for that.

We know what home-making means. Many of us, though living in the simplest of outback dwellings, spend ourselves building "a house not made with hands."

We are grateful, too, because in all the madness of the post-war world you never wavered from your high ideals. You kept your Court free from those extravagances which have tainted so many reigns and undermined so many Empires.

ALWAYS elegantly and charmingly gowned, you have never permitted unseemly extremes in fashion. And because your word is the final arbiter, ultra-short skirts, immodestly low décolletages, and other extravagances of the passing mode have received their death-blow.

We feel we can rely on you to keep fashion artistic and dignified, to ensure that frocking adds to the grace and charm of life, and does not degenerate into the vulgar or bizarre.

You have given us, too, a heartening

ideal of modern family life, for you have been one of those rare mothers who, while devoted to their children, do not strive to possess them, but encourage each to lead his or her individual life.

Now the years have placed your children's children on your knees, and we see you as the perfect grandmother, still young in heart, and with a boundless fountain of love, tender pride, and patience for these little ones also.

Our First Lady

WE know that you have made a special study of furniture, china, paintings, carpets, everything that comes within your province as home-maker.

We know, too, that you attend many home-making exhibitions, that you are keenly interested in labor-saving devices and have had many installed in Buckingham Palace. You have a personal care for the comfort of your household staff. Down to the smallest detail you do, indeed, fulfil our ideal of the First Lady of the Empire.

All these are details which fit into the picture we cherish of you—a picture of a gracious Queen, a serene lady, a loving wife and mother, a woman of high purpose always loyal to a radiant vision of life.

"Every Picture
tells a Story"



Uric Acid

Weak Kidneys allow an excess of Uric Acid to remain in the blood and cause Urinary Disorders and Rheumatism

DO YOU become rheumatic when damp weather sets in? Many people do! Damp and cold overstrain the kidneys, and when they weaken excess uric acid soon begins to collect in the system. Doans Backache Kidney Pills should be used at the very first sign of backache, urinary disorders, interrupted sleep, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica. They have helped thousands, why not you?

RHEUMATISM AND BACKACHE

Mrs. F. Schroder, "Oberon Cottage," 14 Oberon Street, Randwick, Sydney, says: "For a good while a number of my family suffered from rheumatism and backache. The pain was often so severe that it was torture to move about. We felt sure the kidneys were not working properly as there were several other marked symptoms noticeable, but backache and rheumatism were by far the

most painful. One day Doan's Backache Kidney Pills were recommended to us, so I sent for some, and I am pleased to tell you they acted splendidly. Three bottles making a complete cure. Some years have elapsed since then, but there has been no return of the trouble, so we feel safe in saying the cure is a permanent one."

Refuse inferior substitutes. Insist upon



DOANS

Backache Kidney Pills

The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark.

Will Empire's Next Ruler be A BACHELOR KING or A Spinster QUEEN?

*The Birth of a Brother Would Upset
Princess Elizabeth's Chances of
Reaching the Throne!*

PRINCE OF WALES ENIGMA

Only second in interest to the King himself are the figures of those nearest to him, particularly those who may be regarded as in the line of succession.

Foremost of these, of course, is the Prince of Wales. Now in his forty-first year, he has grown to manhood with a sense of the great responsibilities that may one day rest on his shoulders.

AUSTRALIA remembers the young man who was here 15 years ago. It saw in him a symbol of youth, light-hearted, fond of outdoor sport, a lover of horses, frank, unaffected, a likeable personality in every way.

In the course of a decade and a half, the Prince has shed something of the buoyancy and irresponsibility of his youth. Like his father at his age he has travelled a great deal. He has been in every part of the Empire, and in most countries of the world.

He has interested himself in social questions and in problems of poverty and unemployment. He has made it his business to find out how the poor live. He has gone among the people as no previous heir to the Throne has done. He has spoken in public, often and ably, on non-party questions of greatest moment.

If the Prince succeeds to the Throne he will command the respect and loyal good wishes of the millions of subjects who are now paying tribute to his father. As a reigning monarch, he will arouse interest throughout the world. That he will be liked and respected no one doubts, though his comparative youth may mean a lighter atmosphere at Buckingham Palace and at Windsor.

One may safely predict that there will be no departure from the high standard of personal conduct and of service to the people set by the present King, should his eldest son succeed him.

A Bachelor King?

WHILE the eye naturally rests on the Prince, there are piquant possibilities about the future. There is no certainty, for instance, that the Prince of Wales will not marry.

A bachelor King of England would be something unknown since the death of the boy monarch, Edward VI, nearly 400 years ago. The lonely grandeur of a throne without a wife might well drive the most resolute bachelor into matrimony.

Should the Prince marry and have a child, the child would be next in suc-



ONE OF THE most recent pictures of Princess Elizabeth, who may one day be Queen of England.

cession after him, replacing in that respect his brother, the Duke of York.

The English line of descent gives a limited preference to males. This means that if the Prince of Wales has a son and a daughter, the son, though younger than his sister, would take priority in the

line of succession. If there were only daughters, the elder would succeed.

Next to the Prince, and second in line of succession to the Throne, is the Duke of York. After the Duke comes his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, now 9 years of age.

THE LOVE STORY of the KING and QUEEN

Continued from Page 25

IN the arrangements and purchases for the wedding, the engaged couple showed patriotic spirit. The Queen—even as a bride—showed her preference for British goods, and her wonderful wedding-dress was composed of materials from Scotland, England, and Ireland.

"I have bought nothing but British-made articles for fifty years," quietly remarked the Queen at a recent industrial exhibition, and it was a perfectly true statement.

It is said that, contrary to superstition, the Queen donned her wedding-dress in full the day prior to the ceremony, and her bridegroom cast a critical eye over it as well.

The actual wedding arrangements were very well organised. King George, even as a young man, had that passion for smoothness and efficiency in public ceremonies which he has to-day, and close on midnight on the eve of his wedding he paid a private visit to the Chapel Royal and took careful note of all the arrangements and positions. The wedding passed off without a hitch.

Queen Victoria was so anxious to see her grandson getting married that she

arrived at the Chapel before even the wedding ushers! There were a great number of distinguished foreign guests, including the King and Queen of Denmark and the future Czar of Russia, later assassinated by the Bolsheviks.

No fewer than ten bridesmaids attended the bride, and the scene during the ceremony was one of dazzling splendour.

"I'm so glad the sun is shining," exclaimed the bride as she drove to the ceremony and it was indeed a happy and true omen of the future.

The London crowds gave the newly-married Royal pair a tremendous reception after the wedding, and at night the illuminations were on a magnificent scale.

THE young couple spent their honeymoon at York Cottage, a modest residence on the Sandringham estate, and a house destined to be their permanent home for eight years. At York Cottage the Duke and Duchess of York were allowed ample privacy, although thousands of messages of congratulation were sent to them.

The King was especially well known

to the tenants on the Sandringham estate, and there are many still living who can recall the happy Royal couple on their honeymoon.

"I saw them once running in the woods hand in hand," said an old Sandringham cottager a little time ago, while another recalled seeing the King and Queen having an informal picnic by themselves.

The married life of the future King George and Queen Mary opened under the happiest auspices, and soon under its influence the Queen was to shed some of her gravity and reserve, and the King some of his lack of self-confidence and timidity.

"You are like me, you have a good wife," said the King once to a miner in the North whose humble home he had visited and admired for its comfort and cleanliness.

He married for love and has been a lifelong romance over which neither he nor the Queen has one single regret.

If you searched the country you would not find a happier pair, for their love has grown with the years, and has been sustained during twenty-five momentous years on the throne of the greatest Empire in the world.



A special Boothroyd drawing of the Prince of Wales.

It is worth noting that while the little Princess has a right of succession after her uncle, the Prince, and her father, the Duke, this right is only consequent on her having no brother. The Duke of York is still a comparatively young man of 29, and his wife, the Duchess, is younger.

The birth of a son to the Duke and Duchess of York would alter the whole of the present outlook to the succession so far as Princess Elizabeth is concerned.

Another interesting speculation is that should Princess Elizabeth come to the throne, will she be a spinster Queen, as

was her famous namesake in history—Queen Elizabeth?

In the unlikely event of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York leaving no issue at their death, the Crown would devolve on the oldest surviving son of the King. Only in the event of her surviving all her brothers and their issue would the right to succession, under the present Constitution, pass to Princess Mary, though she is older than either Prince Henry or Prince George.

One thing is certain. The Royal Family, thanks to the 25 years of service to the people by the present King, was never so deep-rooted in the Empire's respect and affection as it is to-day.

Develop a Beautiful BUST

Add 1 to 5 inches—or it
COSTS YOU NOTHING!

ARE you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is so easy to have the full, firm Bust that Fashion demands!

IN JUST 30 DAYS

Yes, in just 30 days you can increase the size of your bust—mould them into firm, shapely lines that are so smart and alluring. Hundreds of women everywhere have developed this greatest of feminine charms by following my simple method. Let me tell you how easily you can have the added attraction of the fashionable figure.

TRY THIS TO-DAY

TEST this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't increase you—it costs you nothing. I want you to try it. I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to increase your bust this way is marvellous!

SENT FREE!

If you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to yourself. But hurry!

SEND THIS AT ONCE!

MARY MONROE, DEPT. W.W.,
107 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "something." I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.
Name
Address
.....



Which one of these women represents you?

Your beauty, your attractiveness, makes or mars your social progress. Have you all the "appeal" you would like? This is your opportunity—send me the coupon below—TO-DAY!

GENUINE PROOF!

DEVELOPED 3 INCHES.
"I was very small in the bust. Have now developed nearly 3 inches."—Mrs. A.M. H. N.E.W.

WONDERFUL!
"I am just thrilled at seeing my bust take on its new-time femininity. The lovely, attractive curve and roundness I used to be rather proud of. The treatment is really wonderful."—Miss J.H. (F.T., Vic.)

GAINED 5 INCHES.
"I am very pleased with the results. My breasts are becoming larger. Before I started using your cream my bust measurement was 20 inches, and now it is 25 inches."—Miss A.L. (C., N.E.W.)

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--Sent FREE!



For a limited time only I am sending to all women who require a copy of my book entitled "Woman Beautiful." This astonishing book will show you how to acquire the body beautiful; how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of the outside; how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow, pimply face; how to stand and walk gracefully; how to add or remove weight from any part of the body; hips, bust, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy, so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from colds, headaches, nervousness, constipation, weak back, and many other ailments due to physical weakness; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

This Book FREE to You!

Just past the coupon and I will send to you absolutely free my illustrated book "Woman Beautiful." This book will show you the way to become stronger, healthier, more graceful and more beautiful a woman as it has already done for so many others. Just tear the coupon now and post it once—this offer is limited.

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Thomas Britton, Lombard Chambers, Pitt St., SYDNEY.

Please send me with no obligation, your illustrated book "Woman Beautiful." I enclose 5d. stamp for postage.

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THE KING LIKES Dance Music, and is a RADIO FAN

He has no time for American "Crooners," but loves English Jazz Bands

By ELISSA ST. JOHN, the prominent English society woman and authority on Royalty—exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

One of the secrets of the King's great popularity is his robust common sense and freedom from all pose and pretence. A true Briton, he likes what he likes, and as far as possible avoids what he dislikes.

His Majesty has never posed as a highbrow in anything, although his early education and training, followed as it was by world travel in the Navy, has made him a man whose knowledge is almost encyclopaedic.

DESPITE this the King is never swayed in his tastes or habits by fashion or convention. King Edward VII, who, after he was twenty-five, was never seen reading a book, used often to attend opera and classical concerts, although actually they made no appeal to him. He thought it was the correct thing to do. King George is not so pliant. He likes good music, but it must be melodious, and the operas he prefers are the well-known Italian ones like "Il Trovatore" and other popular favorites, such as "Faust," "Madame Butterfly," "The Magic Flute," and the "Tales of Hoffman."

First-class musical plays make a great appeal to His Majesty, and productions like "The Desert Song," "Rose Marie," and "The Maid of the Mountains" were visited several times by the King. Strangely enough, His Majesty is not so enthusiastic over Gilbert and Sullivan operas as are thousands of his subjects, but probably the reason for this is that he heard so much of them when he was a young man.

The King is an enthusiastic wireless "fan," and at least four nights in the week he listens to the B.B.C. programmes. He likes dance music and always "tunes in" to all the well-known British bands.

Jack Payne, Henry Hall, Jack Hylton, Roy Fox and Charlie Kunz are the leaders of some of the bands that His Majesty always enjoys, and more than once the King has conveyed his appreciation by telephone and letter to the B.B.C. of their performances.

His Majesty has one of the best and most powerful wireless sets in the world, and he manipulates it himself. His emphatic opinion is that British dance bands are much superior to those of the Continent, but His Majesty is not a great admirer of "crooners."

The King is very partial to the "Guest Nights" of Henry Hall, and more than one important visitor has been put off on Saturday evenings because His Majesty is anxious to "listen-in" to the wireless.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Kent are modern men to the fingertips, and there is no doubt that they both have had great influence in making the King a "fan" of modern dance music.

When His Majesty was in the Navy he was regarded as one of the best dancers in the Service, and he danced in nearly every port in the world. The love of dance rhythm has never left the King, and although he is partial to waltz music, he is very fond of modern dance tunes, and also revivals of old-time music.

Danced With Duchess

IT is said in Buckingham Palace that His Majesty, when he heard some time ago on the radio the waltz from the "Belle of New York" look at his partner the Duchess of York, who had been dining at the Palace that evening.

His Majesty is no opponent of modern music, and in this is very different from most men of his age.

The King was born in the midst of the Victorian era, and was reared in the traditional Victorian atmosphere, yet in music he is as modern as his four sons.

Over a cup of coffee and a biscuit His Majesty listens-in with enjoyment to the dance bands that thrill millions of homes in Britain, and if he likes any special tune, he immediately orders a gramophone record of it.

The King possesses a magnificent electric gramophone, and like Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the novelist, he sometimes arranges himself concert programmes on a free evening. As a Naval



AN EXCLUSIVE special Jubilee portrait of His Majesty the King.

man, His Majesty likes lively tunes, and that is the chief reason why he is so partial to modern rhythm.

Modern Songs

MORE than once, however, he has deplored the innuendo words that are frequently given to good tunes, and at a recent exhibition he mentioned this to the head of a big music publishing firm.

"The public seems to want such verses," Your Majesty," said the publisher.

"They don't get anything else," rejoined the King. There is little doubt that His Majesty hit the nail on the head in suggesting that modern composers were ahead of the verse writers. The King's favorite dance band, cannot be revealed for definite reasons, and he, himself, has only disclosed it to his family and one or two intimate friends. But there is no harm in stating that the "Stein Song" and "Springtime in the Rockies" were two tunes in recent years that particularly appealed to His Majesty, and some of the dance songs of 1934 delighted him.

The Duke of Kent, an expert pianist and an unchallenged authority on modern music, has a great influence on

His Majesty's musical tastes. The Duke often plays over to his parents the latest melodies which he receives from American and Home publishers, and the King always makes a note of the tunes which please him.

His Majesty always has with him in his study a complete programme of all the world's radio stations, and he selects items which attract him. Outside England, Vienna, with its waltz-playing bands, is a favorite radio station of the King's, but he does not care for German broadcasting, and he always ignores the advertising stations in Europe.

In his seventy years, His Majesty has heard all the foremost orchestras in the world—at home and abroad—and when he says, as he does, that the modern dance band in Britain is well worth listening to and represents the spirit of the modern age—it is not only a tribute to present-day taste in music, but also proves that the King's outlook is modern.

The twenty-five years during which he has occupied the throne of Britain have seen the birth and evolution of modern dance music, and it is significant that the King has not, like many high-brows, remained aloof.

Wardrobe of 500 Suits, But Likes the Old Ones

IN spite of the fact that he has 500 suits in his wardrobe, from his favorite uniform of Admiral of the Fleet to his historic "Windsor Uniform" of blue coat, gold buttons, and red collar for wearing at Windsor Castle, and his kilts, with jewelled buckles, for putting on at Balmoral Castle, King George is like any John Daxpayer in having a few old suits in which, and only in which, he is really happy.

When his sports shoes wear out in Scotland, it very often happens that, instead of having numerous new pairs handy, he goes to an old bootmaker for repairs, to meet with, "Well, I'll do my best for Your Majesty, but I'm not making no promises, mind."

For the same reason King George is no leader of fashion like his Royal son.

Until a few years ago he actually continued the old custom of passing his tie through a gold ring, and he has his trousers creased in the same way that was good enough for his father—at the sides.

Nor does King George subscribe to any of the "modern" ideas of morals or of art. He promised his mother to read the Bible every day, and he has kept his promise, reading to the Queen when they are having breakfast.

And the paintings and watercolors on the walls of Windsor Castle belong to the old school, which believed in a thorough, realistic technique and found impressionism childish.



Any good toothbrush . . .

including Tek, of course, can clean the outside surfaces of your teeth.



But inside is where you need

Tek

Inside . . . back of your front teeth, is where tartar forms, to destroy teeth and gums. Inside, where old brushes fail to get. But not Tek. Inside, is where Tek fits and cleans with outside ease. Change to Tek.

Tek is better value, too: economical at 2/-, because of its longer-lasting water-resisting bristles. In six colours, bristles hard or medium, price 2/-. Tek Junior, same quality, only smaller, 1/3.

Tek the modern toothbrush

A product of Johnson and Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Moxes, etc.

HE GOT FATTER AND FATTER

Even a Short Walk Made Him Tired

All big men—and big women, too for that matter—should read what this stout man has to tell them.

"I am only a smallish man, that is in height, but big the other way. I did not notice it much at first, but it got that way that I was a great trouble to myself, getting so much heavier that I was tired by the time I'd walked 100 yards. One day I saw in a paper something about the good 'Kruschen Salts' was doing for stout people. I bought some, followed instructions, and am pleased to say that I have reduced 5 lbs. in 4 weeks."

—J. H. B.

Kruschen is a combination of salts which have a tonic influence upon every organ, gland, nerve and fibre of your body. Kruschen Salts keep the system free from encumbering waste matter. Unless this wastage regularly expelled, it will give rise to rheumatic and other body poisons. And Nature is liable to take its defensive measure of storing up poison-breeding material out of the way in the form of fatty tissue.

FOR BURNED PANS

Use Steelo . . . It restores their bright smooth finish with less rubbing than ever. Ideal for aluminium, for all kitchenware and for baths, basins, sinks. A 6d. packet lasts 5 weeks.

STEELO



13

"KEEP INTEREST in YOUR LIFE!"

is Queen's MOTTO . . .

Her Reason for Disregard of the Dictates of Fashion

By NANCY LANCASTER, Our Special Jubilee Correspondent in London

Queen Mary was brought up in an atmosphere somewhat similar to that of our newest Royal Lady, the Duchess of Kent.

LIKE Princess Marina she was brought up under circumstances where the pennies had to be carefully counted. In fact, the household of her mother, the Duchess of Teck, was really poor, though obliged to keep up the appearance of comparative wealth.

There was so much that had to be done, and such a pitiful sum to do it on. And the sweet-natured, happy-go-lucky Duchess of Teck came very early to lean on her quiet, methodical young daughter, who was so good at keeping the accounts straight and fitting in engagements so that they did not clash.

The beloved daughter, "Sweet Mayflower," as her mother called her, soon managed all the difficulties of the household at Kew.

HER private tastes have always been strictly simple, and even when she was the Princess of Wales she never actually ordered a dress before getting the dressmaker's estimate.

Her dress shows, very clearly, her strength of character. It has not been easy for her to withstand the respectful but almost fearful entreaties of the modistes, the relatives' candid suggestions, and the Prince of Wales has spent hours begging his mother to adopt another style of dress.

But no, she is accustomed to toques, and toupes she will wear, and not all the tears of the milliners will move her.

"My dear girl," she says, "can you see me getting out of the car with all this around me?" She hates "dangly" things or "horrible ends that get in my way everywhere I turn."

Knows What Suits

MANY years ago, when the styles now favored by the Queen were in the height of fashion, she decided that they suited her as nothing had ever done before, so she decided that this would be her mode of dress for the rest of her life, and carried out in her favorite colors, whether fashionable or not.

And to this she has stuck as she sticks to all her plans. The Queen's clothes are part of her whole dignified and graceful personality.

There are many who admire her wisdom in leaving the petty side of leading fashion out of her busy life.

She is, however, by no means indifferent to clothes, and always pays great attention to accessories, seeing that bag and gloves and the inevitable sunshade and umbrella (without which she has only been seen once) harmonise perfectly.

ALL those who work with her, especially her dressmakers, literally adore her, not that this branch of serving the Queen is at all easy, as she is a strange mixture of pliancy and sheer stubbornness on the subject of her clothes.

She knows what she wants, and insists on having it, and this quality is seldom found in clients by her dressmakers.

One gathers that the Queen is not a great admirer of too much "modernism" in young girls. When the Duke of York became engaged she wrote to a friend, "Thank God Elizabeth is not one of these modern girls."

The Duchess of York was a little mistrustful at first of the Queen's influence over her husband, and when they were selecting the new home in Piccadilly she said to the Duke, "Let us ask your Mother to decide, she always seems to know more about everything than I do."

"Yes, that's a little way of Mother's," answered the Duke. But all the in-laws of the Royal Family seem so devoted that the Queen evidently shows more tact and is less intruding than most mothers-in-law.

She certainly adores her grandchildren.



ALTHOUGH conservative in her ideas about fashions, Queen Mary always looks exceedingly smart and well-gowned. She is seen here at the opening of an Art Exhibition.

and like many mothers who have been rather severe with their own children, she is inclined to spoil the new generation.

Gift of Mimicry

IT is only we few who are privileged to be included amongst Her Majesty's intimate friends, who know of her droll wit and rare gift for mimicry. At these times, usually at Sandringham, when she is merely the Squire's wife, she sometimes casts off her reserves and delights in all with her imitations of some overbearing, pompous person.

It is nearly always these pretentious sort of people at whom the Queen levels her keen wit. She cannot stand pretention of any kind. Once the name of a certain lady with great ancestral recommendations was submitted for a Court post. The Queen said, "No, I think not. She is too haughty."

The most amazing quality, though, which I have found in Her Majesty the Queen, is her almost incredible energy.

When other women of her age are snatching a noonday siesta, the Queen is paying a surprise visit to an exhibition or going round shopping for antiques.

On the subject of antiques, as everyone knows, she is an expert, and no dealer can deceive her in the period or genuine value of an article. However, there are a lot of tales going about regarding the Queen's hobbies which are very ridiculous.

For instance, we are so often led to believe that she spends hours wrapped in an apron and wielding a trowel or some other gardening implement.

The truth is that the Queen loves flowers, especially delphiniums and phlox, but no one I know has ever seen her actually gardening. Nor does she take a very keen interest in the King's stamp collection, but being the perfect wife she spends hours with her needlework while His Majesty sorts and catalogues his collection.

SHE reads the more intelligent books from a sense of duty, and enjoys a novel with plot and not too much sex-interest, but her real enjoyment lies in the newspapers and periodicals, and she always asks her secretary to mark the paragraphs which will especially interest her so that she can read them at her leisure.

The Queen is not a speechmaker. No woman in such an exalted position has ever made fewer speeches. She is very reserved and very shy, never the slightest flush even with lifelong friends.

Lady Mount Stephen, who served the Queen's mother, says of her, "I cannot tell you how utterly lacking in triviality is the Queen. She never falls. It is a luxury to be with her, a continual inspiration just to know always that she is. You just know that the Queen would never let you down."

Perhaps the secret is, in the Queen's own words, "I think I can honestly say that I have never been bored in my life."



In Two Shades, Harbelle and Natrasine-1/2 Tube. Use Oatine Cream at night to feed and cleanse the skin. Tube, 1/2; Jar, 2/6 and 4/6.

My Dear How ever can I thank you for your lips. Since I took your advice & spent 1/3 on a tube of Oatine Powder Base I have been so relieved & happy that people want to know what makes my eyes sparkle so. I can go all day without getting a skin face! Indeed I gave my face powder to my girl, Betty, but she also has now taken to Oatine Powder Base, so the face powder found its way to the bottom. And what a difference the clearing at night with Oatine Cream has made! My skin is now like a baby's!

Obtainable at all chemists, or from Oatine (Aust.) Ltd., C.P.O. Box 2475MM, Sydney.



"Good Tea - a life Saver!"



START THE DAY WELL WITH

"A cup of good tea is an excellent life saver for anyone who has spells of fainting."

Convincing words these, especially when it is learned that they are uttered by Dr. William Brady, an authority on such matters.

KINKARA TEA



"Kinkara", the health Tea, entirely fills this qualification. All dust and foreign matter are extracted and each packet contains only "super-sorted" specially selected leaves, giving rich, juicy liquors.

"Kinkara" is not expensive, because it makes more cups to each pound. Never infuse for more than 5 minutes. Every packet of Kinkara Tea contains a coupon.

Coupons are also packed with Kinkara Coffee, Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, Baking Powder, Custard Powder, Rolled Oats, Jelly Crystals, Fruit Saline, Flavouring Essences, Curry Powder, Mixed Cut Peel, and Victor Coffee Essence.

Use all these brands and so obtain your presents sooner.

Their Majesties the King and Queen



H.M. THE KING, 1873. One of the earliest portraits of the King as a boy in sailor suit.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING is easily the world's most famous broadcaster. On those rare occasions when he talks from his home, the whole world listens. His addresses to the Empire have proved his depth of thought.



H.M. THE KING, 1875. His Majesty as Prince George is seen in the historic school dress of Eton.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE at night. An artistic study of the home of the King and Queen, flood-lit by modern lighting. The palace was 110 years old last June as a Royal residence. Part of the building was built in 1703 by the Duke of Buckingham.



H.M. THE KING, 1910. A fine study of His Majesty taken at the time he ascended the Throne. At right: The King in 1923.



A RARE GROUP of the King and Queen, taken a few days ago. A gathering of the Prince of Wales, Duke of Kent are standing with Viscountess Bury.



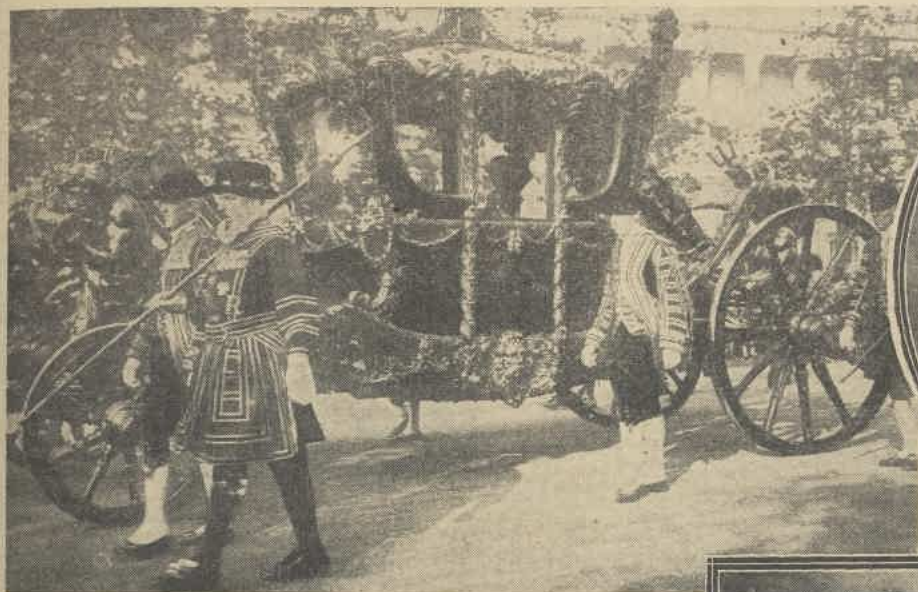
A SPLENDID PHOTO of His Majesty the King, taken recently in Buckingham Palace Square when he presented new colors to the Household Cavalry on Horse Guards Parade. This is one of many exclusive studies obtained by The Australian Women's Weekly for its Special Jubilee issue in honor of their Majesties.



AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING photo of the King and Queen performing one of their last official acts before the outbreak of war. Their Majesties are seen on their way to St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle during the Knights of the Garter procession.

THE KING AND QUEEN, a study of their health and vitality.

..... Pictures that Cover Sixty Years!



H.M. THE QUEEN, 1872. This attractive little person is the Queen as a child.

THE KING AND QUEEN on their way to open Parliament recently. They are driving, according to ancient custom, in the magnificent Royal coach, which looks like something out of fairyland.



H.M. THE QUEEN, 1887. Her Majesty, as can be judged from this early study, was a very attractive girl.



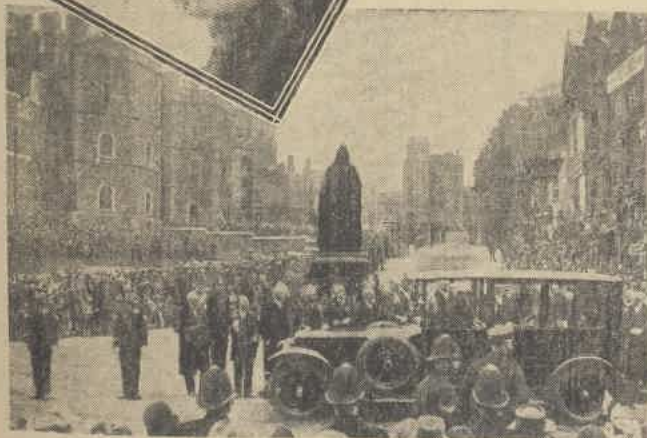
HERE ARE the sons of Princess Mary (Viscountess Harwood). The Hon. George and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles are growing into quite big young men now.



Family taken together a few years ago. The Duke of York, and Duke of Gloucester, Princess Mary (now the Queen's daughter-in-law) are at the right of the King.



H.M. THE QUEEN, 1910. Her Majesty at the time she ascended the Throne. At left: The Queen with Princess Elizabeth.



HISTORIC WINDSOR CASTLE has always been one of the best-loved homes of English Royalty. Round the vast and ancient building nestles the little town of Windsor, and spacious Windsor Park rolls for miles around in undulating fields and forests. The photo shows the King and Queen arriving at the castle by car.



A DELIGHTFUL recent portrait of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, the two popular Royal children of the Duke and Duchess of York. These lovely children have endeared themselves to people all over the Empire. Princess Elizabeth is third in line for the Throne.



1935. A special exclusive photo-day. Everyone wishes to see the King and Queen on the occasion of their Jubilee.

New Plasmic

AMERICA'S MOST TALKED OF SKIN PREPARATION

ACTUAL PHOTO
(Untouched)

Mrs. Helen Sogomore, Bondi Road, Age 57, taken on July 13th, 1934.



ACTUAL PHOTO
(Untouched)
Mrs. Helen Sogomore, Bondi Road, taken on July 22nd, 1934, after 4 applications of New Plasmic.

THE MOST MARVELLOUS SKIN REJUVENATOR EVER DISCOVERED
Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES OF THE SKIN, PIMPLES, etc., DEVELOPED BY OLD AGE OR OTHER CAUSES.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable RESULTS. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth. A Gentle but Powerful Corrective of All Facial Impurities and Blemishes. Guaranteed not to induce the growth of hair and to be non-injurious.

New Plasmic in a few moments will sweep away years and leave your skin fresh, young and glowing.

NEW PLASMIC NEVER FAILS

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED. Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION, or Loose Tube, sufficient for 12 treatments, posted to any address for 5/- SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN AFRIAT, PACIFIC HOUSE, 300 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

BELLS RING for the KING'S Jubilee

Pageant of Memorable Years Rolled Back

By A. J. BUCHANAN

With the glamor and splendor of the Jubilee celebrations all round him, one can picture His Majesty the King throwing a backward glance over the 25 years of his reign.

He recalls the great events of which he was a part. He lives again through the tragedies and triumphs of the war. He sees once more the shapes of marching battalions, hears the voices of those who have passed on...

FIRST of all that memorable day which brought the summons, fraught with tremendous responsibilities, to fill the exalted place that Destiny had assigned to him.

Then the pageant of the Coronation. The muster of his own people, the rep-



The King's first visit to India in 1906.

representatives of friendly nations, the Abbey service, the solemn music, the throng within and without, the voice of the Archbishop speaking the words of the Coronation Oath. To preserve the liberties of the people! To reign according to the laws of the realm!

Yes, he would do that. He remembers how the resolve filled his thoughts and almost choked his utterance—25 years ago!

In this year (1911) comes the visit to India. He has been there before, but this time he goes as King-Emperor, the first of that title to enter this land of swarthy peoples and glittering temples and tropic suns. How they file before him, in retrospect, the men of many races, turbaned, red-sashed, gold-uniformed, with their erect carriage and their faces like masks. And behind them the silent, motionless multitudes, inscrutable as their own temples. . . row on row!

A Quiet Period

BACK in England, there is a comparatively quiet period.

Asquith is Premier. He rather likes Asquith. A sensible, reliable man. It was a pity, perhaps, that he had been so keen on the Parliament Bill that has made the House of Lords virtually powerless. But the people wanted it, and they have the right.

Then the breaking of the storm! Hard on the first mutterings, the loud blast of war!

That memorable day in August they were all there together—Asquith, Grey, Churchill, Lloyd George, all the members of the Cabinet. Could he ever forget it! Their white, set faces, as they told him what had happened!

Germany was on the march through Belgium. In a few hours her helmeted vanguard would be in France. And France was our ally!

Well, there was only one thing to do. Only one! Grey had put it in a nutshell. "We can stand out of this with profit, but we can't stand out of it with honor!"

The King knows what that means. He can see it in the faces of these men whom he has learned to trust, who will not fail him, and whom he will not fail.

It means War! The heartbeat of high resolve, the glint of steady purpose, the sense of Something-That-Must-Be-Done come back to him again as the shadows lengthen in his London room and dim the faces passing in the street.

The Silent Muster

SHAPES from out of the Past move faster now.

The battalions marching at night, the muster at dawn, the Grand Fleet getting ready, the captains, the crews. . . he can see them again, as they sail into the dark. A hard leave-taking! He is a captain himself, qualified to take a ship into action, but he must stay at home.

Then a picture, and yet another, of a battle-front. The long, mist-haunted battle-front of Flanders! The sick and invalid behind the lines, the grimly-held trenches, the roar of the high explosives, the wounded, the dead, the dying! Living over again those scenes and incidents, the King recalls, with emotion, how the fighting units cheered him when he came among them, how the dying men in the hospitals smiled.

Then the Armistice, the tumultuous triumph, the Nation's wild, myriad-fold

rejoicing on that November day 17 years ago! And the generous, warm-hearted tribute to himself when he appeared on a balcony overlooking the sea of faces! Never will he forget it—any more than he can forget his debt to the living . . . and to the dead!

Other scenes, other happenings pass along the corridor of the years.

It is the winter of 1921. There has been trouble with Ireland. Quite a lot of trouble. Here is Lloyd George come to say that the only way to end it, short of actual war in the Empire itself, is to give them the constitution they want. To that end he has drawn up his Irish Treaty Bill.

Very well. If they want it, they must have it. "The King wills it," as the saying runs—though some of his ancestors wouldn't have willed it, as he knows.

Ireland is given a Parliament of her own choosing—in fact, two Parliaments, one at Dublin and the other at Belfast. Still turning over the pages of memory, the King recalls the events that have meant most to the Empire in the last ten years.

He has done what no other British monarch has been called on to do. He has given his approval to the first Labor Government formed by Ramsay MacDonald in 1924. Five years later he is to entrust MacDonald with the task of forming another Government which is to make way, in 1931, for the National one still in office.

Suffrage to Women

IN 1918, and again in 1928, he has assented to bills giving the suffrage to women. The second of these places them in an identical position as regards the franchise with men.

In 1928 there was that illness. Rather a confusing memory. He must have been very ill. But the people! Their welcome in the London streets when he first drove through the city after his recovery! If he could only tell them how deeply he felt . . .

SO the years have passed. Troubled years these last few. Depression and poverty, and that terrible spectre of unemployment. . .

This is the post-war problem of all others. But what can one do? There was that World Conference two years ago; they came to London from everywhere, from France, Italy, Belgium, Denmark, America. All the trading countries, full of friendship and a profound desire to see trade revive.

The King sighs reminiscently. He had done what he could. They had applauded his speech at the opening, assured him they would sink their differences.

What was that line in Shakespeare? "Sound and fury, signifying nothing!" Thank God, it is not as bad now. The Nation is seeing it through. The Empire has had a difficult time, but there is no part of it that he isn't immensely proud of. Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa—they have all pulled together. He never doubted they would.

A smile comes into the King's eyes. He thinks of happenings that have a personal meaning.

Members of his family are all round him. There is Henry, just back from Australia, full of what he had seen and heard there. A well-timed visit to a great-hearted people.

They are all here for his Silver Jubilee. He has been fortunate in his family, beyond a doubt.

His sons will take up the torch of Empire, and keep it high.

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WHAT the STARS Tell about our KING & QUEEN

Astrology and the Jubilee!

The fortunes of Royalty! To each of us at some time has come a twinge of envy over those whom, in our thoughtlessness, we believe to be more fortunately placed than ourselves.

Yet, if it came to a choice, very few of us would willingly exchange our humble freedom for the life of self-abnegation which is demanded of Their Majesties.

"That fierce light which beats upon a throne" chimes the death-knell to all personal freedom, so that the King and Queen have but little chance of enjoying those simple pleasures so dear to the heart of humbler folk.

THE duties of Royalty demand continuous and arduous self-sacrifice. This fact is strongly exemplified in the life of our own King George, for to those who can read the stars it is given to see that had not the mantle of monarchy fallen upon his shoulders King George would have found great happiness in following the life of the sea, upon which his heart has always been set.

The star-map shows not only this great sea love, but also the strength and nobility of character which enables the King to sacrifice his own desires in the cause of duty to the great British Empire.

The individual star-map of His Majesty (reproduced on this page) shows that at the time of his birth the Sun was in the Zodiacal sign Gemini. This makes him restless, sensitive, mentally keen and thoughtful, affectionate, curious, and keenly desirous of personal freedom and travel. The "3rd House" position of the Sun intensifies these desires and shows that the King will do much good in life for which he will never be given credit—mainly because of a natural reserve and modesty.

Neptune (ruling over the sea and idealistic aspirations) was near the eastern horizon at the moment of King George's birth. This indicates that his interests, abilities, and ambitions could be best expressed through associations with the navy or mercantile marine.

The "fortunate" planet, Jupiter, was high in the heavens at the time of birth, promising high honors and esteem, and successful diplomatic journeys on behalf of peace and prosperity. It shows, once more, an almost overpowering love of sea life and of happiness through contacts with the navy and its famous traditions.

The dynamic and forceful sign, Aries, rising in the east at birth, ensures success in life through determination and continued endeavor—for Aries is the sign of leadership.

Signs of Conflict

UNFORTUNATELY, however, conflict existed at the time of birth, between the Sun, Jupiter, Uranus, and the Moon, thus indicating the immense sacrifices which life would demand of this ruler; the opposition and disappointment which would have to be faced before he learned to sublimate his own most cherished desires to the call of duty.

Most of us would have rebelled against such hard decrees of Fate: but His Majesty's horoscope is that of a strong man—a man who realises that his public responsibilities must come first, in his life . . . a man dedicated to duty and kindness, yet strong enough to rise above his difficulties and disappointments, and to gain much happiness from life despite its restrictions.

No wonder a glow comes to the heart when we realise that His Majesty has even been able to satisfy his longing for a sea life to some extent by entering enthusiastically into the sphere of yachting. In this sphere he has achieved fame as a seaman of very real ability, as well as a sportsman of very high degree.

The Queen's Horoscope

QUEEN MARY'S star-map has an element of the remarkable about it, for it harmonises with that of her Royal partner to a most unusual degree.

At the time of the Queen's birth (as with the King) the Sun was passing through the Zodiacal sign Gemini. This immediately ensures a remarkable degree of mutual understanding. There is a similarity of ideals, interests, ambitions and outlook, and a respect for the keen mental qualities of each other.

The position of Neptune in the Queen's horoscope also endows her with very high ideals and ambitions in regard to the Empire, and bespeaks a natural affinity with England (over which the sign Aries has rule).

In both charts, too, the planets Venus and Mercury are found in the sign Taurus, denoting a mutual love of art, music, children, the home, and simple domestic pleasures. Also of collecting rare manuscripts, paintings, and other treasures, a fact which is amply born out by the King's famous collections of paintings and stamps.

Lastly, another similarity in both star-maps becomes apparent—but this time a sad one, for the troublesome planet Mars is found in the sign Leo, thus bespeaking a great sorrow to come to each of them through the death of a child. In regard to this influence it should be remembered that Prince John died in 1919 at the age of 13.

By JUNE MARSDON

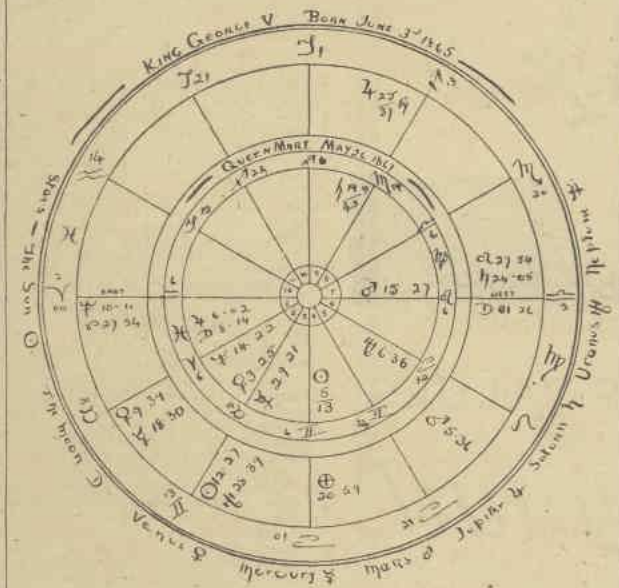
International Astrologer, President of the Astrological Association of Toronto, Canada; Vice-President of Rochester Astrological Society; President of the Astrological Research Society of Australia.

prising that this great Jubilee celebration is eventuating in his honor during 1935.

Moreover, as the period of April to July is very strongly bound up in the destiny of our Royal Family, it is very fitting that the celebrations should be planned for this month of May. The King and Queen were both born during this April to July period (May and June), and were married in July. They succeeded to the throne in May, and were crowned at Westminster Abbey in June. Certainly an important period of the life.

As the 1930's change into the 1940's another splendid influence between the Sun and the planet Saturn gains power, bringing increased fame, popularity, wisdom, and general success. The King's health should be excellent, and peace and contentment, as a result of harmony in family, parliamentary and public life, should be his lot. His financial condition will improve.

The best influence of all, however, comes during the early 1940's, when the Sun will reach a position of great harmony with the "fortunate" planet, Jupiter. During the three years this desirable vibration operates in his life,



ASTROLOGICAL CHARTS of the King and Queen. The numbers in the centre circle, of the Queen's chart, represent the twelve "houses" of the Stellar Map. The next circle encloses the planets of each of the "houses," and the third the signs in which the planets are sitting at the time of birth. The symbols at the end of each line represent the Zodiacal signs. The same order applies to the King's chart.

It would be difficult, indeed, to find more complete evidence of "True Affinities" than in this Royal union.

Queen Mary has a natural love of humane and charitable work (Jupiter and the Moon in the sign Pisces) though reserve and self-consciousness incline her to secrecy over her philanthropies. She is kindly to those in distress, and would make an excellent nurse.

The Sun in the "4th House" of Queen Mary's star-map brings her great honors, esteem, and power in her place of birth. This was London.

Future Outlook

SO much for a general resume of the past life of our King and Queen. But what of the future?

Here a happy task awaits the astrologer for, as calculations of the movements of the planets are made in order to bring the star-maps up to date, it becomes apparent that some wonderfully happy years lie just ahead of our beloved Sovereigns. Probably, in fact, the best years of the whole life, especially for King George.

During the years 1934, 1935, and 1936 the planet Mars brings fortunate vibrations into the affairs of the King. There will be great activity and general improvement in all affairs, especially in matters of finance, speech, writing, agreements and wise decisions. "Agreements" would include marriage and coronation vows, so that it is not sur-

prising that the King will realise many of his hopes and ambitions.

Honor and benefits through diplomacy, righteousness, and wisdom (particularly in relation to foreign affairs and the Government) will reward past hard endeavors.

An element of surprise and suddenness will now creep into the affairs of King George. Unexpectedly, and through "queer" reasons, there will be beneficial changes and upsets. Relatives, writings, journeys, agreements and pleasures will all bring advantages and satisfaction. The health and general welfare will prosper; honors should come through connection with secret societies and diplomatic missions.

And, best of all, throughout all this forthcoming decade very great happiness will come to His Majesty by reason of harmonious relationships and co-operation from his children and the Government. It would seem that his sons realise more fully his wonderful battle in the past and his need of freedom from the pressure of affairs of State, and will come to his aid very wholeheartedly.

No attempt has been made in this interpretation to define the age which the King will eventually attain. But with the many fortunate influences prevailing during the next ten years of his life, there is every reason to believe that he will reach the wonderful age of at least eighty, rejoicing in his family and his Empire, and with the realization that he has lived his own life wisely, nobly, and kindly.

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MISTOL STOPS COLDS WHERE THEY START

ILLUSTRIOUS Ancestors of our KING and QUEEN

Centuries of Kingship Behind
the House of Windsor!

By STEWART HOWARD

It is not generally realised that the genealogy of the present English reigning house goes back in a long, unbroken line to the Norman Conquest. To most of us the present King is connected in a vague fashion with the rulers of the House of Hanover, but even on that point we are a little at sea.

The House of Windsor, of which King George is the first representative, is the seventh Royal House that has ruled England since the Norman Conquest in 1066. It is interesting to note that since the Conquest England has had thirty-three Kings and only four Queens—and what might be equivalent to one Dictatorship, when Oliver Cromwell, during the Stuart era, initiated a Commonwealth that lasted from May 9, 1649, to 1659.

THE events leading up to the origin of the House of Windsor and the manner in which it is linked by marriage with almost every other European nation is one of the most interesting stories of history.

The following table shows the eras of the previous six Royal Houses—

Norman	from 1066 to 1154
Plantagenet	1154 to 1485
Tudor	1485 to 1603
Stuart	1603 to 1714
Hanover	1714 to 1901
Kent	1901 to 1910

The four Queens who ascended the Throne were: Mary I (1553-1558), Elizabeth (1558-1603), Anne (1702-1714), and Victoria (1837-1901). Mary died at 43 years of age, Elizabeth at 70, Anne at 49, and Victoria at 81.

The House of Hanover, in English history, commenced with George I in 1714, and terminated with Queen Victoria, who could not reign over Hanover owing to the Salic Law, which confined the succession to the male line, and hence could not pass on any rights to her son, Edward VII.

Edward became on his accession the first and last of the House of Kent, seeing that England's rulers now had no Hanoverian interests.

The House of Kent gave place to that of Windsor by a proclamation issued on June 17, 1917, when the King announced the assumption of the name of Windsor, in place of Guelph, by his House and Family.

Now, eighteen years later, the House of Windsor celebrates its first jubilee: the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession to the Throne of the first to bear the name, George V, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

Behind the surname, Windsor, loom others, dynastic names that are written in letters of flame across the long scroll of English history. Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Hanover: it is as the living representatives of the Princes and Princesses of these Royal lines that George V and his Queen will go through the celebrations of this month, representatives in more than title, since in the veins of both flows the blood of all those Houses that are now but names in history books.

Owing, perhaps, to the strongly German characteristics of George I and George II, the early Hanoverian rulers—from whom descended Edward VII and the present King—have been regarded, even by those who have no romantic inclination towards the Jacobite Kings, as German Princeclings who, for purely political reasons, were offered a Throne to which they had no family tie. But this is not so.

Undying Names

ALTHOUGH, actually, the Old Pretender, son of the deposed James II, was the direct heir, George, Elector of Brunswick-Lüneburg (or Hanover), who succeeded Queen Anne at the beginning of the 18th century as George I of England, the first Hanoverian King, was a Stuart on his mother's side. Of James II's several children, one, Princess Elizabeth, married Frederick V, Elector of Palatine of the Rhine. This couple, whose story is one of heroic misfortune, had several children, among whom were the famous Prince Rupert, of the English Civil War, and Princess Sophia. The latter, a Stuart by descent, breeding and education, married Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, and it was their eldest son, George, who became the first Hanoverian King of Great Britain.

The predecessors of the Stuarts as rulers of England were the Tudors, commencing with Henry VII, in 1485, and continuing to Elizabeth I, last of the Tudors, and Queen, during one of the nation's most glorious and important eras (1558-1603).

The Stuarts, rulers of Scotland, allied

themselves by marriage to the English Royal House when, on August 8, 1501, James IV of Scotland married Margaret, daughter of Henry VII, the first Tudor King of England. Their granddaughter was the glamorous but ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, whose son, James VI of Scotland, became James I of England when Elizabeth died childless.

The claim of the Tudor family to the Throne came through John of Gaunt, Henry V, tenth of the Plantagenet Kings, victor of Agincourt, and idol of the people, married Katherine of France. Henry died young, and his widow married again, this time choosing a Welsh gentleman of no particular standing, Sir Owen Tudor. The Wars of the Roses rent the country shortly afterwards, and out of the bitter slaughter that killed off the greater part of England's old nobility came climbing Katherine's grandson, Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who was son of Margaret Beaufort, a descendant of John of Gaunt, who was crowned as Henry VII, first of the Tudor House.

The ties between past and future were, at this point, faint. But the new King strengthened the Plantagenet strain by marrying Princess Elizabeth Plantagenet. In this way he bequeathed to his descendants down to the present the spirit of such Princes as Richard the Lion-Hearted, the first Edward, the Black Prince, and Henry V, men who, crusading or grasping at a French crown, won victories that have inspired the English nation through the ages; such victories as Poitiers, Crecy and Agincourt.

Kings Made History

THIS is the past, the long roll of illustrious English dead, that King George and Queen Mary stand for today. England's history was, for century after century, made by its Kings and though, after the Revolution, their power was considerably curtailed, even down to the present day the character of the Monarch occupying the Throne has had a profound influence upon British social and political affairs.

Just how strong has been that influence, and how wisely it has been exercised, may be gauged by a survey of the fate of those branches of the Windsor family set up by the children of Queen Victoria.

Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, married, in 1858, Frederick, Crown Prince of Prussia (later, German Emperor). Their son was the Kaiser Wilhelm, who is now an exile in Holland. The second daughter, Princess Alice, married Louis, Grand Duke of Hesse, and their third and fourth daughters married the Grand Duke Serge of Russia and Nicholas II, Tsar of all the Russias, respectively. The fate of the Russian Royal Family is well known.

Another grandchild of Victoria, cousin to King George, the Princess Marie, married Ferdinand of Rumania, and is mother to King Carol. This family, at least, still retains its throne, but the Dowager-Queen Marie has cheapened herself in the eyes of Europe by the publicity which she has courted to her later years.

Another of Victoria's granddaughters, by an alliance with the Duke of Sparta, entered the Grecian political sphere—the King of Greece is another exile, just as are the King and Queen of Spain, the latter being, too, an English Princess.

And yet, while all these Royal Crowns are tottering, dragging with them close blood relations—women who, were they single, would have borne the name Windsor—the House of Windsor itself still stands firm. Why? Partly, no doubt, because of the innate loyalty and conservatism of the English people, but also, and to an even greater extent, because of the wisdom, tact, and sense of noblesse oblige that characterises our present Sovereigns, and which are their inheritance from an unbroken line of kingly ancestors: Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart and Hanoverian.

What Women Are Doing

Appointed to R.P.A. Hospital

DR. DORIS SKYRING, who has been appointed junior medical officer of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, hails from Queensland, being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Skyring, of Rockhampton.

She took her B.Sc. degree at Queensland University, and later attended Sydney University to study medicine. After two years' hospital experience in Australia she plans to go abroad for further study.

New Honorary Secretary For Educational Union

MRS. M. M. COURT has recently been elected to the position of honorary secretary of the Victorian branch of the Parents' National Educational Union, which was formed in England by Miss Charlotte Mason to give parents and teachers the laws and principles which govern the growth of a child's whole nature.

Mrs. Court has taken a great interest since her arrival in Australia in all branches of music, especially in musical appreciation, and has been instrumental in the introduction of this subject in some of the leading Melbourne schools. She is a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music.

All who are interested in education, whether parents or teachers, will benefit by the union, whose object is to help them to perfect themselves in their chosen profession, to maintain a spiritual basis in the education of the child, and to create in the home the right atmosphere for the harmonious development of the child, to encourage co-operation between the home and the school, and to give fathers as well as mothers a chance to express their views and offer suggestions on child training.

Chaperon for Y.A.L.

Girls to the Orient

MRS. A. LODEWYCKX, wife of one of Melbourne's University professors, is a recognised leader and organiser. She is endowed with a charm of manner and personality that endears her to all, so that she will make an ideal chaperon for the girls who are to tour the Orient with the Young Australia League in August.

Mrs. Lodewyckx as chief chaperon will have supreme charge of the domestic side of the tour. It was in that capacity she accompanied the first girls' tour ever conducted by the league, and subsequent tours to Calcutta, West Australia, and Tasmania.

Mrs. Lodewyckx, who is at present studying Japanese, has at her command a number of languages, and is a much-travelled woman.

She has given thirty lectures at the University since her return to Melbourne in March of last year, dealing mostly with the life of the German students and conditions in Germany, as well as of the customs of other countries and their women.

"Penetrating" the Native Life in Foreign Lands

BORN in Rio de Janeiro, brought up there, and later living in Adelaide, Miss Victoria Kuri has just come back to Australia after tripping to Egypt, Syria, Beyruth, Tripoli, Damascus, and Palestine, where the object of her travels was to "penetrate" the real native life of the various countries.

With so many tourists everywhere, she said, one finds the same life, the same hotels, the same people... even the same songs and dances in every land. The chief exception seemed to be Palestine, which she says is almost entirely Jewish now, and the Lake of Galilee and Nazareth are much the same now as they were all those hundreds of years ago when the Jews graced under Herod, and the first Christmas Day dawned.

Miss Kuri did a bit of "penetrating" the countries she visited. For example, in Egypt she travelled up the Nile and did some pyramid-climbing. She studied the women of Damascus enough to know that, whether Christian or Mohammedan, they are much freer there now.

Australia, however, will probably not have the chance of seeing much of this young traveller, as she is hoping to return to her native Rio de Janeiro very shortly.

"Head of the Air"

FOR the first time in the history of South Australian aviation, a girls' school will be represented in the annual "Head of the Air" race. This is similar to men's college "Head of the River" races, which are rowed off in each State every year, only the "Head of the Air" is a one-man (or one-woman) job!

Girton House is the girls' school to be represented, and Miss Brownie Lunn is the unchallenged representative.

Other colleges to be represented are Prince Alfred and St. Peters. For some years these two schools have been the only entrants. The scholars, or old scholars, have to "fly off" for the honor of representing their school.

Miss Nina Brentnall On Furlough from India

MISS NINA T. BRENTNALL has arrived in Sydney after an overland trip from Fremantle, where she left the Maloja which had brought her from India on furlough.

For some time Miss Brentnall has been secretary of the Y.W.O.A. in Travancore, and is eager to see her home again. Twenty-six years ago she graduated in Arts at the University of Sydney, and left for India very soon afterwards. She is going back at the end of the year, and will be visiting Melbourne and Adelaide before catching her return boat.

Adelaide will have an opportunity of meeting her in November, for she will stay in the South Australian capital for a couple of weeks.

Big Wool Week Knitting Competition

LADY HYDE is very interested in Wool Week in Victoria, and is extra busy these days, as she is chairman of the committee for the knitting competition, heading a list of some of Melbourne's prominent women.

This efficient committee includes Lady Fraser, Mrs. Louis Nelson, Mrs. Charles Gavan-Duffy, and Miss May Bullock.

Miss Kathleen Syme has had a lot to do with the organising of the competition as well as acting for the committee. The committee will also act as judges, and will have a very difficult task before them, as Lady Hyde says there is some exquisite work.

Our bargain-loving housewives will be very interested in that section which provides for making that £1 go as far as it will in buying woollen material, and, indeed, the competition is keen. £50 is to be divided among the three sections, and is going to be a great help in furthering Australia's wool industry.

All money received through the competition, including the entrance fee, is going to the Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Has Some Lovely China In Art Exhibition

SOME of the loveliest bits of china-ware in the South Australian Autumn Art Exhibition are the work of that versatile artist, Miss Gwynith Norton, who learned her art from Miss Malda Wright and Miss Holder, the pioneers of such work in South Australia.

She is one of the few women who have had the courage to tackle making glassware, but she says that often beginners have very tragic results—such accidents as the one in which a set of liqueur glasses she made just sagged over and looked "tipsey." She says that the glassmaker has many drawbacks to contend with in Australia because of the lack of expert knowledge and advice.

Miss Norton's studio gives proof of her versatility, for it is crammed with odds and ends of glass and china ware, and also some very fine watercolors for which work she once carried off a gold medal presented by Mr. Will Ashton.

Miss Gwynith Norton

Under the conditions of the scholarship she is to go to the London Academy to study music this year, where she will receive free tuition.

Miss Gardiner is a brilliant pianist, and thirteen years ago (aged three), Mr. Frank Hutchins predicted a career for her, pronouncing her a "remarkably gifted child."

Yet she has worked hard for success. She has passed many examinations and won many medals—she has the Royal Academy of Music's gold medal, and won Sir William Vickers' exhibition.

Prior to her departure for England she will give a concert at the Sydney Town Hall on June 6.

Miss Ross, who is studying medicine, had a short trip abroad early this year, and attended the conference at Bristol of 250 Youth Groups of England and Scotland.

Leading a Cloistered Life in Belgium

FROM fiction, but seldom from actual fact, have we Australians learned about convent school-life in Belgium, but with the arrival of Miss M. Townsend from a convent in La Zoute, a lovely seaside town in Belgium, can we have first-hand information.

This pretty young girl is on her way back to Auckland, but will spend some time in Sydney before going home. She is an amusing lass, and states that although the convent pupils are no longer expected to bath in their chemises, the cloistered life is strict indeed. The nuns may see their parents only through an iron grille once they have passed their novitiate, and they never leave the convent, but the girls have two two-hour outings every term!

Miss Townsend's reason for going to the convent was to learn French, but she found that the young Belgians understood her English much better than her French, so she did not learn much!

Women Enthusiasts Will Have Bridge on the Air

FOR the first time in the history of bridge or radio, Melbourne's best women bridge players will play a contract bridge hand in duplicate against a team in Sydney, on May 8.

Medames Norman McCance, R. Stodart, J. L. Thwaites, and K. G. Goldring will represent Victoria. Mrs. McCance was a member of the Victorian team that played against N.S.W. in Sydney last year, and she and Mrs. Thwaites represented Victoria in a women's interstate match against N.S.W. in Melbourne. They also won the women's pennant match last season, winning every round they played in the tournament.

Mrs. Stodart and Mrs. Goldring are both A Grade pennant players.

Aged Sixteen and Winner of Overseas Scholarship

A QUIET, unassuming girl is Eunice Gardiner, the young Australian sixteen-year-old winner of the Royal Academy of Music's Overseas Exhibition.

Under the conditions of the scholarship she is to go to the London Academy to study music this year, where she will receive free tuition.

Miss Gardiner is a brilliant pianist, and thirteen years ago (aged three), Mr. Frank Hutchins predicted a career for her, pronouncing her a "remarkably gifted child."

Yet she has worked hard for success. She has passed many examinations and won many medals—she has the Royal Academy of Music's gold medal, and won Sir William Vickers' exhibition.

Prior to her departure for England she will give a concert at the Sydney Town Hall on June 6.



Dr. Phyllis Wedlick To Practise in Brisbane

DR. PHYLLIS WEDLICK, who has only just returned to Melbourne after spending six months in England, has decided to take up a practice in Brisbane, where she will devote her time to looking after and treating all kinds of illnesses in children.

She has already spent 18 months in Brisbane, where she was attached to a hospital. After graduating in medicine at Melbourne University, Dr. Wedlick decided to get some experience in the other capitals, so she spent some time in Perth, some in Sydney, some in Melbourne, and then went on to Brisbane. A breakdown in health gave her the opportunity to slip off to Colombo for a holiday, but when she came back she had not completely recovered, so this time England called her, and she went, hoping to fit in a little post-graduate work. Her health being not all it should be, and her eagerness to see things increasing every day, she went instead to Switzerland, where at St. Moritz she went skiing every day for a fortnight.

However, her health completely recovered, Dr. Wedlick now intends to start work in Brisbane in real earnest.

Soprano Returns from Long Stay in America

MISS ETHEL JANE WALKER, an Australian soprano who has distinguished herself in America, is now in Sydney, staying with her sister.

Mrs. M. Williams, at Double Bay, preparatory to a theatrical and concert platform appearances.

Miss E. J. Walker took leading roles in America for two years with the famous De Wolf Hopper Light Opera Co., and also made a name for herself in Gilbert and Sullivan productions.

The principal parts of "The Merry Widow" and "The Maid of the Mountains" are among her favorite characters.

Her early studies in voice production were at the Melbourne Conservatorium.

Mrs. Keppel Praises Our Free Kindergartens

IT is nice to get a little praise from an overseas visitor now and then, and the charming wife of Dr. P. P. Keppel, of the Carnegie Corporation, has flattered us with her interest in Australian free kindergartens, which she thinks are every bit as well run as the Nursery Schools of America. She herself was president of the Manhattan (New York) Nursery until recently, and is treasurer of it now. These Nursery Schools are used as creches for the children of women who are working during the day.

Mrs. Keppel, who recently flew from Adelaide to Perth on yet another stage of her tour with her husband, says that what we term "Baby Health Centres" are called "Well Baby Clinics" in America.

As befits the wife of a Carnegie Corporation man, Mrs. Keppel recently started a library at her home town, Keppel, about 40 miles from New York, where they have a flat. Keppel was four miles from the nearest large town, and had no library, so Mrs. Keppel organised fetes and persuaded people to give novels and children's books for the local library.

She is the only woman on the Montrose, South New York, Public Schools Board, and has met quite a lot of education experts in Australia. After leaving here, she will go to South Africa and England with her husband before returning to America.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY --- By WEP.





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Mandrake the Magician

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THE COBRA: A sinister figure possessing magical powers, steals papers that could plunge the nations into war.

INSPECTOR SHELTON: U.S. Secret Service, is sent to track down the arch-criminal. He is accompanied on the chase by

BARBARA: His daughter, and

TOMMY LORD: His assistant. Another ally joins the party in the person of

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician. The Cobra's deadly enemy. Mandrake foils all the arch-

criminal's efforts to destroy them until, coming to the Kilgar Pass, the whole pursuing party is trapped in The Cobra's castle. Mandrake, aided by the great strength of

LOTHAR: His Nubian slave, attempts to break a way out for himself and his friends. If he can only get sunlight, he will be able to pit his magic against The Cobra's. Breaking through walls and overcoming various obstacles, they come at last to the Dungeon of Death, when they are confronted by a huge lion. Now continue—

THE WEEK'S HIGHLIGHT:
"THE SPELL OF DARKNESS IS BROKEN."



Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Yehudi Menuhin has most delightful speaking voice — very soft with slight foreign accent and the singing quality of his own violin?

Woman Returned Soldier

MRS. SANDFORD only woman in Australia or New Zealand entitled to call herself returned soldier. . . . Led New Zealand Contingent on Anzac Day and placed wreath on Cenotaph. . . . Enlisted in 1915 in New Zealand and given regimental number and rank of driver in A.S.C. . . . Saw service in Egypt and France. . . . Since war days has driven 11,000 miles around Australia.

Lone Eton Crop

ONLY Eton crop at Royal Sydney Golf Club dance worn by Ailsa Joyce Chisholm. . . . Fiance Max Shannon pronounces it most fetching. . . . Helen Hughes has followed vogue for fringe in new coiffure. . . . Dinner parties preceding dance very merry. . . . Chatter penetrated to not-so-well-fed guests waiting for dance to commence in adjoining rooms. . . . Jean Anderson, blooming in blush-white satin, has evidently ceased to diet.

Ruby Rich's friends disappointed to hear that she has changed itinerary and will not arrive in Sydney till end of year. . . . Was recently visiting Palestine and has decided to return to Istanbul for conference.

American Sojourn

JUST back from America after six years is Phyllis Turkington, of Sydney. . . . Has acquired very slight accent from American cousins. . . . Felt quite at home in San Francisco, which reminded her of Sydney. . . . Women very smart and quite a few movie stars come there for clothes. . . . Norma Talmadge among them. . . . Dark clothes quite vogue for street wear.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Spain, of Toowoomba, have been on holidays in Melbourne, Adelaide, and Sydney, and will leave shortly for their home in the North.

Mrs. Buckland Returning

MRS. ROY BUCKLAND now on her way home after delightful tour of Orient. . . . Had great fun in Singapore, where friend Mrs. Hawkeswood showed her the sights. . . . Will visit Shanghai, Hong-kong and Manila on homeward trek. . . . Twin sons all agog for mother's return.

Landing Commemorated

NO races for Vice-Regal party on Saturday. . . . Sir Alexander and Lady Hore-Ruthven visited Kurnell for 165th commemoration of Captain Cook's landing. . . . Norfolk Island pine-trees were planted by distinguished guests, and H.M.S. Sussex was anchored at Botany Bay to give proper background for important occasion of long ago.

Very Last Party

ROMANO'S saw very last of race week festivities at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning. . . . Round about midnight numbers of parties trooped in from Royal Sydney Golf Club, theatres, and Hotel Australia. . . . Atmosphere much enlivened in consequence. . . . Among country visitors intent on good time were Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Menzies and Vernon Allen couple. . . . Agnes Doyle danced many miles, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Crossing and Mr. and Mrs. Noel Heath also present.

Yehudi the Twice Born

FULLY convinced Yehudi Menuhin been on this planet before. . . . Wouldn't be surprised to hear that he played before King Saul. . . . Would be most intriguing if he'd retained other memories beside the musical. . . . What memoirs! . . . Can't be bothered about dress. . . . Wore ordinary double-breasted lounge suit for opening concert. . . . Audience not so hot socially. . . . Our young lovelies evidently not too strong on culture side. . . . Tons of well-known musicians present, including violinist Henri Staell who remembers Kreisler's debut, and his brilliant young pupil, George Farrell. . . . George expects to make his debut as a violinist shortly.

Political Circles

ENGAGEMENT of political interest just announced. . . . Gwen Buttenshaw, daughter of Mr. A. E. Buttenshaw, M.L.A., wearing diamond solitaire given her by John Lyons. . . . To be rounded off, John should be relative of Prime Minister. . . . Such, however, is not the case. . . . Young man in question unravels legal knots for Tamworth district. . . . Gwen will shortly be guest of fiance's family.

Au Revoir to Randwick

HIGHLIGHTS at Randwick on last day of meeting included vivid blue sun-glasses affected by Joan Badgery. . . . Lovely combination of dusty-pink angora cloth and brown worn by Mrs. Bill Baillieu, of Melbourne. . . . Mrs. Reg Bettington looking her most attractive in tailored navy cloth ensemble and cosack cap, which suited her to perfection. . . . Mrs. Lea Utz still interested in races although friend Sylvandale not in running.



MRS. HEATH AND MISS NOELINE HEATH, wife and daughter of the Representative of N.S.W. in London, in the Court gowns worn for their presentation at the second Court at Buckingham Palace.

—Air Mail photo.



Hard to Find

VERY jolly was housewarming on Friday at delightful new home, belonging to Dr. and Mrs. Garnet Halloran at Point Piper. . . . Several guests found house hard to find, and toured district in hot pursuit for half hour or so before arriving at destination. . . . Evening began with cocktail party and finished with informal musicale. . . . Professor and Mrs. Dakin, Professor and Mrs. Holmes, Dr. and Mrs. Winn, Dr. Lidwell, with charming daughters, and several officers from Sussex among guests.

Mrs. Arnold Hirst, though no previous experience of stage or film, made favorable impression in character part in "Heritage"! Hopes high for next production. Finds work very thrilling.

Coffee and Liqueurs

COFFEE and liqueurs latest fashion for evening parties. . . . York Motors launched vogue at their recent party, at which guests had choice of gazing at smart mannequin parade or gadgets and valves on latest Chrysler model. . . . Mr. and Mrs. John Mant with Roy Buckland, Dr. and Mrs. Victor Coppleson, and Joan Inglis among guests.



Country Polo Player

WALLACE HORSLEY intends playing polo again this year. . . . Arrangements already in hand for stabling string of ponies in Sydney. . . . Wallace had serious accident on field several years ago, but quite undaunted by bad luck. . . . Looking very smart in red-rust boucle tweed, Mrs. Horsley enjoyed last day's meeting at Randwick. . . . Had great difficulty in picking winners.

Mrs. J. E. Biggs, formerly of Brisbane, very thrilled with new home. Future address, 5 Wentworth Rd., Vaucluse. Marvellous views, gardens and rockeries add to charm of bungalow.

Lobsters and Cocktails

FIFTY guests gathered at Clifford, Potts Point, to greet Violet Roche on return from world tour. . . . Guest of honor full of interesting anecdotes of travels and wore striking black and white ensemble. . . . Artists, authors, musicians, and medical men much in evidence. . . . Lobsters, very much dressed up for occasion, took pride of place among hors d'oeuvres.

Ship-board Party

PARTY on board Canberra very jolly affair. . . . Great care taken by fair dancers to keep frocks from being splashed on to-and-fro trips in pinnaces. . . . Many dinner parties held prior to dance. . . . Admiral and Mrs. Ford received guests. . . . Young people much in evidence, including Brenda Parkhill, Marjorie Wilson, Margaret Burns, and Judith Halse Rogers.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. Darcy Francis, member of the National Sporting Club, is due to arrive in Sydney this week by the Mongolia.

Models a la Mode

MARGARET HINTON, American artist in our midst, has most amusing entries on view at Women's Industrial Arts Society Exhibition. . . . Scenes from ship-board life modelled in realistic manner. . . . Ladies on dancing-deck sport latest in evening toilettes and coiffures. . . . Glass is substituted for water in swimming-pool and several coats of paint used for men's clothing. . . . All bright and breezy.

Singapore to Sydney

BEFORE leaving Singapore, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkeswood were overwhelmed by farewell parties. . . . After many years' residence in East will make their home in Sydney. . . . Daughter Helen, boarder at Ascham, very pleased at new order. . . . Celia, younger member of family, shortly to don uniform and brogue shoes for daily lessons.

Have You Noticed—

Green Stevens has penchant for evening gowns of sombre hue? Chose cocoa-brown for her gown at Matrons' Ball at Royal Sydney Golf Club. Faith Macarthur Onslow combined brown and reseda-green velvet?

Jane Lane

Look!

THE LABEL THAT GUARANTEES GOOD BLANKETS

Guaranteed
ODORLESS
FREE from
FILLING
STANDARD
WEIGHT
STANDARD
SIZE

HERE ARE THE
GUARANTEED SIZES

72 in. x 54 in.	99 in. x 81 in.
78 in. x 54 in.	Cot sizes:
90 in. x 54 in.	40 in. x 30 in.
81 in. x 63 in.	52 in. x 32 in.
90 in. x 63 in.	56 in. x 36 in.
90 in. x 72 in.	60 in. x 40 in.

For over 20 years Australian women have bought blankets by the name Laconia. Look for the label—it is your guarantee. You can use Laconia Blankets the day you buy them, for they are entirely odorless and free from filling.



Laconia BLANKETS

MAKE "Good Night" A CERTAINTY

Listen-in to the Laconia Blanket Feature Sessions over Station 2GB at 9.45 on Thursdays and Station 2UE at 8.45 on Thursdays.

PATON

GIANT Strides

Continued from Page 7

THE crews were going to motor into Henley in the evening, and remain there during final training till the regatta opened. Out on the road behind the Marlow boat-tents Freddie was waiting like Napoleon when, up the pathway from the hotel opposite, there climbed a noiseless coupe car of some lines and luxurious gleam; it stopped beside him and there stepped out with an air no less a man than Peter Gabe. He smiled at Freddie and, in another moment, turning impatiently, Freddie saw that up another pathway Marie was approaching underneath a sunshade; she looked adorable in sky-blue muslin and a shady hat, but she offered him no greeting.

Gabe advanced instead in studied courtesy and Freddie watched as they exchanged a few remarks. Well, he had challenged her, and it seemed she had taken up the gauge.

"Marie," said Freddie in a warning tone.

She ignored him. With exquisite grace of limb she stepped up into the car, and Gabe put down her sunshade so that he could hand it after her. "Marie," said Freddie more distinctly still. He did not know what he was going to say, but that was a beginning anyhow.

Gabe turned this time.

"What is it? Want a lift? You can perch up behind there, if you like; it'll be like sitting on top of an engine, so you won't be out of place."

"I would rather travel in a tractor engine," Freddie answered.

"Don't you think, Mr. Gabe," said Marie, "it's very ludicrous for little men to think they can impress you with giant strides?"

"That was all. He heard the quick whirr of the car's self-starter, the throb of the engine as it caught its breath, a touch on the accelerator, he went the gear, off went the car.

"See you," said Gabe, as he leaned out. "In Henley."

"If I know Freddie," Marie observed dryly, "he will see you in hell."

She had just realised that she had been particularly spiteful, and she knew now she was going to be unhappy on account of it. That would be Freddie's fault, and she was already adding to the sins for which she had to punish him the fact that owing to his silliness she had to make her journey with a man for whom she had a great dislike.

Freddie stayed in the road thinking of other things he might have said before she travelled out of earshot, but he but thought of them.

"Ludicrous for little men—giant strides."

That shot had hurt him like a catapult stone. She really saw him as a boaster, then. Alison had told him once that by his very attitude of stony arrogance he drew attention to his size, thereby defeating his own object, which was to conceal it. He knew, though, that if he let his stunted though perhaps preposterous, perkins fall from him he would be left positively naked.

Only those who have seen their best girl carried off in triumph by a better rival can appreciate the nature of Freddie's torment as he trailed away, his knees were bent, his shoulders lifted up behind his ears, but all the same his eyes were glittering like cold stiletto points, and that meant fight.

SOMETIMES when it is raining Henleys but, on the whole, we think back and see Henleys as a colored, sun-swept panorama; and on the morning of the last day Freddie sat upon a tree-trunk by the boat-stands gazing at that dead-straight course shimmering under a haze of heat. The sun had shone throughout his time here, and yet life had never seemed more drab or drear to him.

Marie had been trotting round with Alison, mixing with mutual friends, gracing the river in all kinds of craft, and yet ignoring him. He did not think she was deliciously happy; she had indeed had declared she was nothing of the sort; but it was a battle of will in which undoubtedly the fittest must survive.

He sat there, knuckles to his teeth reasoning it out and trying to convince himself that his ideas were sound. Very soon now the final of the Grand was going to be rowed and, as most people had expected, it was going to be fought out between two Putney crews. Freddie had been defeated; both crews—best of the river at the Universiade—had failed, and at last the rowing career out by City men in spare time was triumphant. Tideway and Metropolitan would meet.

Please turn to Page 46

HOT HOLBROOK says: For the guest expected a few lasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrook's ANCHOVY Paste ***

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

May 4, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

39

HERE'S BERTHA MAXWELL'S LATEST!

Picturesque Gum Nut and Apricot Chair-Backs with Cushions to Match!

THE newest way to preserve your up-to-date furniture, or to give new life and charm to your cosy old chairs. All so quick and easy to make, too, and so fascinating when finished. . . And note the perfect furnishing colors: cream, buttercup, soft, warm beige, and the softest of reseda-greens.

There are two sets of designs, one being an adorable little gum-nut pattern chair-back with cushion cover to match, and the other an extension of your favorite apricot pattern into a lovely, dignified chair-back with a little square cushion cover to match. Perhaps you already have an apricot cushion from previously published designs. Then just add the little chair protector and so complete the set.

YOU may buy these new designs in your favorite cream linen, or in colors stamped on Cesarine, the wonder cloth. This is a really lovely material for furnishings, it is so strong and well woven. The colors of Cesarine are fast dyes, and will endure severe laundering.

We have chosen four perfect furnishing colors on which your needlework will show to advantage, and which will tone with almost any cretonne or chair covering—cream, buttercup, a soft, warm beige, and a soft reseda-green. And the prices—so low that you may help yourself as you wish:

CHAIR-BACK.—Gum Nut or Apricot design, 12 x 18 inches.

In Cesarine 1/6 each, post free; in cream linen 2/- each, post free.

CUSHION COVER. 18 x 18 inches, stamped one side with gum nuts or apricots, enough material for the back included.

In Cesarine, 2/6 each, post free; in cream linen, 3/6 each, post free.

Call for these when you are in town, but if you are out of town in country or suburb just make up your list and post it, and these beautiful designs will arrive by

post, ready to work. Only The Australian Women's Weekly offers these designs.

What is a Chair-Back?

It is a piece of linen attached to the back of a stuffed chair to protect the upholstery from head-marks. The same pieces of linen or Cesarine may be used also for arm protectors, as shown in one of the sketches. They should be stitched to the chair at each corner, so that no pins can damage anyone or tear clothing; the stitches are easily clipped on washing day.

These little chair protectors are quickly washed and restored to their places, and will keep your furniture fresh and bright. They will save the exasperation of a good chair soiled in only one or two places. And they are so fashionable and up-to-the-minute in style. Try one or two, and add the little cushion with a matching pattern.

Stitching Gum Nuts

IN this chair-back, the edges all round after the pattern is finished should be buttonholed firmly and deeply over the double lines; or double buttonholing may be used. The picots are shown stamped on the linen, and may be omitted if not liked.

The gum leaves and stems are run round the edges with one or two threads, and buttonholed, taking up just enough material for firmness. The gum nut should be run and buttonholed all round its outer edge. When that is finished, the open top can be worked like an oval eyelid. This gives a very realistic appearance, but it may be filled with seed dots if the open top is not wanted. It is quite easy to manage the eyelid after the edge of the nut is worked.

When the stitching is all finished, cut away the little pieces which are not wanted in the design; watch the illustration to see where they are.

Working Cushion Cover

ON the cushion cover the gum nut corners are treated in the same manner, but being set within the material the only cutting to be done is the tiny bits to give the open cutwork effect.

GUM NUT COLORS: Everyone knows

the lovely tones of gum nuts and leaves; all kinds of deep greens, browns, and rust reds. Choose any of these colors which please you, or work in the same tones as the material. On the cream materials, ecru cotton is particularly good for this design.

The Apricots

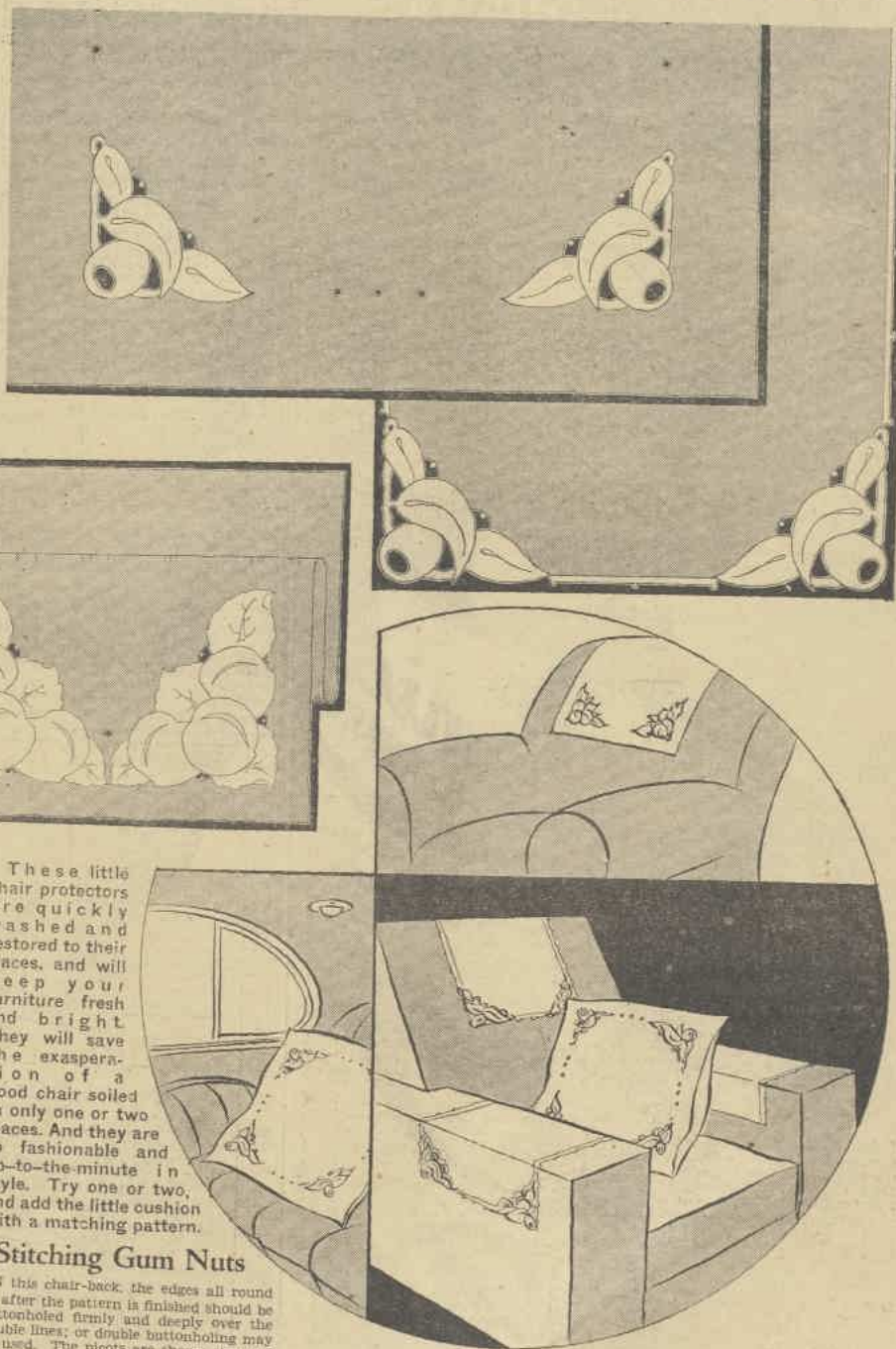
THE notes given in the previous series will apply also to these new patterns: apricot shades for the fruits, deep green for the leaves, brown for the stems; or soft tones on the material, ecru cotton on creams.

THREADS: On the Cesarine use strong embroidery cotton or stranded cotton in two or three strands; on linen use either of these cottons, or washing silks if you prefer them.

The apricot chair-back, you will notice, has plaited cut edges; turn in a neat little hem all round, and stitch it invisibly at the back with a self cotton. Then iron it well, when it will present a very pleasing appearance of flatness and fine finish. Or fasten the hem with dots or outlining worked on the right side with the same cotton as you use for the embroidery.

APPLIQUE: Both designs are suitable for applique, especially the apricot chair-back and cushion.

If you do not need any of these designs for your chairs, just add one of the little cushions to your car to remind you of happy picnic days in the bush. . . . And have you ever thought of trying a pair of chair-backs on the back seat of the car, to save head marks on the upholstery there?



CLEVER IDEAS

FOR LEATHER CHAIRS

ARTIFICIAL LEATHER and real leather chairs can be kept in good condition by rubbing over with linseed oil from time to time. This nourishes as well as cleanses the leather.

METAL DOOR-KNOCKERS

THE WOODWORK round a metal knocker will become very soiled if the knocker has to be cleaned with metal polish. But should this happen, rub off the dirty marks with a rag dipped in vaseline. This will remove all the dirt marks and will just leave a trace behind that will prevent further marking for a while.

TO POLISH GLASS

THERE ARE many uses for used tea-leaves. Here's one: Save them after each pot of tea, and when you have about a bucketful, pour over a quart of boiling water and leave for an hour. Strain and bottle the liquid. When polishing mirrors and glasses, apply it on a piece of soft material, flannel, if possible, and you will be surprised at the gloss it imparts.

FOR FIRE-LIGHTERS

KEEP EMPTY match-boxes and keep used matches in them, for used matches make adequate fire-lighters.

RENOVATING CURTAIN RINGS

WHEN CURTAIN pins and rings have been in use for some time they are apt to become rusty. To remedy this, let them stand for a few minutes in water to which ammonia has been added. Then take them out and rub well. They will look almost like new again.

SCORCH MARKS ON SILK

SHOULD A white or light-colored silk garment be scorched while ironing or airing at the fire, just touch the marks lightly with peroxide of hydrogen, and then run a warm iron over and the marks will disappear.

INK STAINS

IF INK stains are fresh, cold milk poured over them will remove the stain. If, however, the stain is of long standing, take equal quantities of powdered tartaric and citric acid. Rub this well over the spot. Use a dry cloth to remove the acid.

SPECIAL • MAY SELLING



Meakin's Ivory Chester Utility Sets are famous for their simple beauty of design and sheer serviceability. Comprising 34 pieces—6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 plates (6 in.), 6 plates (9 in.), 6 coupes, 1 meat dish, 1 vegetable dish, 1 gravy boat. Special May Selling, set 22/6

SAVE 2/- HALF DOZ. CUPS & SAUCERS

A very special purchase made this marvellous offer possible! Don't miss it—Lay-by if you don't need them just now. Best quality China Cups and Saucers in graceful new shape. Gold line and drop decoration. Usually 5/11. Special May Selling, half dozen 3/11

Use Our Lay-by



7-piece Water Sets most delightfully coloured in Amber or Green. A special purchase enables us to offer them at this extraordinary value. 1 Jug and 6 Tumblers, usually 6/11. May Selling, set 4/11

7/11 ALUM. BOILERS
Very strongly made Boilers of good Aluminium, with rolled edge and side handles. 10 pint size, usually 7/11. May Selling, set 4/11
Also in 14 and 16 pint sizes, usually 9/11 and 11/6. Special May selling 5/11 and 7/11

16/6 ALUMINIUM SAUCEPANS

Another special purchase! Good, strong Aluminium Saucepans in sets of 5—1½ pint to 6 pint. Non-heating Oxidized handles, attractive coloured knobs. Hard pressed Aluminium that will last a life time! Usually 16/6. Special, set 12/6

MEAKIN'S UTILITY SETS 27/6

Meakin's famous Gold-edged Utility Sets, well designed and with splendid finish. 34 pieces in the set, including 6 bread and butter plates, 6 plates (9"), 6 coupes, 1 meat dish, 1 vegetable dish, 1 gravy boat and 6 cups and saucers in fine English China. Special May Selling, set 27/6



HORDERN BROTHERS

In the Homes of the Royal Family

One is sometimes apt to forget this: That the Matters of Home and Home Management are as Dear to Them as to You and Me...

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

That the Royal Family are simple, home-loving folk, who ever strive to make homes and surroundings more attractive, more livable, modern, and efficient, is borne out by these interesting, informative, and authentic details, which I have just received by air mail from our London office.

It would be fatally easy to allow a Royal palace to lack homeliness. Yet one of the characteristics of British Royal palaces is their incorporation of those personal touches which turn any house into a real home. Even Buckingham Palace—notoriously uncomfortable, and a house which caused Kings and Queens to dread the change from more pleasant houses such as Sandringham—is not devoid of this atmosphere. During the reign of the present King and Queen, much has been done to obviate the drawbacks of the Palace.

One of the points observed by their Majesties in keeping house at Buckingham Palace has been the need to split up the large rooms and to install electric light and lifts. The Queen, indeed, is a master at detail work in this direction. Nor does the expression of this art end in her own homes. On the Royal estates, plans of new cottages are frequently placed before her, and she often suggests alterations in the design or equipment that would facilitate the work of the housewife.

"Would not the gas-cooker be better in that position?" she will ask, with a womanly knowledge of domestic duties. Her Majesty is also very methodical, and possesses a remarkable memory which further helps her in keeping house. She knows each of the staff personally by name, their competence, and something of their personal lives.



A GLIMPSE OF the Duchess of York's private sitting-room in her London home. The color scheme is oyster and delphinium-blue, with touches of pink.

She often visits the kitchens of Buckingham Palace, and personally designed their redecoration recently. They are all done in black and white, with the walls tiled in white and the fittings of white wood, which are scrubbed at least twice a day.

The Queen also favors the use of modern, labor-saving appliances in the palaces, realizing that, although economy is essential in these days, up-

dating the rather gloomy apartments of Buckingham Palace. And when recent she had three hundred windows at Buckingham Palace recutained she chose the colors considered by the doctors as most beneficial to the King's health. She has shown great interest in this phase of medical research, which is the curative value of colors, which is lately been much under discussion.

The King, too, is a home expert in his own directions. One part he has played in beautifying Royal homes is the landscape designing. The country houses of our Royal Family owe no small part of their attractiveness to the surrounding trees, and the King takes upon himself the arrangement of these.

The homes of the Duke and Duchess of York also demonstrate how effectively Royalty is able to keep house. Their first home, in Richmond, Surrey, was made a real home, and Royal Lodge near Windsor Castle, is just as homelike.

Light paintwork and light-colored curtains, together with flowers, furniture-covers, have been used to great effect. Here again the kitchen has received special attention—not only because the Duchess herself sometimes spends an afternoon cooking, but because, like all members of our Royal Family, she believes in making the work of the staff as easy as possible.

The Duke of York has his own idea about a home, and at 145 Piccadilly he has fitted up a work-bench, for he likes to "tinker" (as he puts it) with wireless.

Jubilee from 2GB

2GB will be on the air all night Monday and through the early hours of Tuesday morning in order to relay the broadcast of the special Jubilee celebrations and the King's speech from the B.B.C., London.

The King will speak at 4.57 a.m. Sydney time.

to-date gadgets can help to that end. Her Majesty's interest in the palaces is always practical—she designed, for instance, her own writing-table at Windsor Castle.

ALTHOUGH her own rooms are always decorated in the soft blues and purples and blending of these colors, which are her well-known favorites, the Queen considers every aspect in decoration.



WHERE THERE'S SOLVOL there's a certain way to keep hands white. Even tobacco stain comes off in the rich Solvol lather and things like household grime or motoring grease just vanish in a twinkling. SOLVOL and white hands forever... AND SOLVOL IS AS SAFE FOR SENSITIVE SKINS AS FINE TOILET SOAP.

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VINCENT'S
TAKE a Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powder or Tablet at night with a hot lemon drink. Then every six hours if necessary. Used successfully in influenza epidemics. 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

ALL Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, Sydney.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

FREE TO YOU!

Sensational purchase of entire mill output of the famous "Red Line" double-doll Bill. Stocking. All shades. This stocking is worth 3/11 pair. We offer to you three pairs for 2/6. Paid from. Money-back guaranteed. With 3 pairs we will include absolutely free, a box of Genuine "La Poudre" Face Powder, worth 2/6. Don't miss this opportunity.

FURTHER SPECIAL FREE OFFER. Every person answering this ad. will be entitled to an opportunity of obtaining a pair of the finest quality Double-Fibre Milloness Bloomers, worth 4/6, absolutely FREE.

Address only: THE SALVAGE STORES (Head), 28 York Street, Sydney. Mention the Women's Weekly.



OF INTEREST TO NEEDLE-LOVERS

Many rare and lovely examples of the skill and patience of the Chinese in the art of hand-embroidery were shown at the opening at Grace Bros. on Monday of the unique exhibition of hand-made napery.

In Sweet Charity's Cause

MRS. BILL COYLE, a member of the committee of doctors' wives who are arranging for the First Annual Ball of the Honorary Medical Staff of Renwick Hospital, to be held at the Blaxland Galleries on May 8. The whole of the proceeds go to Renwick Hospital.

—Raymond Sawyer.



when you cook by electricity!

IF YOU WANT TO SAVE MONEY
Perfect Cooking
Bright, Clean Pots & Pans
To Enjoy More Leisure
A Cool Kitchen
YOU MUST COOK BY ELECTRICITY

LISTEN IN
"BEAU GESTE"—Station 2CH—Mondays, Tuesdays & Wednesdays at 7.55 p.m.
"CITIES OF PERIL"—Station 2SM—Every Thursday at 7.15 p.m.
"SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE"—Station 2GB—Mondays to Fridays, 2.45 p.m.

Any approved Electric Range may now be purchased from electrical retailers on the following **EASY TERMS:**

20% deposit.
2 years' terms.
Free installation
(up to a cost of £6)

Users of approved Electric Ranges are supplied with ALL household electricity at a specially reduced rate.

Cook by ELECTRICITY

The Electricity Department
The Municipal Council of Sydney . . . Town Hall, Sydney EP-17

"Australia's Premier Sports Organisation"

Better Quality Material for VIGORO PLAYERS!



The New "CLASSIC" PEERLESS BAT

There is quality in every inch of the "Classic" . . . craftsmanship and finish is superior to anything on the market. It has Laminated Willow Blade and Moulded Solid Back. Built-up Handle is similar to a cricket bat handle. Obtainable in player's own club color bindings. Every "Classic" Bat is of regulation weight, shape and size.

PRICE . . . 14/6
Other Quality Bats, 8/6, 10/6, 13/6

The Splendid "VARSITY" SETS

No. 1—1 Set of Six Standard Polished Stumps and Bails, 1 Mallet, 2 "Varsity" Standard Bats, 2 Standard Balls (Red and White), 1 Set of Rules. In Strong Cardboard Box, complete . . . 27/6
No. 2—1 Set of Six Standard Polished Steel Shoe Stumps and Bails, 2 "Classic" Standard Bats, 2 Genuine "Dunlop" Standard Vigoro Balls (Red and White), 1 Mallet, 1 Set of Rules. In Strong Cardboard Box, complete . . . 39/6
No. 3—Same as No. 2 Set, but with (Regd.) Vigoro Bats, complete . . . 59/6

SUNDRIES FOR VIGORO

Gauntlets . . . 5/6, 7/6, 9/6, 11/6 pair
Leg Guards . . . 3/9, 4/9, 5/9, 7/9, 8/6, 10/6 pair
Genuine "Dunlop" Standard Vigoro Balls . . . 2/9
Other Regulation Brands . . . 2/6
Stumps and Bails (Set of 6) Standard Size, Polished, Brass Top, Steel Shoe . . . 7/6, 10/6, 12/6
"Classic" Score Book, complete in every detail, low priced at . . . 1/6
New Improved Duplicating Score Book, simplifies scoring . . . 2/9
Fibre Cases for carrying gear and clothes . . . 10/6

USE MICK SIMMONS' "E.P.S."

Metropolitan Vigoro Clubs short of funds are reminded of the purchasing facilities offered by this splendid system. A small deposit, and any club has a full complement of material.

MICK SIMMONS LTD.

114-16-18-20-22 GEORGE STREET, HAYMARKET, SYDNEY
And all Branches in City and Suburbs.

A NUMBER of the exhibits have been selected as perfect examples of the highest form of the embroiderer's art. Much of the work is so incredibly fine that it is impossible to follow the work of the needle. Included are filet and Venetian cut-work, point lace, and embroidered designs, and some exquisite copies of old Italian lace designs.

One particularly worthy of mention in this last class is a beautiful dinner-cloth in deep ecru linen. This has insets of embroidered cut-work and fine drawn thread. Another example is a super cloth entirely hand-made in a heavy all-over point lace design.

Some rare samples in apperell work of the very finest type created interest. This unusual exhibition will be continued at Grace Bros. all this week.

DON'T... FORGET

The Sydney Hospital Jubilee Ball at the Sydney Town Hall, May 10.

The Cricketers' Ball at Mark Poy's, June 30, in aid of the Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington. Ring Miss Lett Waddy (B3972) for further information.

The first annual ball of the Honorary Medical Staff of Renwick Hospital for Infants, at Blaxland Galleries, May 8, at 8 p.m.

The Independent Theatre's production of "The Distant Shore," Savoy Theatre, May 4, 11, and 18.

"The Tempest," to be produced by Dr. Baoul Coudemont at the Savoy Theatre, May 22, at 8.15 p.m.

The Back-to-Chicago Night being organized for May 7, at the Model Business College, Kentville Building. All old girls welcome at the function.

The afternoon horseback ride through the bush, arranged by the Daiswood Younger Set, May 12. The ride will commence from Cornhill.

"The Mocking Bird," produced at Bryant's Playhouse and continuing for six subsequent Wednesday nights.

The Sydney Players' Club will present "Libel," by Howard Wood, at St. James Hall, Phillip St. May 4, at 8 p.m.

The performance of "The Cuckoo in the Nest," by Ben Travers, at St. James Hall, Phillip St. May 7 and 8, produced by the Sydney University Dramatic Society.

Burgin's play, "Iphigenia in Tauris," translated by Gilbert Murray, to be performed at the Haven Theatre, Chatterbox, Middlefield, May 7. For further inquiries ring 33448.

The all-day tournament at White City tennis courts, May 8, organized by New Zealand Younger Set.

The Jubilee sale arranged by the Younger Set of the Rachel Forster Hospital, at St. Paul's Church Hall, Redfern, May 11.

The Musicians, arranged by the Younger Set of the Australian Flying Club Association's Annual Ball, will take place at the Arts Club, May 13.

The Junior Medical Ball, May 10, at the Union Refectory, Sydney University.



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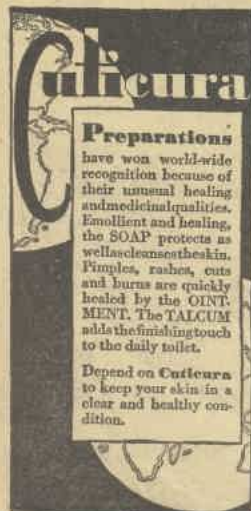
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SAYS THE OLD GARDENER!

"Lovely as a peony!" How often have you heard it—and yet how seldom do you see this glorious flower in a home garden? The Old Gardener here so earnestly endeavors to make you "peony-conscious" and tells you the way to grow it.

FEW people consider the beautiful peony—yet, I repeat, it is a most exquisite flower!

I remember that in 1922 Winnipeg (Canada) made a concerted effort to beautify the city, and it adopted the peony as its civic flower. A campaign was begun, and every garden and every backyard grew the peony. Professor Broderick (leader of the campaign), was so successful that thousands of roots were planted. No piece of land was too insignificant to do its share towards the permanent establishment of the lovely flower. For some Australian city—or all Australia, for that matter—to follow this idea, and have every garden sporting at least one peony plant, would be an excellent plan.

They will grow along the coast in sheltered positions, as well as on the highlands. And you could find room for one if your garden were only six feet square.

In planting, see that you have open sunlight, with a little shade during

between two and three inches below the surface of the finished bed. That is, if the soil is in any way heavy. Light soil needs deeper planting, from three to four inches deep.

If a bed of peonies is to be planted, space them about two and a half to three feet apart. In very cold areas, during the first winter after planting, keep them mulched with any old grass, straw, or well-decayed manure until the cold weather has gone. Then remove the mulch.

Propagation

PEONIES are propagated by root division. They are also grown from seed, and of course, in this manner, new varieties and colors are obtainable. Try growing the peony from seed or divisions, and you will find it quite or even more interesting than growing dahlias. One never loses interest.

There are several varieties, French, English, and American. Some of the fragrant ones are James Kilway, Asa Gray, La France, Glomonda, La Perle, Grandiflora, Avianche, Philopole, La Lee, Milton Hill, Walter Paxon, Therese Ginette, La Lorraine, and Martha Bullock.

Reader's Tribute

MRS. H. K. CONSELL, 42 Beach Row, Brighton, Adelaide, writes:—

"I would like to pay my small tribute to one of the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly, that is, the Old Gardener, whose articles each week are so helpful and interesting."

"In view of the S.A. Centenary in 1936, his advice should be eagerly followed by all who are planning floral displays."

"The Old Gardener's idea of a garden club appealed to me. Let all South Australian readers of The Australian Women's Weekly club together and each do her bit to make the floral decorations a success, not only in Adelaide, but in all country towns and suburbs. Then our visitors from overseas and other States will feel that the little 'City of Culture' has surpassed her reputation."

the hotter portions of the day. Under shrubs in the shrubbery is ideal. There they receive a certain amount of sun, but should be still protected. The light moving shadows of the shrubbery are ideal for them, for this keeps their color from bleaching.

Peonies thrive in soil that is well-drained; but still they require sufficient moisture to keep the plant in a healthy state, to produce a profusion of bloom. Avoid also giving them too much water, as this will weaken the roots and they will gradually rot away. Do not plant them in low-lying areas, however, as frost during the winter months will damage them.

Clay loam is ideal for securing abundant and well-colored flowers. Clay loam is usually rich in food, and also holds a fair amount of moisture. If the loam is too heavy, it can be broken down and made more friable with bush scrapings, old leaves, straw, or horse manure. Any of these add humus, which is also beneficial. Lime, of course, will soon break down heavy soil, but must not be used with manure. At the same time, peonies are not great lovers of lime, and only require just enough to keep the soil sweet.

So, in growing them, trench the soil, see that the drainage is good, and the soil rich and sweet. The shrubbery is ideal as this is always well prepared before the shrubs are planted.

Two Types

THERE are two classes of peony. The herbaceous variety, which grows to a height of about 18 inches, and the tree peony. The herbaceous variety dies right down during the autumn, but the mountain tree variety only loses its leaves in the autumn.

They both do marvellously well in Victoria, also on the mountains of N.S.W., or in any garden that has a semi-English climate.

The best time to plant is in the fall of the season.

When the ground has been properly prepared, the roots should be planted so that the topmost eyes will be

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Here, too, in the theatre, you can relax, and enjoy fleeting moments of romance, away from the cares of home, workshop or office. Here on the screen are presented Paramount Pictures that entertain the theatregoers of Australia. Paramount is proud to bring the famed artists of England and America to you, in productions lavishly produced in the vast Studios of New York and Hollywood.

Here are some of the fine Paramount Pictures you will eagerly await. Ask your theatre manager when he will show them!

"THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER, with Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, Kathleen Burke.

"THE GILDED LILY," starring Claudette Colbert, with Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland.

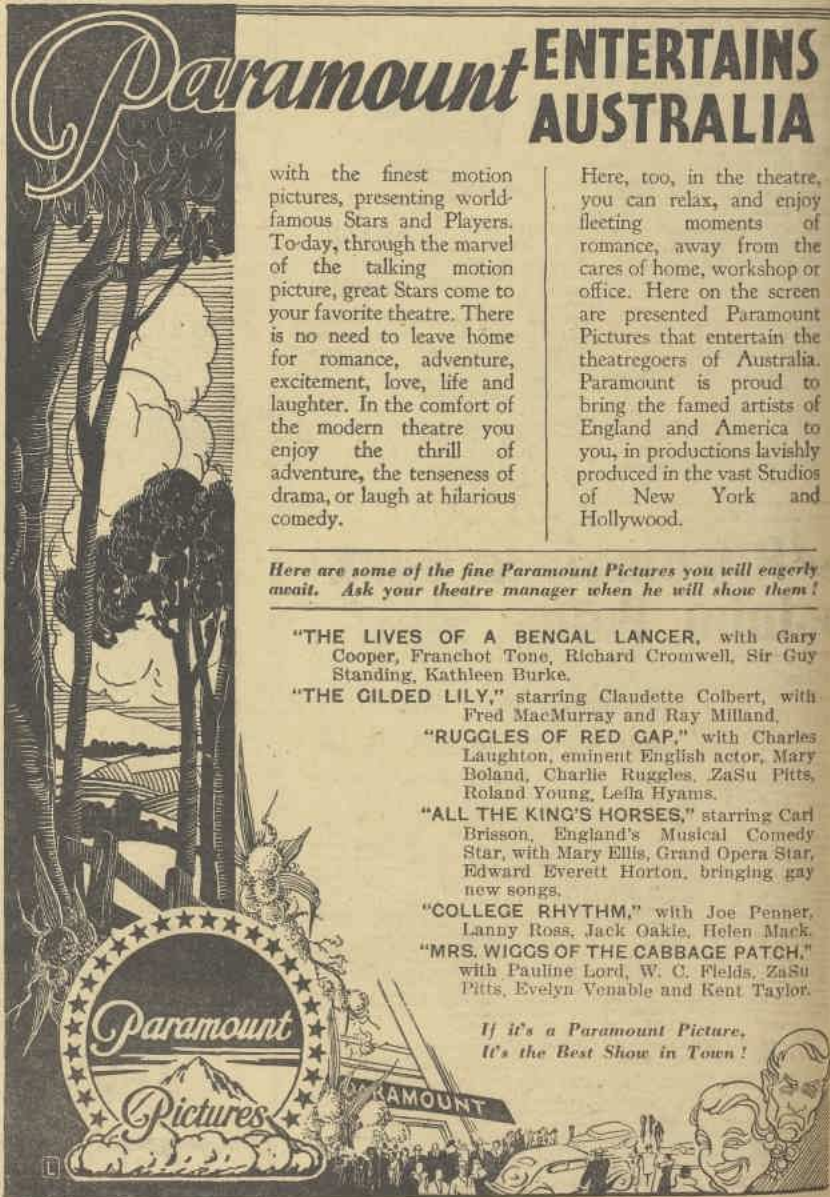
"RUGGLES OF RED GAP," with Charles Laughton, eminent English actor, Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, ZaSu Pitts, Roland Young, Lella Hyams.

"ALL THE KING'S HORSES," starring Carl Brisson, England's Musical Comedy Star, with Mary Ellis, Grand Opera Star, Edward Everett Horton, bringing gay new songs.

"COLLEGE RHYTHM," with Joe Penner, Lanny Ross, Jack Oakie, Helen Mack.

"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH," with Pauline Lord, W. C. Fields, ZaSu Pitts, Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor.

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BEAUTY in his BRAIN

Continued from
Page 12

THE gangster removed the cigar from his mouth; wet his thick lips with his tongue. "Well, it was like this," he said huskily. "One night a couple weeks ago me and a bird named Sailor Red—he's one of my mob—we went in this cigar store about 9 p.m. to buy a package of snipes."

"Just to buy cigarettes, eh?" "That's right, Mr. Morton. That's straight. We didn't have no other idea in our heads. Then when we got in the store, this bird Sailor Red he sees there ain't nobody in the place but the clerk. So, before I can dope his move, he pulls out his beatin' iron and tells the clerk to hand over his cash. Well, the clerk—this fella Pendexter that got killed—he says he'll have to open the cash register. So he turns around to do it, and Red looks at me and winks. But right at that moment I see the clerk reach for his pocket, so I flash my rod and let him have it in the back. It all happens in a couple seconds."

"I see. What then?"

"Why, then we just walked out the store and went home."

"And nobody saw you go out? Nobody heard the shot?"

Bracco shrugged his bulging shoulders.

"Plenty of people musta saw us—after we got outside. The street was

crowded. But nobody paid no attention to us and if anybody heard the shot they musta thought it was a car back-firin'. It was more'n an hour before a cop found the body behind the counter."

"THE newspapers were right, then," said Gail evenly, without emotion. "It was cold-blooded murder. But, as I've already pointed out, the lack of motive is in your favor. What about this accomplice of yours, this Sailor Red?"

Bracco's lips twisted in an evil grimace.

"He got his in a dice game, in some joint down by the railroad yards, a week ago."

"He's dead?"

"Yeah."

"Your handiwork, Bracco?"

"Naw. I don't even know who stuck the knife in his ribs. I wouldn't depend on no knife, myself."

"I believe you," said Morton, and added thoughtfully: "That simplifies matters. But why should the police suspect you of the Pendexter killing?"

The gangster's voice was a snarl:

"I'm suspected of everything that goes screwy in this town."

"You think the police have no real evidence against you?"

"Naw! But what's a cop care about evidence if he's got a piece of rubber hose in his hand? I'm out on bail now, but that won't keep the dicks from crackin' down on me, see? That's where you come in, Mr. Morton. You gotta get me outa town, or sumpin, till I gotta go to court. I can't stand no third degree stuff."

"Steady, Bracco," Gail said sharply. "Keep your shirt on. I can protect you from the police easily enough—if I decide to defend you at all."

Bracco half rose from his chair.

"What?" he gasped. "What'd you say? You mean you ain't sure you'll take the case, after I come here—"

"It all depends—"

—here and told you I killed a guy?

Why damn you—"

"Sit down," Gail said, so quietly that the other, after a moment, sank back into the chair. "Now, I've already told you that your confession is safe with me. Even if I wanted to betray you, no Court would take my unsupported testimony as evidence."

"Then what's the idea, huh?" "It's this," Gail said, and paused long enough to create in Bracco a tension of acute interest. "Before I decide finally whether or not to become your lawyer, I want to make absolutely sure of two things."

"What are they, smart guy?"

"I want to be sure of your nerve, and of your confidence in me."

"I got plenty of nerve," blustered Bracco.

The lawyer looked at him. "Yes; you've got the nerve to shoot a helpless man in the back. But have you got the kind of nerve you'll need on the witness stand—with a jury watching every move you make and every expression on your face? I can build a defence for you, Bracco. I can coach you in the lies you'll have to tell. But have you got the guts to follow where I lead you? Above all, will you—at all times and without reservation—really trust me? Trust me with your life?"

A muscle twitched in the gangster's dark face.

"Say! Would I be sittin' here in your office if I didn't trust you?"

"You've got to prove it to me," Gail said in his quiet voice. "I can't afford

to take the slightest chance of losing my reputation in the community. Your life as well as yours. You've got to prove your confidence in me."

"Prove it—how?"

Gail stretched a long arm across the desk.

"Give me your gun."

"I ain't—How do you know—"

"Hand it over, Bracco."

The killer reached under his left armpit and drew out a thirty-calibre revolver, which he placed in Gail Morton's hand.

"What's the game?" asked Bracco, scowling.

Gail didn't answer. Now he had the revolver out of sight under the desk. He was doing something with it. The mysterious movement of his hands up his arm and into his drooping shoulder. Finally he thrust his left hand into his overcoat pocket. With his right hand he pushed the corner revolver back across the desk toward Bracco.

"I want you," he said, "to put the muzzle of this gun against your temple and pull the trigger."

"You want—what?"

"You heard me, didn't you?"

"Say, listen, you! What's the goddam thing you want?"

"Listen yourself, Bracco. I've taken all the cartridges out of that gun. It's empty."

"How do I know it's empty?"

GAIL thrust his long torso half-way across the desk. His ugly, Linceolnesque face gleamed in the lamplight.

"You don't know, Bracco. That's just the point. You've got to take my word for it. Before I accept your case you've got to prove to me that you're willing to trust me with your life."

The gangster's swarthy skin turned swiftly to parchment. His black eyes stared wildly out of a mottled, repulsive, yellowish face.

"What the Hell!" he shrieked faintly.

"What the Hell?"

"Do what I say!" roared Gail Morton in a voice whose thunders had shaken many a courtroom. "Do what I say—or walk out of this office straight to the electric chair!"

Bracco made a sound—an incoherent animal sound, deep in his throat. Then, as if hypnotized, he slowly raised the revolver (it seemed a great weight in his hand) and placed the muzzle against his right temple. His eyes grew enormous as they stared into Gail's.

"O.K., smart guy! I'm trustin' you, see? I'm trustin' y—"

The shot shattered with crazy echoes the silence of the room. Bracco's body leaped convulsively off the chair, struck the floor with a soft, crashing sound, and lay still.

Gail Morton acted quickly then. In an instant he was bending over the gangster's crumpled form. Bracco was dead. Picking up the revolver that lay on the floor near by, Gail took from his pocket the five cartridges that he had removed from it, and, breaking the gun, replaced them in the chamber. The empty shell of the sixth cartridge, which he had not removed, remained where it was.

Carefully replacing the revolver on the floor near the dead man's outstretched hand, Gail rose and went to the clothes closet near the fireplace. He took off his hat and overcoat and hung them in the closet. He removed his yellow pigskin gloves and stuffed them into his overcoat.

HE strode back to his desk and telephoned police headquarters. Then he sat down, lighted a cigar, and waited.

In a remarkably short time two patrolmen, a coroner's assistant, and a detective sergeant arrived at his office. Gail met them at the door. They all knew lawyer Morton.

"Evenin', sir," said the sergeant.

"What's happened?"

Gail pointed to the corpse on the carpet. He said quickly, "That is—or was—Johnny Bracco, sergeant."

"Bracco! You mean Bracco the gangster?"

"Yes. He came here to-night to try to engage me as his attorney. He confessed to the Pendexter killing and—"

"Johnny confessed he done the Pendexter job?"

"Yes. He wanted me to defend him. He felt that he was in grave danger."

"He was right," said the police officer grimly. "But—go on, Mr. Morton. What's the pay-off on this story?"

"It's very simple, sergeant. Bracco was desperate—frightened out of his wits and yellow to the backbone. When I refused to have anything to do with the case he went all to pieces."

"I ordered him to leave my office. Suddenly he pulled out his gun and shot himself. Temporary insanity, I suppose."

"That 'rough go'illa, croaked him self."

"Yes."

Please turn to Page 50

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What will Women
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We leave you to surmise

—“WOMEN'S WEEKLY,” 27/4/35.

Following the advent of the Stevens Government in 1932, the basic wage of women workers was reduced by 8/- per week.

On the eve of the elections the wage was increased by 6d. per week!

“What will the woman worker do with the sixpence?” asks the “Women's Weekly.” “Will it go in sweets, stamps, newspapers, or tram fares?”

“Plenty of girls on the basic wage go short of food in order to dress well. Plenty more deny themselves in order to help relatives worse off than themselves. For the most careful, the problem of living on 37/- a week isn't easy.

“Those affected by the new award include typists, salesgirls, waitresses, and domestic workers on full time. These number tens of thousands in New South Wales,” states the “Women's Weekly.”



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Drink full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 3 hours.

If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle according to directions in box.

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It is recognized as the QUICK-EST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

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Diastase is a natural constituent of malt which, during the "Ovaltine" process of manufacture, converts any starch present in the ingredients into easily assimilable nourishment.

Claims regarding an excess of diastase prove the superiority of "Ovaltine". It is the easiest thing imaginable to produce an excess of diastase. The difficulty is in using diastase in its proper place—that is, during the process of manufacture, as in "Ovaltine."

The fact that "Ovaltine"—unlike imitations—contains no starch proves that the diastase has been used in the correct way and that the "Ovaltine" process is perfect and complete.

There is no advantage in an excess of diastase. For the very simple reason that diastase cannot function in an acid medium, such as is present in the normal stomach during digestion.

"Ovaltine" deliberately does not contain an excess of diastase. It possesses all the advantages of diastase and none of the disadvantages.

Imitations are made to LOOK like "Ovaltine", but there the resemblance ends. They are definitely not the same. For example:

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A. WANDER LIMITED, 218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY.

04.10.35

GIANT Strides

Continued
from
Page 38

WITH two such crews left in the draw, the rivalry was just a shade more keen than it could otherwise have been. Metropolitan was being stroked by Gabe, who was rowing like a young god; Freddie, for his part, had to sit in the stern hunched in a little heap, to keep the boat straight and to drive his crew by bellowed pleadings through a lay megaphone. He snorted with disgust; how this could be avenge himself on Gabe?

He rose and wandered towards the boat-tents; the men were changing; Macey was already strolling down to meet him; Freddie stopped, hands in his pockets, brooding, and, as they met, he suddenly observed that Macey looked as though he had been smitten in the midriff with a scaffold pole. His whole face sagged.

Freddie said: "What's the matter?" Macey swallowed. In a strained voice he replied:

"Munnings has smashed his side-car in a ditch; he's just arrived, all dust and blood, with a broken wrist. We haven't got a stroke."

As though it were some species of masonic ceremonial in which he had to copy every movement Macey made, Freddie solemnly aped his expression now. His face dropped till, like Macey's, it was long and thin.

"No stroke!" he gulped. "You've got your substitutes."

"Yes," said the other with sarcasm. "One's gone back to town. The other three have had a hard race in the Thames Cup and have got to row another in about two hours. Hands, the only one who would be any use at stroke, is rowing in the Goblets, too; and so, row what? We've got five

minutes to decide. Five, do you understand?"

Freddie looked like an unkind status of himself.

He did not speak or blink an eye. There was utter silence for a minute by the watch, and then he solemnly opined:

"You have a spare cox—Dennett?"

"What good is that?"

"I." Freddie answered in a humble yet determined little voice, "will row."

Macey's brows slowly lifted into points; his long face was distorted as though someone had pulled out his cheeks between finger and thumb and given him a silly, indiarubber grin.

"You? What?"

"I have been sculling every day."

said Freddie. "I'm the only man who knows the rhythm they've been used to, and the way that Munnings meant to row this race; I've rowed how in a crew at Oxford often enough."

"But your name's not down," said Macey, "as a sub. They wouldn't let you."

"My name's down," said Freddie, "as a member of the crew. It's just a fine point what the ruling is. We haven't time to ask. I'll go up to the start and row. If we're disqualified it won't be any worse than having to withdraw, and there's a chance, an outside chance, that we could gain a moral victory. Nobody would pretend we had improved our chance by having cox at stroke."

Macey raised his arms like tired wings and allowed them to flop back again.

"To think," he said, "we've trained all these months, and got into the final, all for this."

He gave a short laugh like the noise bus-drivers make in getting into gear. "Do you weigh as much as nine stone?"

"No. I weigh eight stone ten."

With hand to head Macey swayed like a sapling in the breeze. He turned despairingly; the crew, clapped, and staring-eyed, were wandering towards him in disgust. But Macey met them, hands on hips; he took one hand off and he pointed fixedly at Freddie.

"Get the boat up," he said. "He's going to stroke us. That! And though we make ourselves ridiculous, we shall at least make history. If he dies before we get half-way I shall be charged with manslaughter, or, perhaps," he added brightly, "with infanticide."

He dropped a hand on Freddie's shoulder.

"Can't you see the posters in the City? 'Cox Strokes Crew at Henley.' Everyone who knows the blunt end from the sharp end of a boat will split their sides with laughter. And they'll draw cartoons of you as a monkey on a stick, and the stick will be an oar."

BUT, funnily enough, the others, though they may have been dumbfounded, did not laugh. Freddie had trained and disciplined them by his arrogance, and he was going to prove the value of that teaching now. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Alison approaching, whilst beside her Marie strolled; he cast no glance their way; he went into the changing tent.

"Yes," he said, as Macey watched him shed his shirt. "Yes. I suppose they'll laugh. But let them shave my blade right down and rasp the handle. I can't pretend to pull, but if I only set the rhythm Munnings gave them I'm not sure our seven men may not do something big."

The crowd's first trickle of sensation started when the Tideway crew passed, paddling down the course towards the start. Freddie was stroking and his small, pale face was all tight lines; but with a shaved blade like a butter-knife he was already giving them the length and rhythm he had learned from Munnings, and they were following him with grim stares, and wondering how long he could keep it up.

Marie, alone, had pushed out in a punt and she was trying to secure a place along the booms.

"I said he shouldn't take giant strides," she said to Alison, who came alongside in a dinghy, "and now they say they want him to give them length and nothing else. He's got to take giant strides, or fall—and if he falls I shall go home and cry all the afternoon."

As they came level with the stake-boat and bow secured the string by which he had to hold the boat straight, Freddie sat looking at the ripples passing by, remembering with a sort of grim determination that Henley is the only course on which men race against the stream; small things obsess a fellow in great moments.

He did not look across at Gabe until the launch that was to follow with the umpire passed, turned and chugged up, rolling a little as it came. Then he cast one glance around him, and grew steady. He heard the irritable voice of Macey just behind him:

"Tell cox not to make that idiotic face."



★
beauty
means
romance

No Romance Without A LOVELY SKIN

The Beauty of a fine, smooth skin, and glowing radiant complexion is now and then a matter of Nature, but only one woman in thousands can do without proper methods of beauty culture. . . . Kathleen Court's 'Facial Youth' will give you greater loveliness in a surprisingly quick manner. If your skin is coarse, red, lined or blemished, 'Facial Youth' will give you the charm you seek. It refines the skin texture, keeps the complexion clear, rosy, site and beautiful, and it holds powder longer than ordinary face creams. No grease, nothing harmful; records hair growth on the face, neck and arms; prevents sunburn; whitens the skin and keeps it attractively white. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. Sold at 1/3 and 2/- (tubes), and jars, 2/6, by high-class chemists and druggists. TO-DAY, try.

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SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Swift and safe. No acid, no mercury

Made in Australia by the
Makers of Reckitt's Blue

Please turn to Page 54

UNDER Their SKIN

Continued from Page 6

GUSTAV BROOK'S bell elicited no answer, so she pushed open the front door and climbed the stairs. The old house was a rabbit warren of flats and studios. Lance was out and would probably return with Penelope. What should she do then? Instinctively she closed her eyes, as though she would close her mind against the scene, and tapped on the studio door, more as a matter of formality than in the hope of any response. To her surprise Lance's voice answered.

It took her several minutes properly to focus the scene that greeted her. Lance lay in a jumble of bedclothes in a corner of the room. A pile of dirty dishes stood in the hearth. The blinds were half-drawn, and a smell of stale milk hung on the air. The whole atmosphere was one of darkness and disorder.

"Lance!" she whispered.

He opened dazed eyes and looked at her. A smile twitched the corners of her mouth as she sank down beside him.

He was so much like a small boy found out.

"Lance, have you been eating tinned things again? You know you mustn't."

"Yes, I have. And Pen's gone to a party. I told her to. I don't want anything, so go away."

He shrugged and twitched at the bedclothes.

Morvena put on the kettle and found a basin. She emptied her handbag flask of eau-de-cologne into the water and splashed his face and hands with it. He murmured protests at first, but presently he heaved a sigh of content under the refreshing liquid.

She moved about the room quietly and quickly, tidying up. Presently, she ran out and bought medicine, fresh milk, and a new pair of pyjamas. An hour later Lance lay sleeping in a cool, newly-made bed.

At about six she heard a commotion on the stairs and Penelope's voice raised in laughing protest. Lance opened his eyes and stared at her in dumb misery. For one hysterical moment she thought he was going to hide his head under the bedclothes—and then Penelope came in.

Her lovely green eyes slid over the scene, betraying no trace of emotion. Only her mouth twitched a little as she closed the door. She rather liked a scene.

"Hallo, Morvena! I didn't know you were coming up to town."

She put down her parcels, and added: "Cigarette?"

"No thanks."

She tried twice to light a match with fingers that shook visibly, and finally gave it up. She had meant this meeting to be a civilised twentieth-century comedy of manners, but somehow it was difficult with Morvena standing there looking like a cave-woman or something.

It hurried you on and stung you into saying things you didn't mean to. Finally, quite unintentionally she spat: "Well, what are you going to do about Lance and me?"

"Me? I don't intend to do anything."

I shall just wait here until my husband is better."

Penelope's eyebrows rose.

"What does Lance think?"

"Lance is hardly fit enough to think about anything at the moment."

"Oh, but, of course he is!" flared Penelope. "Lance—dearest—"

SHE made a movement towards the bed. Morvena saw what would happen. She would put her arms round Lance's neck. And Lance would beg one of them—Morvena, because she happened to be farthest from him—to go away. To go away and leave him with Penelope. . . .

She moved in front of her, and with a swift movement—almost before she realised it herself—her slim hand shot out and struck across Penelope's soft cheek.

"Oh!"

The two women stared at one another aghast. Penelope's hand went slowly up to her face. A pink veil was beginning to spread across it.

"Now, will you go away and leave me with my husband?" said Morvena in a tight little voice.

Penelope moved backwards to the door.

"I'll go," she said, her voice rising.

"I'll go, and if Lance wants me he can come for me. I'm not going to fight for him like—like—she looked Morvena up and down—"like a farm woman."

Morvena found a chair and sank into it a little weakly. She (and she was quite a nice girl, too), had struck Bohemia's darling. And it suddenly occurred to her that somewhere in the Welsh marches—perhaps even at that very minute—a dusky gipsy woman was proving to a tinker's lass just how little her own mother would know her—for exactly the same reason.

She began to laugh; quietly and a little hysterically; and Lance watched her with wondering, fevered eyes.

A week or two later they returned to Wales. Morvena decided to break the journey at Shrewsbury, for Lance was still very frail.

She watched him now as he sat half-dozing in a corner of the rumbling local train.

The train crept round the edge of a huge valley, and trekking across the floor of it she saw two tiny figures. Even at this distance Morvena could discern the bright shawl and magnificent gait of the gipsy woman. The man who followed her, rather like a disgraced puppy, was tall and brown.

So Abigail Knight had got her man, too.

"Morvena!"

Lance was holding out his arms to her. She rose and sat beside him, and he buried his head in the crook of her shoulder.

"Oh, Morvena, never let me go away again. Promise you'll never let me go away again!"

"I promise, sweet."

And for the first time the child stirred beneath her exultant heart.

(Copyright).

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A ROUGE THAT EATS LIMELIGHT!

All very well for these newspaper writers of Beauty Notes to tell a poor girl to change the shade of her rouge four times a day, and every ten minutes on Sundays, but your popular modern girl has the "dates" so closely spaced there's no time whatever to switch. The Modern Girl needs the one rouge to stay put all the time—right through Daylight, Dinner Light, Theatre Light, Dance light and Moonlight. So we present Rose Petal Rouge, by Kathleen Court. It's versatile! Goes on in all lights, stays on and looks well in all lights, and doesn't clash with any colour scheme. Rose Petal is the rouge of poe and personality. It eats the limelight and looks approved out of the dovelight audience. Three shades, easy to pick your own. Blends if you're fair, Brunette if you're dark, and Phantom Red for Big Occasions, when an extra touch of brilliance is so needed. All toilet goods covetous have Rose Petal Rouge in stock. Look for it at all first-class shops. It's the smart toilet beautician's love. Be sure it's—



fascinating rose petal rouge



FOR YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

Final Directions for Weaning

By MARY TRUBY KING

Mothers who are about to wean their babies from the breast should cut out and keep by them the full directions which appeared first in the issue of April 13 and have been continued in subsequent issues.

To-day the fifth and sixth weeks of weaning are described.

THE meals for the fifth week are as follows:

8 a.m.: Breast feed.
10 a.m.: Baked finger of bread, 1½ tablespoons of cereal jelly, 8 ounces of milk mixture, 1½ level teaspoons of Karliol emulsion.

3 p.m.: Baked finger of bread, 1½ spoon of cereal jelly, 8 ounces of milk mixture, Karliol 1½ level teaspoons.
6 p.m.: Baked finger of bread, 1½ tablespoons of cereal jelly, 8 ounces of milk mixture, 1½ level teaspoons of emulsion.

10 p.m.: 8 ounces of milk mixture, 1½ level teaspoons of emulsion.

At the end of the fourth week of weaning baby was having 4½ level teaspoons of emulsion daily. This amount should be increased by very small quantities till, at the end of the fifth week, baby is having 1½ level teaspoons of Karliol at each of the 10 a.m., 2 p.m., 6 p.m., and 10 p.m. feeds.

The following is the humanised milk recipe for week five:

Fresh milk, 15 ounces (first day), increasing to 17 ounces.

Karlic sugar, 2 level tablespoons and 1 level teaspoon.

Water to make 35 ounces (total).

Increase the milk gradually from 15 to 17 ounces, making up to the total of 35 ounces each day with water. This allows for four feeds of 8 ounces each, with 3 ounces over to be poured round the cereal jelly.

The method of making the humanised milk was given in the issue of 13/4/35; and the recipe for cereal jellies in the issue of 20/4/35.

NOW we come to the final (sixth) week of weaning, when the meals will be as follows:

8 a.m.: 8 ounces milk mixture, 1½ level teaspoons Karliol emulsion.

10 a.m.: Baked finger of bread, 1½

Two Prayers

Last night, my little girl confessed to me
Some childish wrong;
And, kneeling at my knee,
She prayed, with tears:
"Dear God, make me a woman
Like Mammy—wise and strong;
I know you can."

Then while she slept
I knelt beside her bed—
Confessed my sins, and prayed
With low, bowed head:
"O God, make me a child
Like my child here—
Pure, guileless, trusting Thee
With faith sincere."

—GLADYS B. GOSDEN.

tablespoons cereal jelly, 8 ounces milk mixture, 1½ level teaspoons emulsion.

2 p.m.: Baked finger of bread, 1½ tablespoons cereal jelly, 8 ounces milk mixture, 1½ level teaspoons emulsion.

6 p.m.: Baked finger of bread, 1½ tablespoons cereal jelly, 8 ounces milk mixture, 1½ level teaspoons emulsion.

10 p.m.: 8 ounces milk mixture, 1½ level teaspoons emulsion.

During this week increase the cereal jelly to 2 tablespoons three times daily, not forgetting to pour a little milk mixture over it.

As baby is now taking more of the cereal jelly, he may not always wish to finish the 8 ounces of milk mixture. It is quite satisfactory for him to drink only 7 ounces.

At the end of the sixth week baby should be having 7 level teaspoons of Karliol emulsion daily.

The milk mixture recipe for the sixth week is as follows:

Humanised milk (enough for 5 complete feedings daily.)

Fresh milk, 20 ounces, Water, 20

New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (internally) for healing Varicose Ulcers and Burns without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to be up. Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive. It never fails.

Write or Call for Wonderful Book "Treatment by mail a specialty—distance no object. You will be delighted with my treatment—no pain from start.

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SHORTNESS
OF BREATH
NOT
ALWAYS
HEART
TROUBLE



In Nine Cases out of Ten
It's Stomach Trouble

Undigested food ferments and gives off gases which cause those sharp pains around the heart. You need a mild and gentle laxative to cleanse the stomach and aid digestion and to tone up the system generally.

Chamberlain's Tablets do all this gently but thoroughly—they are not habit-forming and do not grip.

CHAMBERLAIN'S
TABLETS
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

AVOID INERT CREAMS

What woman does not sigh after this radiant freshness, this juvenile tint that excites admiration? CREME SIMON makes the skin lovely, it is always active and is delicately perfumed.

For Perfect Beauty use
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Whiteness!



Don't forget—when
you come to the last
rinse, add Reckitt's
Blue to the water.

Make sure it's Reckitt's Blue you buy—see a label
on every knob and Reckitt's name on every label.

Reckitt's BLUE
Remember! Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

SUBTLE Allure of Gracious PERFUMES!



HOW many of us appreciate the use of eau-de-cologne or lavender as an effective remedy for a headache?

Choose your perfume with fastidious care . . . so that it will express and enhance your personality

THE magic power of perfume . . . Nothing in the world can so easily stimulate the imagination or quicken sensations, can so clearly bring back the past (for scent awakens memories as vividly as sight or sound does), so unerringly attract or repel.

BY EVELYN

If, and when, you hear a man say, "I hate scent!" don't believe him! He has most likely been overwhelmed at some time or other by someone's indiscriminate use of an unsuitable, heavy, and overpowering perfume.

Few indeed are there who are not drawn by the fragrance of lavender, for instance. Its exquisite, refreshing properties are such that it can be used on almost any occasion. And how many headaches have been relieved, and over-excited nerves soothed by its use!

The lavender plant, from which the essential oil is obtained, has been cultivated in England for centuries. And, although cultivated in other countries, the finest perfume hails from England. It is said that this is due to special properties predominant in English soil.

The fresh, stimulating properties of eau-de-cologne are as well known and loved, although eau-de-cologne was unheard of until round about the eighteenth century.

A PART from these and all the exquisite flower perfumes—rose, jasmine, gardenia, wallflower, geranium, violet, narcissus, verbena, etc., there are scores of complex, elaborately-blended perfumes on the market.

The makers consider it is necessary in these days of contradictory dress and changing interests to have a different scent for moods as well as clothes.

These curious bouquets, however, with their insinuating suggestion of the pagan, have not ousted the permanence of good floral perfumes.

Certain evening gowns demand a

flower scent and here the Frenchwoman favors gardenia, wallflower, and stock.

Perfume for a Princess

IN her collection or "battery" of perfumes, Marina, Duchess of Kent, uses a bouquet specially blended by a famous French perfumer, who describes it as "delicious and confusing, with two deliberate differences in character."

When first sampling this perfume, I believe, you delight in a sequence of floral flavors, lightly sweet and honeyed. Then another aromatic door opens, and the secret beauty of perfume reveals a baffling symphony of waves of every scented element in the world—except flowers—of wood, leathers, spices, and evergreen, most delicately marshalled. In every way, it is said to be a perfume for a brunette with a light skin—elegant but very feminine.

Of course, these clever makers do not stop here. They are experimenting with a multitude of extracts to make a bouquet purporting to suit all types of women.

BUT to get back to less complex standards: It is a wise plan to have all your toilet preparations impregnated

with the same perfume. Bath salts, talc, soap, complexion powder, and even your vanishing cream.

If you are a business girl, use these without adding perfume itself. But, of an evening, just put a little of the accompanying fragrance behind your ears, a touch beneath the chin, on eyebrows, and hands. Fragrance will then surround you like a charm.

You will achieve the best results if you use an atomiser, and, though it is permissible to scent a kerchief, never put perfume on your clothes.

This does not by any means infer that you should use only one kind of scent. Experiment! But let it express the real you, and, plainly, you must learn to know just what kind reacts pleasantly on your personality and on those around you.

Be exotic in the evenings, if you want to, but be careful. And here's another tip: Use lighter, more delicately-refining fragrances in summer and the warm, richer bouquets in winter.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME



BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: I have heard a great deal about the impressionism of children, and that environment can defeat any hereditary tendencies. Do you agree with this, and also which do you consider to be the most important years in the life of a child?

THE more we learn about children as regards their mental and emotional development, the more are we convinced that the first five years of life are the most important.

The thoughts, feelings, and experiences that children undergo during these tender and highly impressionable years have a marked influence upon their character, happiness and future success.

In this connection, it is interesting to enumerate some early developments. The sensation that is most highly developed at birth is that of touch. Were it not for this, children would not, or could not, be taught to suckle the mother's breast or take a bottle. Such delicately-sensitized touch is, of course, confined chiefly to the mouth area.

Persistence of the pleasure derived from the mouth may extend for months and years. That is why children tend to put everything they find into the mouth, also why so many of them develop the habit of sucking the fingers and biting the nails. Such habits predispose to the "catching" of disease.

AT about six months, children begin to perform voluntary muscular movements, while, before that age, they merely responded to stimuli in purely reflex fashion. At this age, also, imitation of movements and sounds begins. Somewhat later the earliest beginnings of reasoning can be noted, although this

faculty does not really flower until about the age of five.

Infants, before the age of one year, begin to repeat an act that has proved a source of pleasure, while they fail to repeat what they did not enjoy.

At six months, babies also begin to appreciate the use of such objects as spoons, cups, etc. They realize that they are a help in eating. A little later, one sees the desire for play coming strongly to the fore, the child then beginning to co-operate with an adult in promoting fun.

By the end of the second year, creeping, and later walking, besides climbing and talking have developed. Co-ordination of muscular movements has become marked.

As regards talking, it has been estimated that the first fifty words learned come the hardest. Later, it is not unusual for a child to learn from thirty to one hundred new words a month.

PHYSICAL growth is greatest from four to six years. This growth is more rapid in summer than in winter. At the age of five, the brain has already attained ninety per cent. of its size.

At four and five, children ask the greatest number of questions. They are forever wanting to know "why." At this time, they are able to talk in sentences and to carry on conversations.

Yes, the first five years are the most important, for the foundation for future living must be laid down on its essentials by then.

It's a big job the child has on hand. Growing up is not as easy as it would seem. Parents should bear this in mind. It helps them to be patient.



FRAGRANCE surrounds some women like a charm . . . A clinging fragrance can be had by having soap, talc, face powder, bath crystals, and perfume to harmonise. Carole Lombard, lovely Paramount star, favors the gardenia, and don't you agree that its perfume does harmonise with her exoic personality?

New Discovery Prevents Many Colds Altogether— Free Samples at Chemists

Just a Few Drops Up Each Nostril Help Nature to Throw Off Colds Before They Get Beyond the Nose and Upper Throat—Where Most Colds Start

CONVENIENT TO USE
An Ideal Companion-Product to Vicks VapoRub, the Famous Double-Acting Ointment for Relieving Colds

NEW COUGH DROP, ALSO

Vicks VapoRub, the famous vaporising ointment for relieving colds, now has a great new ally, especially designed for preventing colds—by checking them before they get beyond the nose and upper throat—where 3 out of 4 colds start.

The new product is Vicks Va-tro-nol, a liquid that you apply with a handy dropper. You simply put a few drops up each nostril. You can use it at any time and in any place.

When to Use Vicks Va-tro-nol

After exposure—to any condition apt to cause a cold (crowds, wet feet, sudden changes in temperature, etc.) and especially after contact with anyone who has an active cold—use Va-tro-nol promptly. A few drops, used in time, prevent many colds altogether.

If you start to catch cold—use Va-tro-nol at the first sniffle or sneeze. Its tingling medication swiftly spreads through the hidden passages where colds begin, clears the head instantly, aids Nature to throw off most colds in their very first stages.

Whenever the head is stuffed up. Even in the case of a fully-developed head-cold or nasal catarrh, or whenever a stuffy head accompanies a cold of any kind, Vicks Va-tro-nol

Va-tro-nol opens up the nasal passages in the same quick way. It

reduces swollen membranes and clears away the clogging mucus—thus helping to drain the sinuses. It lets you breathe again.

Ally to Vicks VapoRub

A few colds, of course, strike without warning, or get by even the best defences. Then you need Vicks VapoRub. You simply rub this famous ointment on throat and chest at bedtime. Like a flash, it begins to fight the cold right where the cold is. In two ways at once.

While you sleep in comfort, VapoRub keeps on working through the night. This gives you full 24-hour treatment.

Vicks Plan Saves You Money

VapoRub and Va-tro-nol are the basis of the remarkable new Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. The Plan provides proper medication for every type and stage of a cold. In clinical tests among thousands of persons—in schools, factories, and homes—the Plan greatly reduced the number and duration of colds, reduced even more the dangers and expense of colds. Full details come in each Vicks package.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Every chemist has a supply of trial packages which contain generous samples of Vicks VapoRub and the new Vicks Va-tro-nol—also the delightful new Vicks Cough Drop—actually medicated with VapoRub ingredients. The demand has been enormous. If your chemist's supply is exhausted, you can still test Va-tro-nol or VapoRub without risking a penny. Buy the regular package and use it as directed. Unless you are delighted, your chemist will refund the full purchase price.

Soft loveliness for your
FACE and HANDS



NIVEA ALL-PURPOSE CREME is a proved beauty preparation of 30 years' world-wide reputation. Use Nivea Creme regularly, for the soft loveliness of your face and hands. It is a skin food . . . a vanishing creme . . . and a cleansing creme—ALL IN ONE.

TRY IT . . . it's marvellous!

NIVEA
CONTAINS SUCCINYL
All Purpose CREME

6 & 1 1/2



ATHLETIC SPRAINS



Every athlete should carry a bottle of SLOAN'S in his kit bag to ease stretched or torn ligaments, aching limbs, bruises or swollen joints.

After the game, just pat SLOAN'S on. It stimulates the circulation, sends fresh purified blood to the injured spot, builds up broken-down tissues, clears away fatigue poisons and quickly frees you from soreness and pain.

SLOAN'S PENETRATES WITHOUT RUBBING
All Stores and Chemists.

SLOAN'S

LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

SIX PRIZE-WINNERS in This Week's Best Recipe COMPETITION

Our competition is open to women all over Australia. Anyone is eligible. All you have to do is to send in a recipe you think a prize-winner; write it out clearly, and mark it "Best Recipes." Our cookery expert, who has had years and years of cooking experience, will judge the six best for the week.

The prizes are: One at £1, one at 10/-, and four at 2/6 each.

Here are the winners in this week's contest:

BOILED CURRANT SANDWICH PUDDING.

Half lb. S.E. flour, 1lb. grated suet, pinch of salt, enough water to make a moist dough, 1 cup currants.

Roll out the pastry to about 1-inch thick. Grease a pudding basin, cut a round of pastry, and put at the bottom of basin. Sprinkle thickly with currants and a little sugar and cinnamon. Then another layer of pastry and currants, until the basin is three parts full. Sultanas can be used and a sliced apple. Tie a cloth securely over the pudding, steam 2 1/2 hours, and serve

with white sauce or boiled custard.

First Prize of £1 to Miss N. Deadman, 20 Thorn St., Ipswich, Qld.

LADY LOCKS.

Half lb. puff paste, castor sugar, vanilla, 1 egg white, custard or whipped cream.

Roll pastry out very thinly on a lightly-floured pastry board. Cut into fingers 6 inches long and about 1 inch wide. Roll each finger round a wooden stick till you get a number of these "horns." Brush outside with lightly-beaten egg white, dredge with castor sugar, and bake till risen and pale

Our Diet Hint

Best Balanced Food

By R. E. FIGGIS, Hon. Dietitian, The New Health Society.

MILK is an article of food which is becoming more popular every day. Milk bars are multiplying and milk as a drink is coming into a front rank place. For those who for some reason or another cannot drink milk, I would suggest that there are several ways of using this very valuable protective food, such as making it into junket. In this semi-solid form it can be taken and enjoyed by even the most pernickiest persons. The process of coagulating it does not destroy the vitamin content, and probably makes the protein content more absorbable, and also the ever needed minerals. In this form as junket, or even as custard, milk can be used splendidly, because it has a better chance of being mixed with the saliva of the mouth, thus hastening the effect of improving the digestion and increasing the absorption of what may well be called the best-balanced food. If you can't drink it, eat it.

brown. Remove sticks, cool, and with vanilla custard or whipped cream flavored with vanilla.

Second Prize of 10/- to J. Standish, 6 Wonga Flats, 72 Milson St., Cremorne, N.S.W.

CABBAGE SALAD.

Shred very finely the inner leaves of a cabbage and add a grated apple, some orange marmalade, the grated rind, and the juice of an orange and of a lemon; sprinkle with sugar, garnish with thin slices of ham, serve with brown bread and butter.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. de Villiers Avenue, Chateau, N.S.W.

LOCHSHEIN.

Break an egg into a soup plate and add enough plain flour to make a very stiff paste. Roll out, wafer thin, on a floured board, to dry out for 15 minutes, then roll up cut across in due ahead. Add to soup a boiling and simmer from 1 to 1 1/2 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Keaney, Playne St., Frankston, Vic.

BUNDS CAKE.

Three-quarters lb. flour, 1/2 lb. butter, 1/2 sugar, 60c. currants, 60c. raisins, 1/2 almonds, 2oz. peel, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon mixed spice, 1/2 rind of lemon, 4 eggs.

Prepare the fruit, beat the butter to soft with the sugar, add the eggs alternately the flour and baking powder. Beat well, fruit, spice, and grated lemon rind. Mix put into a well-greased tin, sprinkle with almonds, bake in a moderate oven for 1 1/2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. H. to Clifford St., Tarenpoint, S.A.

PUSHER BISCUITS.

Cream, 1/2 lb. butter with 1/2 lb. sugar, 2 eggs, one at a time, beat well, 1/2 flour and 3/4, combine with a heaping baking powder, and a pinch of salt, and into the other ingredients. Remove each of the pusher, use each of the rollers in filling the barrel with dough each time change a cutter. Bake in quick oven 1/2 inch quickly, no have to be washed, to cooked and cooled, store in tin with wax lid. These are delightfully salty and are ideal for afternoon tea.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. E. H. P.O., Lismore, Nth. Qld.

BEAUTY in his BRAIN

Continued from Page 41

"WELL, IT'S a bit of a gun," said the sergeant, looking at Gail Morton. "Know Johnny, it's a wonder he didn't kill you."

Gail smiled and shook his head. "He lacked the nerve, sergeant. I see, I didn't turn my back to him kept looking him straight in the eye. The sergeant nodded understandingly.

"Yeah," he said, and added with a passionate final judgment. "The re-

Once more alone in his office, Gail Morton went to his desk and from its top drawer the precious clipping that he had concealed before Bracco came in. He walked to the fireplace, stood looking down at the picture of the woman whose face and prettiness still aroused reverent beauty in his brain.

Mechanically he murmured to himself the bleak words printed above "Mrs. George Pendexter, Whose Husband Was Killed."

Gail Morton's ugly face took on a light other than that from the glow of grate.

"You'd have done better to be married me, my dear," he said slowly. "But you loved Pendexter, and that's that. At least I've avenged him this night. A small service, but eminently satisfactory. Adios. Very adios if I may say so. Good-bye, my only dear, and may the Lord of all our twisted fates be kind to you."

He threw the clipping into the fire. (Copyright)



"Who can cloy the hungry edge of appetite?"—Shakespeare.

HOST HOLBROOK says:

"Welcome to the House of Holbrook!

My guests know that the meal I serve, whether cold meats, a grill, or savory stew, will be delicious and appetising."

HOLBROOKS

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SAUCE



SALADS are NOT for SUMMER ALONE!

For Your Health's Sake . . .
They Should Feature on the
Menu at Least Once a Day
the Whole Year Round!

By Cookery Expert
to The
RUTH FURST
Women's Weekly

HERE is an idea abroad in many quarters that salads are exclusive to spring and summer. But no! You should make point of serving a salad in some form at least once a day. If you don't, you and your family are missing the most health-giving course of the meal—even in winter. In fact, raw vegetables and fresh fruit, rich in vitamins and mineral salts, are essential to perfect health. And what more delightful form of serving them than in a "combination" salad? You will find happy variety on this page . . . choose according to taste.

SALADS may be divided into three classes:—

1. Raw vegetable salad.
2. Cooked vegetable salad.
3. Fruit salad.

RAW VEGETABLE SALAD

Lettuce usually forms the foundation of raw vegetable salad; others used are tomatoes, cucumber, cabbage, onions, celery, radish, cress, finely-chopped meat, tongue, ham, poultry, fish may be added to the raw vegetables.

COOKED VEGETABLE SALAD

Vegetables suitable are cold, cooked potatoes, peas, beans, carrots, cauliflower, spinach, celery, asparagus, beetroot, haricot beans. The vegetables should be cut into cubes.

FRUIT SALAD

This popular dish may be composed of any ripe fruit in season. No one particular flavor should predominate. The fruit for salad should be cut up, sprinkled with sugar, and allowed to stand at least one hour before serving.

RULES FOR SERVING

1. Salad vegetables should be clean, crisp, and quite dry.
2. Never over-decorate a salad and be sure to blend the colors artistically.
3. Serve garnishes that may be eaten with the salad.
4. All ingredients should be well chilled.
5. Dressing or cream should not be added till just before serving.

ASPARAGUS SALAD

Cold, cooked asparagus, lettuce, hard-boiled eggs, mayonnaise. Serve this salad on individual plates. On each plate put a young, crisp lettuce leaf. Shell the eggs. Cut into slices. Remove the yolk carefully. On each lettuce leaf place a little bunch of asparagus in ring of white of egg. Cover the tips with mayonnaise. Rub the egg yolk through a strainer and sprinkle it on the mayonnaise. Serve very cold.

PEACH SALAD

Six peaches, lemon juice, mayonnaise, chopped celery, nuts, grated cheese, lettuce leaves. Peel the peaches, cut in half, sprinkle the centre with lemon juice, and allow to stand 20 minutes. Add the celery, cheese, nuts to the mayonnaise. Fill the centre of the halved peaches with the mixture. Lay in a crisp lettuce leaf. Sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley. Serve very cold.

LOBSTER SALAD

One lobster, lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber, mayonnaise, olives, gherkins. Prepare the salad vegetables. Remove the lobster from the shell and cut into neat pieces. Arrange some shredded lettuce leaves in the bottom of a glass salad bowl, then the pieces of lobster, piling to the centre. Coat the lobster

Steamed Vegetables Best

VEGETABLES that are steamed instead of boiled retain much more of their valuable salts, and any that are left over can be reheated and taste as good as when first cooked. Salt may be sprinkled over them in the steamer during the cooking process.

with mayonnaise. Decorate round the edges with slices of tomato, cucumber, small lettuce leaves, lobster claws, olives, and gherkins. Serve the remainder of mayonnaise in a small glass jug.

Notes: Prawns, crab, salmon, cold cooked fish, slices of rabbit, chicken or meat may be used in place of lobster.

JELLIED VEGETABLE SALAD

Beetroot, carrot, cooked peas, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup vinegar, 2 dessertspoons powdered gelatine, sugar, salt, cayenne, lettuce leaves, mayonnaise. Cut the beetroot and carrot into small pieces mix with the peas, and place in a mould or individual moulds. Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add vinegar, sugar, salt, cayenne to taste. When cold, fill mould or moulds. Place on ice till set. Unmould on to lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise.

A FAVORITE
ALL ITS OWN
ANCHOVETTE
THE FISH PASTE THAT
EVERYONE ENJOYS

Suggested Menu

For Any Week Day

BREAKFAST—Breakfast Delight. Fish cakes. Tea. Marmalade. Toast.

LUNCHEON—Egg and bacon pie. Sweet omelette. Tea. Bread. Cheese.

DINNER—Steamed whiting and oyster sauce. Mashed potatoes. Beans. Rotted date pudding and sauce.

HARICOT BEAN AND EGG SALAD

One cup cooked haricot beans, onion, tomatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon vinegar, salt, cayenne, dressing.

Chop the onion finely. Add to the beans with the vinegar, mixing in well. Make a mound of the bean mixture in the centre of a glass dish. Arrange round the slices of tomato and eggs. Pour over the dressing and sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley.

FRUIT SALAD

Three bananas, 6 passionfruit, 3 pineapple, 3 oranges, 2 peaches, sugar, whipped cream, icing sugar. Peel the bananas and cut into slices. Peel the oranges, removing all pith, and cut into small pieces. Peel the pineapple and grate or cut up finely. Cut passionfruit in two and scoop out contents. Peel peaches thinly and cut into dice. Mix all the prepared fruits well together. Sprinkle over the sugar, mix in well, and allow to stand 1 hour on ice if possible. Serve in glass bowl, the cream and icing sugar in separate dishes.

ORANGE SALAD

Oranges, vinegar, oil, little sugar, finely-chopped parsley. Peel the oranges, remove all pith. Cut into thin slices, keeping them quite in shape. Place in a glass dish. Sprinkle with sugar, vinegar, and oil. Place in ice-chest. Just before serving, sprinkle with chopped parsley. To be served with roast duck or game.

COLD VEGETABLE SALAD

Cold potatoes, peas, carrots, cauliflower, beans, chopped parsley, eschalot, mayonnaise or salad dressing.

Cut the vegetables into dice. Mix all the vegetables well together. Place in a glass dish. Sprinkle with parsley. Garnish the top with tiny lettuce leaves. Serve the salad dressing separately in a small glass jug or bowl.

APPLE AND CELERY SALAD

Three eating apples, 1 head celery, chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons vinegar, mustard, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons cream, yolk 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Mix the vinegar, mustard, salt, cayenne, and yolks well together, and stir over a slow fire till thick. When cool, add cream, then apples and celery, which have been cut into dice. Serve in small salad dishes, garnished with finely-chopped parsley and small pieces of curled celery. Serve very cold.

LETTUCE SALAD

Lettuce, hard-boiled eggs, mayonnaise or salad dressing, tomato, cucumber.

Remove any coarse outside leaves from lettuce, separate and examine each leaf carefully, and wash thoroughly. Drain in colander. Take two or three leaves at a time, and slice very thinly. Place in a glass salad bowl. Garnish with ring of white of egg and slices of tomato and cucumber. Serve very cold, the dressing in a separate bowl.

SPANISH SALAD

One cucumber, 1 onion, 4 tomatoes, lucifer oil, 2 teaspoons sugar, vinegar, salt, cayenne.

Skin the tomatoes by dipping in boiling water. Arrange them, sliced with cucumber and onions cut in rings, in a salad bowl. Sprinkle plentifully with vinegar, oil, salt, cayenne, and sugar. Stand on ice for 15 minutes and serve.

SALAD—the very word sounds refreshing to us, and there is no better way of serving fresh fruits or vegetables than in the form of a salad.

SALAD DRESSING

One hard-boiled egg, 1-8th teaspoon mustard, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 3 tablespoons vinegar.

Pound the yolk of egg with the back of a wooden spoon till free from lumps. Add mustard, salt, cayenne. Work in the condensed milk, then the vinegar, and beat well. Chop the white of egg finely, and if it is not to be served as a garnish to the salad add to the dressing. Serve in small glass jug or bowl.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING

Four dessertspoons butter, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, 1 teaspoon made mustard, 6 tablespoons vinegar, 3 eggs, salt, sugar to taste.

Melt the butter carefully in an enamel saucepan. Stir in the flour till free from lumps, add mustard. Stir over the fire for a few seconds. Add all at once the well-beaten eggs, then the vinegar very gradually. Cook till thick, stirring all the time, but on no account allow to boil. Add sugar and salt. Bottle and seal down and store in cool place. If too thick, then break down with a little milk or vinegar before serving.

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IN THE
DUSK..**

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Against Ivory Skin, smooth and flawless, the stars will contrast. Reluctantly, on the effect of Golden Youth face powder contrast, amazingly, deny. No skin when you use Golden Youth face powder, no fading, no creasing, no staining. Once Golden Youth powder goes on your skin, it becomes part of you, a fragrant, subtle, refreshing, luminous part that, once you know it, you'll never be without. So send Two Shillings, 1/- and 2/-, at all respectable chemists and druggists. The lights across the water. The moon stills . . . dusk disappears . . . clear within skin . . .

Glorious golden youth
a lovely face powder by Kathleen Court

HOW WOMEN CAN WIN MEN AND MEN WIN

The Favour of Other Men

Unless you give up the juice flow daily from your liver into your bowels, your food decays in your bowels. This poisons your whole body. Mercurials get hard and constipated. You get sallow, tongue yellow, skin, pimples, dull eyes, bad breath, bad taste, flatulences, diarrhoea, indigestion. You have become a half-composed, unpleasant-looking person who runs from an offensive breath. You have lost your personal charm. Every body wants to run from you.

But don't take salts, mineral waters, pills, laxative pills, laxative remedies, or chewing gums and expect them to get rid of the poison that destroys your personal charm. They can't do it, for they only move out the tail end of your bowels and thus doesn't take away enough of the decayed poison. Cosmetics won't help at all.

Only a free flow of your bile juice will stop this decayed poison in your bowels. Two small vegetable medicine water starts a free flow of your bile juice. *Cartier's Little Liver Pills*. No colour (sugarless) in *Cartier's*. Only fine, mild vegetable extracts. If you would bring back your personal charm to win men, start taking *Cartier's Little Liver Pills* according to directions to-day. Sold in two sizes, 12 and 24.

Refuse "something just as good," for it may grip, loosen teeth or scald rectum. Ask for *CARTIER'S Little Liver Pills* by name and get what you ask for.

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and Valuable
Help for You

Full directions for making each of these smarter winter frocks accompany
Our FREE three-in-one pattern



Winter must be catered for. And winter can be the best time of the year for smart dressing. Now you can wear trim, tailored, up-to-the-neck frocks, straight slenderising skirts for heavyweight frocks, and look and feel your very smartest.

"YOU have taught me a lesson I can never forget," writes one Victorian reader. "With these three-in-one patterns I have learnt to adjust others of my patterns, too, so now I have frocks, with patterns, exactly to my liking."

This is but another tribute to our special pattern service. Each of our three-in-one patterns, by its clever adjustments and variations, has aimed at giving every woman, as nearly as possible, the frock she desires. This week's free pattern is as good as it looks.

The first lass wears a dressy frock, brought up in a dark, winter tweed. A flared cascade cut in one at the neck, light contrast round the throat, finishing buttons. Skirt has a single pleat back and front.

Mode No. 2 caters particularly for the business girl. Neck is "different," and has style, harmonising beautifully with wide, shaped, buttoned belt. Hip pockets complete the picture.

Our third presentation is a chic little model. It is charmingly simple, is gently slenderising, with a finished air. A double row of buttons ornaments from throat past waist and is topped with a cheeky bow.

Pattern is cut to fit a 34-inch bust. Material: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Full directions for making given with pattern. See coupon below.

FREE THREE-IN-ONE COUPON

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

To obtain above free pattern, fill in this coupon and bring it to our office. If sending through the post, please enclose a 1d. stamp to cover postage. For addresses see another page.

*Three-in-one coupon, 4/5/35

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Make a thick lather with the New Rexona Shampoo and massage it briskly into the scalp. The fragrant medicated lather sends new life to the very roots of your hair.

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MEDICATED SOAP
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As good for your hair
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TWISTED CLOTHES LINE
NEW ROPE is very apt to twist, boiled in the copper, this will not happen. It is also a good plan to boil when the line begins to get old. Clothes pegs should also have a special washing in the copper.

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



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To save much money by making a family supply of the best cough and influenza remedy, order from your chemist or store a two-shilling bottle of concentrated Heenzo. By adding the Heenzo to sweetened water you will have a supply EQUAL to eight ordinary-sized bottles (about 11s worth) of the best ready-made-up remedies for chest and throat ailments.

The following letter from Mr. Don Ross, whose popular comedy musical act has delighted thousands of Australian amusement lovers, is an absolute proof of the goodness of Heenzo as a family remedy for ailments of the chest and throat.

The Manager

Heenzo

Dear Sir,

For some years my wife has had our kiddies free from coughs and colds by using Heenzo at the first sign of chest and throat ailments. However, recently I contracted a severe cold whilst travelling by train to Lithgow, and it left me with a cough that simply refused to let me sleep. As the goodness of Heenzo had already been proved by the rest of the family, I decided to try it myself, with the result that I obtained relief from the first dose. Within twenty-four hours the feverish conditions had vanished, and by continuing with Heenzo for three days, all signs of the hacking cough had completely disappeared. From the experience gained in our household, I have no hesitation in saying Heenzo should be used in every home.

Yours faithfully,

DON ROSS

Heenzo is equally good for young or old, and you will be delighted with the speedy way it soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and banishes even the worst attacks of coughing.

HEENZO should be used in every home.

Our FASHION SERVICE and

FREE PATTERN



WW309A

WW310A

WW311A

WW312A

WW313A

WW314A

WW315A

WW316A

MAGYAR TUNIC MODE.

WW309A.—A popular style for a tunic frock with a plain skirt. Magyar tunic has back fastening, and heavy stitching down the sleeves. Material for 36-inch bust: Tunic, 1½ yards, 54 inches wide. Skirt, 1½ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

A FROCK WITH AN "AIR."

WW310A.—A dressy frock with an expensive air. Wide revers extends to the side fastening. The frock is enhanced with pleated trimming. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

NOTE SHOULDER FASTENING.

WW311A.—A frock of distinction and charm, with quaint fastening on the shoulder. Skirt is paneled, and has an inverted pleat down the front. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

GIRLISH AND BECOMING.

WW312A.—Be fashionable and have your winter evening frock cut on these lines. Skirt extends above the waist in front, and finishes with a flared dounce and frills at the base; the dounce is cut on the cross. Material for 36-inch bust: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 10c STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses: A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of 10p per pattern will be made for Free Patterns after one month old.

ADLAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1004, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISSBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1007, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 105, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 51, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1004, G.P.O., Sydney.
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 4/3/35.

SCHOOLGIRL'S STYLE.

WW313A.—A serviceable winter frock for the schoolgirl. Blouse is trimmed with straps of material, extending over the pleats of the skirt. The contrast collar adds to the effect. Pattern for 10 and 12 years. Material: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1d.

A VERY SMALL MODEL.

WW314A.—A cosy winter frock for a little girl, cut with a shaped yoke providing the fastening. There are

pleats from the points of the yoke. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1d.

SIMPLY SMART.

WW315A.—A simple frock with a new fashion note. The wide sleeves are fitted with a dart on the shoulder. Two-piece skirt has the fashionable split at the seam. Material for 36-

inch bust: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

LADY'S COSTUME.

WW316A.—A smart effect is given to this two-piece suit with the wide revers. Skirt has a panel back and front, fashioning low pleats. Material for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

EVENING COAT.

WW317A.—Sleeves play an important part in evening wraps this season. The model fashions large armholes, and the sleeves are bordered with fur. The stand-up collar, in Medici fashion, is new and chic. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEASE NOTE.

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state child's age.

Our Free Pattern

THIS week's free pattern will appeal to the home-lover, a smart, cosy dressing-gown, which may be made in the new exciting dressing-gown materials. It has side fastening, which enables it to be worn with an open front and wide revers. Narrow fur trimming may be sewn across the back of the neck, continuing over the revers, on the sleeves and pockets.

Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust.

Material: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting.



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SMALL things annoy

men under tension. Freddie said nothing; his eyes were on the umpire bending now over the prow of his launch; his blade was in the water; then he heard a sharp command, saw a white cloth drop, and his shoulders suddenly drew taut and then lay violently back. In a flash he had dipped for the second stroke, and then the third.

Dennett, the cox, jerked with each stroke as the boat gained impetus, but for the moment Gabe and the Mrs. crew had no concern for Freddie. Everything depended on the start he got and on the early lead he snatched. The steady drive behind him, and the level way the boat ran told him his crew were with him; that was enough; his rounded shoulders jerked for the fourth and fifth strokes, and for twenty more he gripped and gripped again, driving the water from him with that thin, shaved blade in stern, defiant movements; till at last his legs began to drive his slide more steadily; he gradually gave the shoulders fuller play, more time to drop each time the blade turned; he reached out farther and farther for a "true beginning, and still he would not look across.

The play was definite; he was a little man and HE MUST GET THE LEAD; he could never make up lee-way on the last part of the course if his attack were staved off now; he would be done by that time; he thought of nothing but the length and rhythm he must give those seven well-trained men behind him. On that his will was concentrated. If he could only get a canvas lead he would at least have hustled Gabe and then he might conceivably hold on to what he had; if he were just ahead he could watch Gabe and regulate his spurts by his, answering challenges from time to time, but if he were behind or even level, he could not do that.

At last he dared to frame his urgent question to the cox; his parched lips moved; cox saw him speaking:

"Are we up?"
Cox bellowed "No!" and Freddie quickened. He signalled determinedly and cox bellowed upon them for another ten. Freddie did not believe he would be led so early in the race, and for one instant panic gripped him; he took one swift glance towards the enemy and saw they were a foot or two ahead, no more; but they were swinging as one man, a splendid crew, well-stroked indeed. The certainty came home to him that he was up against enormous odds; he heard a grunt from Macey urging him to start again, but he required no spur. For twelve more strokes he put into his work every thing that he knew of rowing devil, and at last the boat was really shifting as it should. Cox sobbed his praise.

It was a wondrous crew distorted fate had given Freddie to stroke. He felt the drive behind him, carrying him as a special sort of passenger; he wanted to give them a breather now; it might, he thought, pull them together for the final effort at the end, but did he dare let up? He squinted round at Met; their cox was yelling now to Tideway to keep over. Freddie took no notice; that was his job no longer. But as he watched he saw that Met was answering, and that he could not give his men a moment's breather, ever from this blinding work. He stared at cox again.

"Another ten. Ten more!"
Cox looked as though he doubted if the men could do it, but Freddie was a martinet; he snapped an order, made the crew go at it, and he heard cox pleading with them now to back up stroke once more; his head was bobbing at them in excited jerks.

"Well rowed! Well rowed! The legs, boys—use the legs!"
Freddie could not explain how he was feeling, or how he was doing it. He really didn't know himself. It was a scorching test, and he, with slight arms, had to keep it long. The perfect understanding of those hefty men behind him was total; they were grand. They had shot by the Horsegate and were nearing Pawley now; there was a wild note in the roar of Putney men who ran and bicycled along the bank, now being merged into a rabid tumult as the denser crowd began; individual shouts drowned in the beat of that massed fervor, as folk saw that Freddie's crew were up; signal after signal sent the news down the course ahead of them and cheers came out in answer.

THE lead was Freddie's! He had no idea how long he could keep it, but he was not, at all event, disgraced. His eyes were minted and cox seemed to have two faces, but he still kept long, and by degrees the interval that they were leaving Gabe behind began to widen. He was endeavoring with every nerve to stall off this defeat, forcing spurt after spurt, but Freddie watched each effort and replied. It was taking the work off his shoulders like a hero; seven was grunting every time his blade gripped. But, all the same, Gabe's crew were great, and they were holding him at bay.

The Tideway cox, one eye upon the enemy, was bracing Freddie's crew and Gabe was creeping up again; the stands were looming into prominence;

GIANT Strides

Continued from Page 46

the roar was growing. Freddie could not believe that his tremendous effort at the start would wear itself out in the end like this; surely Met, could not row them down. But Met were doing it. Cox looked across to gauge the interval and with a hint of panic he looked back at Freddie.

"They're coming up, now. Can you answer?"

His face was red and streaked with sweat from yelling; his voice was cracked and husky, hard to hear. But he said: "Can you?"

Freddie's chest was bursting, and his heart was throbbing like a train; the brightness overhead beat down upon him like the sun of Africa, scorching his head; his legs were numbly driving; he could hardly get another ounce of work on to his oar; his wrists were cramped and stiff to turn, but somehow he still kept it long. That was what he had promised he would do.

"Answer them!" cox was shouting. "Answer! You've got to take 'em up!"



CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Paramount player, favors dark brown taffeta for this simple party frock. Its sheath-like effect is enhanced by the puff sleeves and fullness at the knees.

It was his turn now to be bullied into exhaustion, and he was in a maze. But in that maze he heard cox, and he saw that small man's threatening, pleading eyes. He seemed to hear again that cracked cry: "Oh, why don't you answer?"

Afterwards people told him how he looked when they peered at him from the booms; they had learned out, they said, and bellowed oaths and imprecations and beseechings in his ear as he went by, begging him stiffen to this final challenge. But he recognised no single face, no voice. Marie was there, he understood; he never noticed her. He only knew that they were calling him to answer. Cox looked distorted, there was not a breath of air; but with a will of iron he suddenly forced himself back to consciousness and he began to quiver. At that first sign he heard a gasp from Macey just behind:

"For God's sake, go for it! I'm with you—NOW!"

Then Freddie bit into his lips, drawing his breath in hisses through his teeth, and answered; he was whirling like an old man; never mind; Gabe was alongside, and he had to stave him off. He saw Gabe's straining, curving back, saw his strong arms continually pulling and then reaching out, his firm

hand not yet dropping. Louder and louder came the tumult from the lawns and booms, crashes against the still, hot air; for all he knew they might be cheering Gabe but he imagined they were cheering him.

"Why don't you take 'em up?" But he would do it. Unexpected stamina had come to him although his head was bursting. He was hitting up the rate like a fanatic; now it was nearly forty, and the crew in perfect rhythm were behind him to a man; his shoulders swung and tightened and swung out again in devilish determination. He wished the hubbub would die down, but it continued swelling. He heard cox in a cracked and high-pitched yell:

"Hold up your head! Keep driving—ten more strokes! You've got 'em. Now! The last ten! ROW!"

He was ahead again. By superhuman effort he had done it. That was the only thought in Freddie's brain as he fought to the finish. He was ahead. And then a sudden pistol shot; cox, like a perfect lunatic, gesticulating his pale green face and reaching for his oar, as in a curious cramped way Freddie sat very still a second, then fopped like a punctured bag. He sat, all huddled up, head in his hands, a poor, worn, broken, little man, discolored, smeared with sweat, and only semi-conscious—whilst roars hit against the skies and spread all over him like sparks. Macey seemed to be supporting him from behind and cox in front, and everyone that he had ever known was peering in a nightmare way into his face and blessing him, whilst the dumbfounding fact was that he, Martinet and Mussolini, met there sort of crying to himself.

A whole hour afterwards they brought him to the lawn where all the prizes and exclusive people were, and two men held him worshipfully by the arm. Others were clustering around him, everyone knew what he had done; they stared and smiled and nodded as he came; but they had heard the verdict, too. Tideway had beaten Met; but Tideway were disqualified. At Henley you can't change your crew after the racing has begun; Tideway had done that and the victory was just a glorious failure. Freddie had beaten Gabe, but he had not exactly won the Grand.

Marie was upon that lawn, and Freddie, whose legs did not even now seem to belong to him, and who could hardly raise a hand to find his cap, and who looked old and strained, encountered her. There seemed no need for words. Marie was leaning on a parasol; her eyes were searching his with melting fondness. She said:

"Did you hear? As you went by, I shouted!"

Freddie smiled feebly.

"I thought somebody did."

"But I," she said, "leaned out and shouted hard into your ear as you went by. Don't say you didn't hear!"

"What did you say?" asked Freddie. She looked rather hurt; her eyes dropped and she shrugged with sweet abandonment—one hand reached for a shoulder-strap. Then she looked up again, with an almost sulky smile, and answered shyly:

"I said I was sorry."

Freddie met her eyes. That was exactly what he had come to say himself. For, though he had not won the Grand, he had defeated Gabe and cleared the slate. He had been eager to find Marie and to make amends, and he could not help thinking it ironically quaint that—after he had waited all that time just to hear Marie's voice—when she had spoken, and so urgently, he had been so fuddled and obsessed that he had not so much as heard her.

He said: "I'm sorry, too—"

"And I never want to drive," said Marie solemnly, "with anyone but you."

And then she suddenly observed that Freddie had changed color.

"I say, do you mind," he said, "if I sit down? My start—"

"You haven't hurt it?"

"No, but it's nearly bursting now," he said, "with pride!"

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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See special notice on the pattern page.

£15/15/- in Prizes

Who are the 10 most popular Screen Stars?

Here is an interesting competition that all may enter. Make out a list of the 10 Screen Stars whom you consider are the most popular, putting their names in order of preference, and you may win one of the following prizes:

PRIZES: First Prize, £15/15/-; Second Prize, £10/10/-; Third Prize, £5/5/-; and there are 20 additional cash prizes totaling £150, which will be awarded to the 20 best entries.

CONDITIONS: Each entry must be accompanied by the Green wrapper from a bottle of Double "D" Eucalyptus—the pure, strong Eucalyptus.

All entries must be posted prior to May 11, 1935, and addressed to Dept. 2, The 2ND, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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First Prize will be awarded to the star that appears the greatest number of times in the entries, and the other prizes will be awarded accordingly. Entries will be judged by a Director of The Motion Picture Industry, and his decision shall be final. In the event of a tie prize shall be divided. Results will be posted if stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

Write down your 10 favorites, and send this fascinating competition to Dept. 2, The 2ND, G.P.O., Sydney.

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A TRUE STORY



Who tells of a simple and to good health and a beautiful complexion

When children grow up with the complexion and are "pictures of health," mother usually has contributed much good sound advice. We thank Mrs. J. P. Heston (whose letter is on our file for her letter, below, telling what she found so essential in bringing up strong, healthy children:

"I am enclosing a photograph of my two oldest children in babyhood. They were both Nujol babies."

"I started my newest baby at 2 when she was three months old and she has a fair complexion and is just as robust as the rest of us."

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THIS . . . the very SMARTEST of KNITTED ENSEMBLES!

Will Dispel not only Winter Chill, but Winter Gloom!

THIS year Fashion favors the knitted suit. And what more charming than a hat to match—and particularly one which sports a jaunty Tyrolean air such as this! The ensemble, which is an imported model, is knitted in kempy wool in that delightful shade of boat-blue, flecked with white. The hat, by the way, is crocheted.

THIS ensemble could be made in any other color scheme desired—black and white fleck with white buttons and quill, and black and white kerchief folded at the throat, would spell extreme smartness.

Brown or one of the new greens are other effective color suggestions.

Materials for Costume and Hat: 25 skeins of 4-ply kempy wool in boat-blue, pair of No. 9 bone needles, a medium bone crochet hook, a length of fine wire for the hat brim, 1 yard of belting, 2 hooks and eyes, a few press studs, a quill, and 9 matching buttons.

Measurements: Coat, bust 34 inches, length from shoulder to lower edge 22 inches, sleeve seam 18 inches. Skirt, hips 36 inches, length 30 inches. Hat, to fit a 22-23½-inch head.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; tog, together; decr, decrease; incr, increase; ch, chain; d.c., double crochet; st.st., stocking-stitch; st., stitch.

Skirt Front

CAST on 197 sts. K into the back of cast on st. K plain for 2 inches, change to st.st. and work for 8 inches. On next row decr. by knitting the first 2 sts. tog., then every 14th and 15th st. tog. to last 2 sts. k. 2 tog. St.st. for 3 inches without shaping.

Next row decr. by k. first 2 sts. tog., then every 11th and 12th st. tog. to last 2 sts. k. 2 tog. St.st. for 3 inches without shaping.

Next row decr. by k. first 2 sts. tog., then every 9th and 10th st. tog. to last 2 sts. k. 2 tog. St.st. for 6 inches without shaping.

Next row decr. by k. first 2 sts. tog., then every 8th and 10th st. tog. to last 2 sts. k. 2 tog. St.st. for 3 inches without shaping.

Next row decr. by k. first 2 sts. tog., then every 8th and 10th st. tog. to last 2 sts. k. 2 tog. St.st. for 3 inches without shaping.

BACK: Make the same way as given for the front. For the placket cast on 8 sts. k into the back of cast on st. k plain for 4 inches and cast off.

The Jacket

BACK: Cast on 110 sts. k into the back of cast on st. k plain for 2 inches, change to st.st. and decr. 1 st. at each end of the needle in the next knit row, and every following 4th row, for 3 inches. Work 1 inch more without shaping, then incr. 1 st. at each end in the next and every 4th row until there are 110 sts. on the needle again. Continue on these sts. until work measures 15 inches from start, shape armholes.

Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decr. 1 st. each side every alternate row 6 times (a decr. of 24 sts. altogether). Work on these sts. until armhole measures 7 inches, then shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of every row until 30 sts. remain in the centre, cast these off for back of neck.

FRONT: Cast on 70 sts. k into back of cast on st. k plain for 2 inches, change to st.st. keep 12 sts. in plain knitting for front border up to neck. Decr. 1 st. in the next k row at side seam, then every 4th row for 3 inches, work 1 inch without shaping, then incr. as for back again until there are 70 sts. on the needle. When work measures same as back up to armhole, cast off 6 sts. at side seam, then decr. 1 st. every k row at same edge 6 times.

When armhole measures 5½ inches, cast off 20 sts. at neck edge, then decr. 1 st. at same edge every row until 28 sts. remain on needle, at the same time when armhole measures 7 inches, shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of every row at armhole 4 times.

RIGHT FRONT: Is made in the same way, only having 9 buttonholes. To make a buttonhole, k. 4 sts., cast off 4 sts., k. to end. Next row work to where sts. were cast off and cast on 4 sts., k. 4. In the next row k into the back of the cast on st.

Make the first buttonhole 1 inch from the cast on edge, then 1 every 2½ inches apart.

Sleeves and Pockets

SLEEVES: Both alike; cast on 54 sts., k into back of cast on st. k plain for 2 inches, change to st.st. and incr. 1 st.

at each side every 6 rows until sleeve measures 18 inches from start. Shape top by k. 2 tog. at beginning and end of every row until 14 sts. remain. Cast these off. Make another sleeve the same.

POCKETS: Both alike; cast on 30 sts., k into back of cast on st. Work st.st. for 5 inches, k. 2 rows plain, and cast off on the wrong side. Make another pocket the same.

TO MAKE UP: Press all work on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth, join under arm, shoulder, and sleeve seams of coat, sew in sleeves.

Starting from inside of coat at the point where the last of the 20 sts. were cast off for neck, pick up all the sts. round neck to the same point at the opposite side, work in st.st., knitting the first and last st. of every row plain, and decreasing 1 st. at each end every alternate row by knitting 2 tog. after the first and before the last st. When collar is 2 inches deep, k. 2 rows plain, and cast off on the wrong side. Sew pockets one on either side 8 inches from lower edge; sew on buttons.

Join side seams of skirt, leaving 4 inches open at left side for placket, sew placket to back opening of skirt, face opposite side with the matching silk, cut the petersham to fit waist and attach to skirt, sew on hooks and eyes and press studs. Press seams well.

Crochet Hat

SIX chain, join first round, 12 d.c. into ring of 6 chain. 2nd Round: 1 d.c. into back stitch of 1st round, 2 d.c. into next stitch, working into back of stitch to give ribbed effect, repeat to end of round. 3rd Round: 1 d.c. into back stitch of last round, repeat to end of round. 4th Round: Same as 2nd round. 5th Round (working into back of d.c. all the time): 1 d.c. into first 3 stitches, then 2 d.c. into next stitch, repeat to end of round.

6th Round: 1 d.c. into back of every stitch, repeat to end. 7th Round: Same as 5th round. Repeat this round twice. 9th Round: 1 d.c. into back of every stitch of last round. 10th Round: Same as 9th round. 11th Round: 1 d.c. into next 4 stitches, 2 d.c. into next stitch, repeat to end of round. 12th Round: 1 d.c. into first 4 stitches, 2 d.c. into next stitch, repeat to end of round. 13th Round: 1 d.c. into next 10 stitches, 2 d.c. into next stitch, repeat to end of round.

14th Round: 1 d.c. into next 15 stitches, 2 d.c. into next stitch, repeat to end of round. 15th Round: Repeat 14th round twice more. 16th Round: 1 d.c. into next 10 stitches, 2 d.c. into next stitch, repeat to end of round. 17th Round: Same as 16th round. 18th Round: 2 d.c. into next 8 stitches, 2 d.c. into next stitch, repeat to end of round. 19th Round: 1 d.c. into every stitch (no increase). 22nd Round: Repeat last round 4 times.

27th Round: Slip-stitch into back of next stitch, turn, and work back 60 d.c., working into both stitches of d.c., turn. 28th Round: 1 d.c. into last 60 d.c. just made, working into back of stitches as in previous rounds. Now continue to work 1 d.c. into next 12 stitches, then decrease (slipping hook through 2 next stitches and drawing through thread), decreasing once in every 12 stitches, repeat to end of round.

29th Round: 1 d.c. into next 10 stitches, then decrease one, repeat to end of round (1 decrease in every 10). 30th Round: 1 d.c. into every stitch of last round. 31st Round: Same as last round. 32nd Round: Turn and work 60 d.c. (same as in 27th round), making sure that ridge formed will be on right side of hat and just under the ridge in round 27. Slip-stitch into next stitch, turn. 33rd Round: 1 d.c. into every stitch of last round. 34th Round: Same as last round. 35th Round: 1 d.c. into next 14 stitches, then decrease (taking up 2 stitches and drawing thread through hook), repeat to end of round.

36th Round: Same as last round. 37th Round: Turn same as 27th round, working into both stitches—this forms the 3rd row of ribbing, and should be equal in length to the other 2 rows. 38th Round: Turn, 1 d.c. into every stitch of last round. 39th Round: Repeat last round 5 times.

This completes the crown of hat. The next round starts the brim of hat. 1st Round: 2 d.c. in next stitch, taking up both stitches of d.c., 1 d.c. into next stitch, 2 d.c. into next stitch, 1 d.c. into next stitch, 2 d.c. into next stitch, repeat from beginning of round, working into both stitches all round and for the whole of brim. 2nd Round: 1 d.c. into every stitch of last round, repeat this round 3 more times.

6th Round: 1 d.c. into next 14 stitches, decrease 1 stitch, then 1 d.c. into next 14 stitches, decrease 1 stitch, repeat to

SMART for town or country is this knitted wool suit with its matching hat—flaunting a tucked crown and fashionable quill. Made in kempy wool in that delightful shade of boat-blue flecked with white, it has the appearance, when knitted, of angora cloth.



end of round. 7th Round: 1 d.c. into every stitch of last row. 8th Round: 1 d.c. into next 10 stitches, decrease one stitch, 1 d.c. into next 10 stitches, decrease one stitch, repeat to end of round. 9th Round: Work 1 round of d.c. over fine wire. 10th Round: 1 d.c. into every stitch of last round. 11th Round: Repeat last round 3 times. 14th Round: 1 row of d.c. over fine wire. 15th Round

(last round): 1 d.c. into every stitch of last round.

PRESS with warm iron over a cloth on wrong side of hat, then with needle and wool make 3 small tucks, starting from top of crown to bottom of crown, and one tuck starting from side of hat, round the back, and towards the front side. Finish with quill to match.



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HOWT HOLBROOK says: "I have a variety of Olives called Small Quince. They are economical and tasty."

BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

OWING to the treachery of Gable Zane, Brick Bradford and June Salisbury, members of a party seeking Amaru, the City Beneath the Sea, are given up for lost. But Zane is in the hands of Inca Hasta, King of the Beetle Warriors, with whom Gable Zane is plotting to invade Amaru, while Brick is actually in the City Beneath the Sea. Mason, Bradford's Indian comrade, heir to Amaru's throne, tells Brick the tale of how the ancient city was founded. The first Inca, Pirua Manco, was born of the Sun. At the same time, in the very cavern in which Amaru now stands, was born a terrifying serpent, Amaru, Enemy of Man. Now continue:

THE CREATURE AMARU CONTINUES MANCO, "WREAKED GREAT HAVOC AMONG MEN - SLAYING MANY!"

PIRUA MANCO WAS ONE DAY WEEDING OVER THE SLAUGHTER OF HIS CHILDREN WHEN FLASHING FROM THE SKY THERE FELL THE SWORD OF VIRACOCOA.

THUS ARMED PIRUA ENGAGED AMARU IN A GREAT BATTLE OF TEN DAYS LENGTH - AT LAST SLAYING THE DEMON!

WITH DYING BREATH AMARU WHISPERED, "MIGHTY MAN, GUARD WELL MY CAVERN, FOR SOMEDAY IT WILL BE THE REFUGE OF THY CHILDREN!"

IN THIS TEMPLE SIT ALL THE INCAS OF THE PAST - FROM MANCO COME TO MY DIVINE GRANDFATHER, CHILI YUDANQUI!

WHAT WONDERFUL STATUES, MANCO! THESE ARE NOT STONE IMAGES - THEY ARE THE INCAS OF THE PAST!

BRICK AND MANCO PASS THROUGH THE HOUSE OF FAITH PAST THE SILENT SEATED FIGURES WHICH WERE THE GREAT KINGS OF LONG AGO AWAITING HERE THE PROMISE OF ETERNITY.

HERE SITS PACHACUTI, THE UNCONQUERABLE, FOUNDER OF PERU - GREATLY INCAS - THE GREATNESS OF ALL TIME!

AND HERE TOWARD MAYTA - COMMON ANCESTOR OF MY UNCLE THE KING, AND MASTA - THAT IS WHY MASTA CLAIMS AMARU'S THRONE!

BUT COME - IT GROWS LATE AND I WOULD SHOW YOU THE TREASURE HOUSE!

THE GREAT TREASURES OF PERU - WHICH THE SPANARDS FAILED TO FIND - ARE BEING BURNED HERE!

ALL GOOD SHEEP! ALL GOLD!

MY FRIEND THIS IS BUT ONE OF MANY SO!

TO BE CONTINUED

BAD SKIN HEADACHES BOILS and PIMPLES

—because CARLISTA, taken as a small dose every day cures Constipation, clears the intestinal tract of clogging poisons and thus purifies the blood.

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Beauty Sleep - EVERY NIGHT

THINGS THAT HAPPEN

Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

Locality of Curious Stones

IN answer to K.D.H.'s par published in this column (23/3/35) about the stones she has which are marked with Maltese crosses, I would like to say that my father has some similar stones. He brought them from South Australia about ten years ago. They are found in the Barrier country around Broken Hill, and in South Australia. The ones he has vary in width from one-eighth of an inch to over an inch, and some are an inch in diameter.—I.M.N.

Snake-bone Necklace

AN unusual home-made necklace was worn by a relative of mine when she returned home from a holiday on a farm in the Riverina. The necklace looked like coral, and to our surprise we learned that this necklace consisted of the backbone of a small snake. The snake had been killed and put on an antbed and left until only bones and skin remained. The bones were sterilised and dyed, and an ordinary small bead was threaded between each bone.—F.S.

Family Abode

A WOMAN I know is the pivot of a great game invented by her husband's relatives. They call it "Popping in on Maud," and it can be played by any number of players of the one family, with an occasional friend or so, and at any hour of the day or night. When she lived in town she was constantly aroused at eleven o'clock at night by one or two boys from the farm who, having been to the pictures, sought a bed, or continually fretted by sudden, unexpected visits of the feminine members of the family for a day or so in town. When she was transferred to the country she thought the game must lapse for want of a target or that, at least, she would be written to when any one of the large family needs a holiday: but—No! Although the train arrives at ten o'clock at night she has twice in three months found that some of the more playful ones have descended upon her... unannounced, and she wonders what will happen if one day she moves and forgets to give them her address.—J.F.K.

HOT BOLEROOKE says: "When appetite's in sorry plight, Bolero's flame will put it right." The World's appetite-getter.

MUMMY - HAVE YOU READ THIS?

Here's a real Mother's book, written by people who do understand babies. All about weaning and other difficult problems.



We shall be glad to send you a copy free on receipt of your name and address.

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THE main purpose and endeavour of active educational effort must necessarily be the training and equipping of youth to face and successfully surmount the trials and problems of life.

In all things, a habit commenced in childhood, while the mind and individuality are plastic, is far more likely to prove lasting than when begun later in life.

It was with a full conception of at least one great purpose in the pursuit of knowledge that the Commonwealth Savings Bank planned its service to apply as directly for the benefit of children as for adults. The depositing of regular weekly sums in a Savings Bank account is a practical and logical illustration of the thrift lesson, and the Commonwealth Savings Bank has extended its facilities throughout all Australia to make that lesson easy and valuable.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia
(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)

CHILDREN'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
PAL CONNIE

My Dear Pals

If you look at any of the little silver articles you will see on it somewhere what is called the hall-mark. This consists actually of five marks which are as follows—

The maker's initials; the standard mark; the assay of the company; a letter, set by the company, and changed every year; the head of the sovereign.

The standard mark is the lion, and the following are the assay of the companies—

London: leopard's head; Birmingham: anchor; Chester: wheel between three castles; Newcastle-on-Tyne: three castles; Sheffield: crown; York: cross and four lions; Exeter: castle with three towers.

Now, Pals, next time you see such a little silver article you should be able to tell whether it was made in England or not. The best letter for the week came from KATHLEEN FITZGERALD (10), Morri, Wallangarra, via Inverell, and Kathleen's was the prize of \$5.

Good-bye, Pals, until next week.

Yours truly,
PAL CONNIE.

MARTIN: What is a snigger?
Boy: A snigger is a snigger, sir.
Martin: We all know that. But if I were a full grown ludder, break my neck, then get a snigger, what would that be?
Boy: That would be an accident.
Martin: But if I were to do it a second time?
Boy: That would be a snigger.
Martin: But if I were to do it a third time?
Boy: That would be a snigger.
Yours truly to GEORGE F. JAMES, Curry Flat, Chesham, N.S.W.

Every SCHOOL CHILD RUNS THE RISK... INFECTION!



When they wash their hands with Lifebuoy Soap, they wash away germs too.

HANDS WASHED WITH LIFEBOUY CAN'T CARRY INFECTION



WHEN HEALTH SOAP

NO LONGER BLOODLESS

Now Full of Vitality

A young girl should be bright and full of energy, with the pink flush of health on her cheeks. She should not be tired and wan, and always looking limp and unhappy. She should be full of vitality, with zest for her work, sunshine in her eyes, and the joy of living in her soul.

A girl who is pale and bloodless, dull-looking, and anemic, will improve wonderfully under the influence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because these pills will help to give her new, rich blood. She will gain in vitality and attractiveness, grow healthy and jolly, get rid of all her languor and lassitude.

One who has proved this is Miss B.D. of Bundaberg, Q. She says: "For years I had very poor blood and no colour at all in my face. I was distressed with headaches, back-aches, and shortness of breath. My mother advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and now, after a short course, I am stronger, have plenty of energy, and the pink has vanished. I have colour in my cheeks, and my health is splendid."

You, too, can join the throng of happy, rosy-cheeked women by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams'" and take no other.

Just Chatter

DORIS MacBEAN, of Chindora, writes good verse; BARBARA HICKS, of Clare (S.A.), is fond of writing stories; ALLAN FORSYTHE, of Rockhampton (Qld.), will be fourteen years of age on the last day in June; JANET CULLEN, of Hobart (Tas.), is a keen tennis and hockey player.

SYDNEY SHEPHERD, of Canby Vale (N.S.W.), is fond of painting, singing, dancing, and reading interesting books; MORRIS FEAR, of Pines (N.S.W.), walks one mile to school every day.

PETE HOLLY, of Adelaide (S.A.), is fond of singing; MYRTLE OTTERY, of Croydon (S.W.), lives 11 miles from Sydney; MURIEL GORMAN, of Bendigo (Vic.), recently visited Melbourne; JOHN MILLER, of Melbourne Hill (N.S.W.), is fond of drawing; DORIS MacBEAN, of Chindora (N.S.W.), always reads our popular weekly; JOAN QUINN, of Burdett (N.S.W.), does clever sketches.

EDNA RALPH, of Newcastle (N.S.W.), recently visited Glen Innes; BILL CONNELLY, of Milburn (Vic.), is fond of reading, writing, playing games, and football; WINNIE TOWNSEND, of Bundaberg (Qld.), is a very good singer; DOROTHY CULLIFORD, of Flemington (N.S.W.), has recovered from her recent illness; KATHLEEN FITZGERALD, of Wallangarra (N.S.W.), is a keen tennis and hockey player; BERYL MACE, of Avalon Beach (N.S.W.), should always be black Indian ink for sketches; DEBBIE STEVENSON, of Coober Pedy (S.A.), is fond of painting; JESSIE WASON, of Goomeri, writes an interesting letter; WILLIAM REED, of Bundaberg (Qld.), is fourteen years of age; JANET TIBBING, of Adelaide, has a big dog for her pet.



A JOLLY RIDE. Prize of \$5 to Stan Brumham, 32 Robert St., Wollongong, N.S.W. for this original sketch in black and white.

MARTIN: And what do you want to be when you grow up, Tom Smith?
Tom: Well, sir, after I have been a great actor to please Mother, and a famous Judge to please Father, I'm going to be an engineer.

Prize Card to ELVA GORDON, 20 2nd Avenue, Aberdeen, S.A.



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

It is very odd," said Wunderlust, as his eyes scanned the columns of the evening paper. "Every one of these mail robberies has been committed on the same day as the mail arrives from Jilimba."

Fred looked curiously at him. "Ha, I haven't taken much notice of the 'suburbia'. I leave them for the police to ponder over."

"Yes, that is a good idea. It saves a lot of worry," replied Wunderlust, changing the conversation.

Next day, the same day as the arrival of the mail from Jilimba, another robbery was added to the previous half-dozen.

"Wunderlust," said Fred solemnly, "I can't help thinking that you were right, last night when you said there was something very odd about these robberies. Why is it that any letter without the Jilimba post mark are returned to the post office?"

"Well, if you must know, I was present at last night's robbery."

"What?" spluttered Fred.

"Yes," went on Wunderlust, "I was there. You see, I am a friend of the police, and being a bit of a Sherlock Holmes always did appeal to me, so last night I drove to Jilimba with six hairy policemen. We boarded the train and hid next to the guard's compartment. No sooner had the train left Jilimba than two armed bandits entered the train and demanded the mailbag."

"The policemen immediately setted them and bound them securely."

"AND then you asked them why they robbed?" asked Fred, just as any boy would ask.

"Yes, we certainly did. And, sure, but then things became more complicated. For they did not know why. They were paid handsomely for their work on condition that they asked no questions. Best time they robbed they delivered the mailbag straight away to a man at Moorbrook Grove."

"When they were there was no sign of escape, they told us where to find this very man."

"We hurried to the place described, and found our man."

"Of course he was a dreadful criminal," said Fred.

"No, Fred," said the kindly Wunderlust, "we thought he would be, but he was not. He was a poor, dejected old man. Not poor in the way of money, but just very unfortunate."

"But what did he want with the mailbag?" asked Fred.

"Well, it appears that he had a fierce quarrel with his only son, who was later killed in the war. Of course he did not know his son was killed, and he thinks he is alive still. As Jilimba was the last place his son had written from, the old man decided that he must either be living there or at Moorbrook Grove, where he had had business interests. But he never found his son, so at last he thought of a way in which to see all the letters that arrived from Jilimba to see if he could distinguish his son's handwriting among them. So that was the cause of all the railway robberies."

VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 5

HAVING settled the destiny of the castaways to his satisfaction, Buzacott, hands hanging loose and legs apart—as if he felt himself once more on the deck of a smart ship, wearing the blue and gold of the chief mate—addressed the crew of the whaleboat.

"Nobody minds your coming ashore to wood and water," he said. "But if you raise any row, out you go. And you'll have to see the Reverend Robinson about his passage to the Fiji, or somewhere else handy."

"Parson!" said the man with the handkerchief round his head. He spat over the gunwale of the boat. "How many of them are there besides the blanky parson?"

"About six. You'll be well paid; our company, that lost the Philippi, will hand over full passage money for all, and any loss you may incur by reason of—"

"Philippi! They said she was lost with all hands, somewhere unknown."

"Pretty near correct. All but eight. As nasty a wreck as ever I had anything to do with and I hope I'll never have to do with any again."

"There's nothing but wrecks," snarled spoke the man at the tiller. "As had a year for them as ever—Here, we're coming ashore; I suppose no one minds us stayin' a few hours to stretch our legs?"

"Not if you behave yourselves," Charles and Buzacott, almost together said.

"We'll be as mild as a party of Sunday school boys out on a treat with the guv'nor," Billy Hayes' lieutenant declared. "We've had our bellyful of trouble, and don't want any more." He balanced on the bow of the boat, and jumped. "Let's have a bit of fruit to sweeten our bellies with first," he said, and he'll say for it with newspapers; "I got a bundle of 'em, not the latest, but I reckon a lot later than any you'll have seen on the island." He giggled at his own joke.

SOME of the younger men, taking courage, had gathered round. "Come and we'll give you fruit," they said. "Vainamu people not bad people; the Good Book tell them to love their enemies, do good to them what despitely use them. You can have all the bananas you want; we'll heap them like coals of fire upon your heads."

"Faint," the steersman laughed. "Come on, boys." He tossed his newspapers to Buzacott, and headed a little procession towards the gardens. "If we've got to take your parson and his lot, we've got to," he said, turning back for a moment. "But tell them we aren't going to let off these reefs one moment after four bells to-morrow morning."

By this time Robinson had seen the ship and hurried to the beach. "What's happened?" he demanded. "What is she? When will she sail again? To think that such an event—but I was occupied. I was seeing the remains of that unfortunate young man (even Christian burial—to think that it should have passed unnoticed, after these weeks and weeks of anxiety on our part! We should be on our knees giving thanks to Heaven."

"On your knees packing up, more like," Buzacott told him. "These jokers say they won't stop beyond six in the morning. And seeing what the reefs are, I don't blame 'em."

"What is she?"

"She is," said Buzacott coolly, "the new-ship belonging to Billy Hayes. Or rather, that did belong to him, since he's gone where he ought to 'a gone long before. He was killed by his cook, and the crew seem inclined to behave themselves; I lay it was Hayes put them up to all the devilment that was going, and when he went to join the devil his father—"

"Your language," Mr. Robinson said, "is profane, but I gather what you mean. You think it would be safe for my daughters and myself—and Lady Gilliland—he spoke the name clearly, out with the slightest possible hesitation—" to travel back to civilisation on board?"

"On aye, safe enough. I reckon Chalmers'll be with you, too."

Robinson passed that over. "And you?"

Buzacott had made up his mind. "I'll be staying where I am. There isn't a better place in the world than this, so far as I know it—and I know most of the world—for a man who's not as young as he was and is getting the longing on him for a house to sit in at an evening, instead of a ship's cabin; and his nights in laugh-

ing at the sound of the wind when it gets up outside; and a bit of green to grow about him, and his own master, all the time; no Company, no Old Man, no blanky passengers—excuse me, sir!—and shore tucker, as much as he wants, and a bit of tobacco, and a sup of drink. No cold winters—we get enough of that in the Western Ocean, and down the Roarin' Forties, and the Bay in January. Ah, it's like heaven to a sailor-man, is a place like Vainamu, and as to the natives, lordy, you could learn them in no time to behave themselves; especially if you've had the habit of handling crews. Yes, I'll stay." He broke off, in spite of eloquence, he knew that he had missed the heart and keystone of it all and that Robinson knew it as well as he.

"You would want—money," said James Robinson, thinking of something else all the time.

"Aye. But there's money—when one needs it. Pearls. Not a great fishery. I think, but enough to keep one in pretty good comfort. I'd be all right."

Robinson held out his hand. "I wish you were going with us," he said, wringing the hard brown fingers of the sailor. "I wish—almost—"

and there he stopped. "I must go and see Eleanor," he finished.

"How is she?"

"Much calmer. She seems stunned, poor child, and no wonder, after a succession of such appalling events. It will be many a day before we see her look like her bright self again. Perhaps the change of scene—the sight of a new country—will do good."

"If you're going to get away by the brig, you'll have to get a move on. They won't wait."

James Robinson, for a moment, stood still, looking about him.

"No fairer scene," he said, as if to himself. "No fairer scene. Only man is vile. Yet with care and kindness—well, duty lies elsewhere."

"How's the old gentleman in the nightdress?" Buzacott asked.

"You mean the Pastor? I haven't seen anything of him since the frightful incident—the warnings we all—"

Please turn to Page 58



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Whatever the shape of your mouth, Michel will make it lovelier, fresher, more tempting. For Michel outlines your lips with glowing, vivid color, keeps them soft and appealing. Michel lipstick is truly indefinite—it lasts for hours, and holds its delicate perfume to the last.

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Quarter-hour sessions, presenting famous singers in their most popular songs. Watch for your favourite singers.

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Songs of the Past, interpreted by John Faivre, the blind cellist, Dixie Marsh, and George Nixon, the Dream Singer.

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Little dramas of travel, presented by Edmund Breeze, with the music of other lands as background.

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The songs the people sing in the homelands, touching responsive chords in the hearts of all of us.

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BEST DANCE BANDS

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HOT HOLBROOK SAYS: No SUEAT is needed in brewing my MUGGIE. I call it Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar. ***

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CLIP THIS COUPON
(...if you're free from
Constipation!)

If your health is ALWAYS one hundred per cent. . . if you are NEVER "off colour", or below par . . . you are the one reader of this paper who has no need to sample Nyal FIGSEN. You can forget this coupon. But if you are one of the tens of thousands who realise that constipation is the root cause of the majority of physical ills—if there are frequent times in your life when nature needs aid, then you will welcome the relief and health that Nyal FIGSEN brings. Nyal FIGSEN is the one non-habit-forming laxative that does not purge or grip. Its action is sure—but gentle and natural. It is pleasant to take, yet it never fails. Why not allow this coupon to bring you a sample? A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

NYAL
FIGSEN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal FIGSEN to The Nyal Company, 431N, Globe Pl. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 57

"WARNING, my eye! Seremy was makin' a lightning conductor of himself, and got what he deserved. That was a decent young chap he outed, too, worth ten of him. What I was asking you about the Pastor for was because he's sick. I think I saw him being helped to his house by two or three of the young ones, hardly able to stand on his pins."

"I hadn't heard. I will make a point of seeing him before we leave. Addie, my love" (for Charles and Adeline, drifting about together, had come within call. "Addie, your duty lies with your sister; go and comfort her—and help her to pack up her clothes."

"Yes, Papa," Addie meekly answered, and tripped away. Charles, a big, discontented-looking figure, passed restlessly up and down. He had not improved in looks during these last weeks of anxiety and fear; his skin was dull, his eyes heavy; the golden moustache that had been his pride, the golden whiskers, dropped, lifeless and untrimmed. He stooped a little, straggling aimlessly about with his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed on the sea that had done him nothing but ill turns so far, that would to-morrow take him away again, hopeless, unhappy as he had come.

"It's not good enough," was his unspoken thought. What "it" was, he did not try to define. Suddenly, he turned on his heel, walked briskly away, with something of his old military smartness in his stride, and disappeared.

"Now I wonder," thought the sailor, "where he's going—or rather maybe I don't."

EVERYONE seemed to have forgotten about the treasure carelessly flung ashore by the steersman of the Loomer's boat—the bundle of newspapers. "If no one wants it, and seeing I've nothing to pack because I'm not going," Buzacott thought, "I might as well get hold of these and see what they say about the wreck. They won't mention, though," he thought, "about there not being boats enough; they never do. Too many advertisements from the Companies, there are, for newspapers to go again them."

Seated under a mango-tree, he looked for the latest news, and at first was deeply disappointed to find no mention of the Philippi in any of the papers that the brig had brought. "But it would be a day or so before," he reflected. "They're likely forgotten all about it now, except the underwriters. And not a word about boats, I'll say."

He turned over the pages, and fell, with horrified interest, upon the report of another wreck; one which had sent a wave of dismay through all the English world, made widows, widowers and orphans in a hundred homes, and left behind it a tale of simple bravery that was to be remembered as long as ships should last upon the sea.

There too the boats had been few, compared with the number of those who should have escaped in them. Buzacott, with a professional eye, read through the report; noted each incident, and swore a little over one or two. Then he turned to the list of the lost.

Five minutes later he was on his

feet, running hard towards the beach. He noticed, as he ran, that there seemed to be a good deal of excitement among the islanders, but he himself was conscious of so much disturbance, that it seemed only natural that others, too, should be moved. Wondering with half his mind "what they were up to now," he ran on. He wanted to find Charles.

He found him: Addie and Charles together (if Eleanor wanted consolation in her sorrow, or help with her packing, she had certainly not received either). Addie and Charles, alone in a quiet place near the shore, face to face and talking earnestly. So earnestly, indeed, that they did not hear him approach, and, without intention, he was obliged to play the eavesdropper.

"Addie, you can't waste our whole lives," Charles was saying. "We're wasted enough. Do you love your father best, or me?"

"Oh, you, a hundred times! More than all the fathers in the world."

"Then do as I say. Stay here. Stay with me. We're out of the world"—he could not keep back a small sigh, at that—"away from everyone we ever knew. We can be happy enough here. If you go away he'll separate us, somehow. I've thrown away all my life for you, and if you aren't even going to pick it up—Addie—darling—"

Nobody was ever to know what Adeline had intended to answer. Adeline herself, in a very short time, was quite convinced, and always remained convinced, that she had been going to say "No." Charles was equally sure of the opposite. Buzacott, years after, told his wife that he had heard a word from Addie that practically settled the matter; but he would never tell what that word was.

As soon as possible, he broke in upon the conversation.

"I've news for ye, Chaine," he said abruptly. "And news for you, too, Miss Addie. About Mrs. Chaine."

"What," said Charles, turning pale, "did she—"

"She died," Buzacott answered.

"I always thought she would," Charles said, nervously. "I—I was somehow sure she'd come after. She—she isn't on the brig?"

"No Chaine. She isn't on the brig. She left a few weeks ago, for Sydney, by the steamer London."

Charles said: "She'll be there by now. There's no escaping her. There never was. Addie, for heaven's sake, don't let it—don't—"

"Hold on," the sailor intervened. "You don't know the whole of it, and as I reckon there's no call to break the news easy—why, Chaine, the London sank with practically all hands, in the Bay of Biscay, and your wife wasn't among them that was saved."

Dead silence followed. All her life after Addie was to remember that moment; the wooden rattling of a locust in a tree overhead; the sound of the tide, as it struck cool hands against the coral boulders, down below; the noise, far off, of talking, laughing, running about. . . . What were the Vainamu people doing?

Then she was looking at the back of Buzacott's head, distance off, going further and further away. And she knew that he had left them alone with their wonderful news.

"I can't believe it," Addie said, with a gasp. She felt as if someone had thrown a bucket of water in her face. She felt as if she had been travelling for a long time in a train that roared and rattled and had suddenly been set down upon a quiet country platform, with the summer wind lightly touching her cheeks, and only silence and the scent of May about her. She felt—

When she burst into hysterical tears, Charles was not at all alarmed. That sort of thing was understood to be "pretty funny" way. He armed her to a seat, flapped his handkerchief, and said "There, there," in the most approved manner.

Adeline "there-there'd," within a reasonable time. But she sat for a while with her hands before her face, until besought by Charles to "look up, look up, my love," and then, appearances saved, she did look up, and spoke to some purpose:

"We can be married as soon as we like."

CHARLES braced himself. He loved Adeline most sincerely; he had given up home and friends for her sake, and was even prepared to give up, indefinitely, his country. He was not deeply grieved that Carrie was dead, although he could have wished her a pleasant ending. "Poor Car," he thought, "hard on her; she would have liked a nice bed and a doctor and a Gump in a cap and apron; pity she couldn't have had them." He decided that he would by and by begin to feel very sorry about Car.

But now the immediate and actual necessity of asking Adeline to "name the day" overbore him, and it was not easy.

To be concluded

HUGH HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the sauce of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetizer.***

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WINTER SPORT has Big PROGRAMME

Many Eyes on Joan Hartigan in English Games

By RUTH PREDDY

With winter sport coming to the fore in Australia, in rest centres on a number of important fixtures soon to be decided.

The eyes of sportswomen will be turning also to England, where our leading woman player, Joan Hartigan, has already taken into action with a fine win in the North of England tennis tournament.

For The Australian Women's Weekly readers, Miss Hartigan will shortly be sending articles from that Mecca of all tennis players, Wimbledon.

MISS HARTIGAN will take part in other tournaments for to Wimbledon, and her efforts on English and Australian courts (including our Davis Cup team) are eagerly awaited. Having won her way to the Wimbledon semi-finals last year, she is expected to do even better this time.

It is also anticipated that Australia



HELEN WILLS-MOODY, America's world star, who may be seen on Australian courts at the end of this year.

will have an opportunity of seeing the renowned Helen Wills-Moody, and Helen looks here at the end of the year. An invitation has been sent them, and it is hoped they will accept.

For sportswomen who remain at home,

there will be many attractions in the winter months.

The Pacific Hockey Tournament is to take place in Melbourne in July. This tournament will be unique in many ways. A team of players from New Zealand and another from the Fiji Association will be present to play in matches against the States and Australia.

At the same time in Melbourne will be hockey teams from all the Australian States, besides many other hockey teams that are making the trip in a private capacity.

The associates are all practising hard to improve their golf. Some continued with their practice right throughout the summer.

The golfers are unique in the annals of individual sports players, inasmuch as there appears to be so many players in the front ranks of the game that it would almost be impossible to anticipate the Australian team.

State associations are busy and working hard to improve the financial position of their Internationals' Fund.

Mrs. Clive Robinson is the present champion of Australia, and last year captained the Australian team on its visit to New Zealand.

Besides these international matches, there will be the interstate basketball matches in Tasmania and the interstate baseball matches in Melbourne.

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MRS. H. LATIMER, wife of the Mayor of Wollabarra (on right), striking the first ball at the opening of the new lawns of the Sydney Croquet Club; also Mrs. H. P. Rogers, secretary of the club.

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TOKEN 1

BOY Tennis CHAMPION English Star Praises Bromwich!

From Our Special Representative, Muriel Segal.

Dorothy Round, Nancy Lyle, and Evelyn Dearman have all returned to England and their respective homes this week, the first in April.

UNHAPPILY, Miss Lyle's mother, Lady Lyle, has been so ill that Nancy hurried back from Egypt so that she could meet her parents on their return from South Africa.

They are all at Brighton now and Sir Leonard reports that his wife is fortunately progressing so well that Nancy will be able to join the British team for the Italian Championships with no qualms at leaving her mother.

Dorothy Round received a warm welcome, but shunned overmuch limelight, with her usual modesty. She said, "In John Bromwich, Australia has a player whose skill is incredible and who is likely to become a Wimbledon champion."

Miss Round has returned to her Birmingham home for a few days' spell with her family before setting out to win further tennis battles.

John Bromwich is a Sydney lad, 19 years of age, who, until last season, was unknown in first-class tennis.

GIRL Cricketers TELL ENGLAND

"Good Sports" in Australia

From Our London Office—By Air Mail

Happy and victorious, the bronzed girl cricketers returned to England after a six months' tour of Australia and New Zealand, in course of which they did not sustain a defeat.

AN officer of the Rotorua, the ship in which the team returned, told me that the girls had helped to paint the ship, wash down the decks, and sew canvas, "as if they were members of the crew."

Talking about their tour, Betty Archdale, the captain, said: "The Australian girls did not have as much experience of cricket as our team, but some of them played promisingly. Their bowling and their fielding are better than their batting, which isn't aggressive enough for us."

Miss H. E. Green, the team's manager, said: "Cricketing controversy did not crop up in our case, although we had some bickering from the crowds. But it was humorous, and we enjoyed it. We found the Australians and New Zealanders great sports."

"The greatest fun of all, I think, was the kangaroo hunting. We chased them in motor cars over rough country, and it was rather like speed-boating only

with more bumps. Then, at Wainema, in New Zealand, a dam burst. We found the place at which we were to stay 4 feet under water. Still, we managed it, and it was rather fun."

Seven members of the team go back to their work as games mistresses at schools. But Miss Taylor, who was a secretary, cannot get back her post, which has been filled, and is looking for a job. She wants to be a professional cricketer, but fears there is no opening for women in that line as yet.

They are all £95 the poorer for the round trip, apart from petty expenses, but they all agree the trip was well worth it for enjoyment and experience gained.

"Cue to Blush"

THE English cricket writer, Cedric Belfrage, has this to say of the team in the London "Daily Express":

"Eleven sturdy, bronzed British maids with eleven bats came back to London last night. For half a year they have swept Australia and New Zealand turf with their bats, and they have made it clear that a British cricketer is better than any of your down-under bat-and-ball dames."

The female "Test" team comes back to us with fifteen matches in the bag out of twenty-one played in Australia. Four were drawn, two abandoned. It's the cue for our male cricketers to blush a lovely crimson.

That cricket is not just a man's work in life was demonstrated by such stars as Betty Snowball, conceded by all in Australia to be a veritable whiz with a wand of willow.

The cricketers, whose average age is about twenty-four, are all unmarried, and, though several are comely to look upon, none lost a heart while away. Counting in manager Miss Green, seven of the dozen work as teachers; two as secretaries; one is at an agricultural college; one is an art student; one studies to be a barrister.

All managed to get leave of absence for the six months except the dark-haired beauty of the troupe, Miss M. I. Taylor. The Wimbledon firm for which she secretaried couldn't keep her too

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The Chains of Yesterday

By E. M. BAILY

CHAPTER I



A SOFT breeze whispering through the shrubs of the garden; the murmur of a mountain stream; the thin new moon which hung like a crescent of silver above the dark skyline of the mountains; the lilting strains of the "Blue Danube" waltz floating from the house . . . a night for romance and love!

Dr. Raynor thrilled to the soft beauty of it all. Was Phyl feeling the lure of it as he was? Did it seem to her, too, that all this beauty was made just for them . . . and for love? A Garden of Eden in which they belonged to each other?

A Garden of Eden! The thought brought others. That first garden had contained a serpent. Must there always be the serpent? Dare he tell Phyl what he was feeling without telling her that other story? Was it fair to drift on into this intimacy without telling her? . . . And yet—how could he bring himself to tell her? . . . To see the light of admiration dimmed in those soft brown eyes; to feel the aversion in her face as she looked at him! . . . But would Phyl take it that way? . . . Would she not understand and excuse? . . . Would she?

It wasn't a pleasant story; and, for a moment, he felt an overpowering urge to hide it. What good could it do? Why not remain silent? Why cloud the present and the future with the dismal smoke of by-gone failure?

His gaze bent to the girl beside him—her straight, strong figure, her shapely head and clear eyes, her firm generous lips and wide brow—sincerity, purpose, character. No one couldn't begin life with a girl like Phyl Howarth without making a clean breast of everything. Not that she would demand it; but her very honesty would condemn a man and rob him of his own self-respect. She had such a way of facing up to life—that was what he admired so much; she was so straight and dependable. . . . and yet so sweet and lovable.

HE looked toward the house—solid structure of stone; symbol of the character that had built it. . . . And back here, the towering wall of the Dividing Range—an admirable setting for a man like Donald Howarth, a man who towered like the hills he had conquered, a leader and a builder. And Phyl—a daughter worthy of such a father.

She turned toward him now with a question in her eyes.

"You are very thoughtful Doctor." Her voice was low and musical—a perfect blend, her companion thought, with the mystic romance of the tranquil night. The artist in his soul thrilled to the depth and richness of it.

"I was thinking," he said slowly, "of the years I wasted before I met you—the past . . . and then the present. It's a year now since I came to Merriwonga—a glorious year!"

She thrilled to the tender note in his voice. Her own voice was a little unsteady as she replied.

"Yes, you had just arrived when father

broke his leg; and I went in to Merriwonga to bring you out."

"I'll never forget it—seems like yesterday."

He looked down at her. Even in the half darkness he could see the outline of her face, vivid and strong—a splendid girl!

The music had stopped, and only the low hum of voices floated out to the garden. To the doctor, they two seemed apart from the rest of the gay revellers at the dance—alone in the silence. What better time than this to tell her? . . . And, perhaps, after she had heard the story, she might listen to another story.

His hand was on her arm; he bent a little nearer.

"Phyl, I feel I want to talk to you—to tell you about myself . . . and things that happened—"

From the end of the verandah, a voice cut through the silence of the garden.

"Doctor! . . . Doctor Raynor!"

He straightened up, and, with an exclamation of annoyance, turned toward the house.

"Hello!"

"A phone call for you, Doc."

The owner of the voice stood outlined in the light streaming from the open door behind him, his face directly under one of the lanterns with which the verandah was illuminated.

The sight of his tall figure and handsome features gave the doctor a queer feeling of jealousy. Bob Davis was such an old friend of the Howarths, too!

"It's from Fern Brae," Davis explained as they came nearer. "Mrs. Perry. They want you as soon as you can possibly get there."

Raynor turned to Phyl.

"A doctor's life is a dog's life," he murmured in a low voice. "Why, he doesn't have time to make love decently. Why couldn't Mrs. Perry have waited till to-morrow?"

Phyl laughed softly, yet there was an undertone of regret in her laugh.

"Never mind, I'm going back into town to stay with Netta. I'll be seeing you in there."

He brightened up.

"That's wonderful! To-morrow? Then I'll be able to talk to you in there."

"Still, it's a shame having to run away only half-way through our annual dance."

"Worse still to go when only a quarter way through our delightful talk. . . . Still, there's to-morrow."

But, somehow, as he climbed into his car, a sense of doubt clouded his optimism. To-morrow? Could one ever be sure of to-morrow? It had a way of upsetting all one's calculations.

He smiled at himself. Absurd! He must be growing superstitious. To-morrow would not disappoint him. And Phyl? . . . She would be in town. If not to-morrow, he would see her the next day at the bazaar.

PHYL walked up the steps to Bob's side. He was smiling.

"Shall we dance?"

Bob was a marvellous dancer; yet Phyl felt the music had gone out of her feet and the thrill out of the night. The whole thing had suddenly gone flat; and she felt nothing but relief when, soon after midnight, they all joined in "Auld Lang Syne," and began to disperse.

She looked around the big dining-room,

which, for the night, had been converted into a ballroom. The decorations had wilted, and the room looked desolate; empty and bedraggled. Still, it had been a good dance, she reflected, with a sense of satisfaction. Quite profitable, too, for the projected school of arts.

Her thoughts, however, were following the doctor. What had he been going to say when the phone call came? They would meet again in a few days, and he would tell her. Yet she couldn't help feeling a regret at the interruption. Who couldn't that call have come ten minutes later? One hated to see an opportunity snatched away like that. There was always uncertainty about to-morrow.

She laughed at herself as she made for her own room. How silly! . . . was love always so impatient. Love didn't die like a flickering match clumsily handled; it was a fire that resisted all efforts to quench it. . . . He would tell her. . . . Yet there was something that troubled her—some shadow in his voice as he spoke of the years gone by. Whatever it was, she thought as she lay down and closed her eyes, love would conquer it.

"I know he loves me," she murmured. "And that's all that matters. Nothing can keep us apart."

When she awoke, the patch of sunlight streaming through the window warned her it was not early. She pulled the window blinds up and gazed out over the panorama of hills and valleys descending steeply eastward till they suddenly fell in a final drop to the coast. The brilliant sunshine flooded the slopes and folds with an entrancing beauty.

Phyl caught the glow of the sunshine. The velvet-green hills were smiling. She caught her breath sharply; it was good to be alive.

She sang as she dressed. And as she came out, her sister glanced a little anxiously at her glowing face. Netta's mind went back to the evening before. Phyl was in love with Dr. Raynor. Had he said anything last night?

"You don't seem any the worse for a night's dissipation, Phyl. I feel like a wrung-out rag this morning. I'm not used to late nights."

"Oh, you've slipped badly since you've married into the police force, Netta. Jim ought to be ashamed of himself, keeping you shut up the way he does."

Sergeant Weston turned a grinning face to his sister-in-law.

"Well, I like that! Wait till you get tied up to that sawbones. You'll never know where he is half the time. Doctors can always trick their wives. He can always have convenient patients."

Phyl looked at his big frame and round grinning face with the light of battle in her eyes.

"Why any criminal should ever be frightened of you with that everlasting grin on your face, I can't make out, Jim Weston. I guess the heads knew this was about the most law-abiding district in Australia when they sent you here."

He laughed loudly, and Phyl could not help but join in. She was very fond of her big, cheerful brother-in-law. He was a man who made many friends, and, for a policeman, few enemies. Sandy McGregor, at the Plateau View Hotel, used to say it would be a pleasure to be "pinched" by Sergeant Weston—he always looked so

blamed cheerful about it. But, by the care Sandy took to have his bar closed and jollifiers off the premises by six, he didn't seem anxious to taste the pleasure. For a man with so much smile, the sergeant had particularly sharp eyes. There was little hope of making those eyes look the other way with a few glasses of the best either, for Weston had no use for Sandy's wares—a fact Sandy discovered with a good deal of surprise. Rather a contrast to the last one they had.

Those sharp, merry eyes were on Phyl now. Jim was just as fond of Phyl as she was of him. There was approval in his eyes.

"By the sound of things, life must be agreeing with you."

"Sure, it is, Mr. Sergeant. How could it disagree with anyone on a morning like this?"

The door opened, and Phyl's father came in. Donald Howarth was a man of sturdy build. In his handsome face and humorous brown eyes he bore a strong resemblance to his daughter. He walked with the gait of a man who had been reared in the saddle.

"Hello, Father!" Phyl called. "How do you feel after all the safety of last night? I saw you dancing with all those flappers. I can see I'll have to watch you."

His eyes twinkled merrily.

"Then you'll need to spend a lot less time watching someone else."

SHE blushed a little.

"I've got two eyes, Father."

"But they both seem to look in one direction. Anyway, aren't you going to run off and leave me to-day? And nothing in the world to stop any little flapper from running off with me."

"Oh, don't get that idea into your head, Daddy. Mrs. Bloddy. I'm sure she'd freeze any flapper right off the place if she thought they had designs on the master of the house. You'll be all right, Daddy. She knows your taste in sauce and puddings, and just how strong you like your tea. As long as a man's well fed—"

"Ah well, I suppose I'll survive. You'll have a nice day."

"Yes, I hope it lasts till the affair is over to-morrow night."

"The affair" was a bazaar being held for the school of arts scheme.

"You can't trust the weather at this time of the year. It may be as clear and bright as heaven itself, and in half an hour nothing but wind and rain; just like a woman's temper—smiles one minute and storms the next. Are you taking your own car?"

"Rather! Think I'm going to be left stranded in Merriwonga while that great, fat policeman over there goes chasing a murderer or a brigand away down the coast or into the mountains, or wherever they hide in this wild country?"

Jim Weston grinned at the idea.

"Why, business is so slack up here I've got to cut my own wood. I can't even catch a two-up player. If it wasn't for Sandy's pub, I'd be clean out of a job. I do have to run old Barney Lennon in for trying to carry more of Sandy's freight than he's built for."

"And it wouldn't surprise me, Jim," Howarth warned, "if you have that job again in the very near future. Barney's been out cutting posts on my back boundary, and he's gone to town with quite a decent cheque in his pocket."

"Gee! Father, why didn't you tell me he was going in? I'd have sent him a special invitation to come to the bazaar to-morrow. Sandy McGregor would get it all then."

"No, by crickey, he wouldn't. I reckon you women at a bazaar are as big a lot of rocks as any dozen publicans you could pick up in the country."

"Oh, Father! I'm sure if we got all his cheque, Jim wouldn't have to run him in.

He wouldn't get the D.T.'s, and be seeing snakes on what we sell him."

"Well, that'd be pretty tame for Barney; he'd have nothing to remember but regrets."

Weston laughed.

"Last time he broke loose, we had to take him to the matron for treatment. Poor Barney thought it was the end of him. She threatened him, if he got on the bust again and she got hold of him, she'd put him on the operating table and take the thirsty part of his stomach out. Scared the life out of poor Barney. I wouldn't be surprised if he tries mighty hard to give Sandy the go-by."

"Then there's hope for the bazaar," Phyl laughed. "But I think it's a jolly shame, all the same."

"I reckon it's a great idea. She scared him a lot more than the lock-up does."

"But I don't know how you've got the heart to lock him up. He's such a delightful likable old sinner."

"Phyl Howarth, I'm surprised at you! The daughter of a Justice of the Peace encouraging a man to be drunk and disorderly! Matron doesn't believe in such softness. Poor old Barney feels queer every time he thinks about it. 'Them' hospitals—yer never know what they'd be after doin' with a man when they git yer there. 'Ow can they tell jist where ter put all yer innards back in their right places agin?' He was thinking of the chap who tried to fix Mrs. McGregor's sewing machine; had a lot of pieces over when he got it together again. Of course, the thought of the doctor consoles Barney a good deal. Barney thinks a man wouldn't take such a mean advantage; but a woman's not to be trusted."

It was twenty miles from Wallarimbah into Merriwonga, and down grade practically all the way. One of the delights of Phyl's life was to motor leisurely down the long slopes and cuttings to the rich plateau on which the town was built. One caught entrancing glimpses of the steep wall far below where the mountain-side dropped in one sheer descent to the coast land. The folds and creases of that wall, covered with forest and brush! Running along the narrow mountain cutting level with the tops of the trees towering up from the gorges below; running through rich brush where delicate vines hung like fairy curtains overhead, and the tree-trunks were draped with a hundred kinds of orchid and fern; down through a mountain stream, where it rippled with song over the stones; out on a hill from which one caught a glimpse of the Pacific nearly forty miles away.

She drove with the ease and freedom of one used to the roads; and the speed would have taken the breath of one accustomed only to the broader roads and lower level. She was determined not to be left behind by Jim Weston, whose car she glimpsed occasionally as it sped up some long cutting ahead of her.

WHAT a change the years had brought! Phyl remembered when there was no town on the plateau; and one had either to go down the steep eight-mile cutting to the coast or up the thirty miles in the opposite direction to the tablelands. And in either case, one had to drive with sulky or wagonette—slow, tedious journey! Dangerous, too, down the cutting, where a limb of a tree was sometimes fastened behind to act as an auxiliary brake. Woe betide the optimist who misjudged the resisting power of the limb!

She thought of the doctor—the frightful roads he had to travel to some of his cases! Some places he could only reach on horseback, and Charles wasn't much of a horseman.

She eased down to take the bend near the junction of roads; and her eye ran for a swift second along the other track, which came winding down the hill on the oppo-

site side of the creek. It came in from the upper section of another creek—a lonely spot far up in the hills, reached by crossing the spur of the range and then following the creek up. Even that wild spot could now be reached by car. The doctor had been as far as Osborne's, about the loneliest place she knew, where an heroic woman was battling to hold her little bark-built home and bit of land while her husband went out, sometimes for weeks on end, timber-cutting.

She sped around the hill, and came out on a rise overlooking the town of Merriwonga. It was only a small town. Sandy McGregor's Plateau View Hotel stood in the centre, the most prominent building of the town; and from it the buildings shaded off in size and importance to the town's scattered outskirts, the butter factory and Matron Sellers's hospital, only, standing somewhat apart and aloof.

Phyl's heart quickened a little as she glanced at the hospital; it seemed so closely associated with the doctor. But he wouldn't be there to-day; Mrs. Morley had told her over the phone that he had been called down to Bellenbri to assist Dr. Turner on an operation, and wouldn't be back till late at night, or, possibly, the next day.

Thinking of Mrs. Morley reminded her that she had better run round to see her after lunch; there were the details to arrange about the stall at the bazaar.

Coasting down the street, she passed the post-office and general store, and swung round the corner to the police station just in time to see Jim Weston's car disappearing into the station yard. A little further down the same street, a red lamp indicated Dr. Raynor's surgery. Even the mere sight of his lamp stirred Phyl's heart this morning. For the next few weeks, she would be close to him; she would see him going by on his way to cases about the town, and hear his car changing past when he had an urgent call in the night. The thought thrilled her. Would she always be as thrilled, she wondered, at sudden calls in the night?

Leaving the car in the street, she carried her suitcases inside. Her brother-in-law opened the door for her.

"Look here, young lady, I'll pinch you for speeding if I see you charging down the street like that again."

"You wouldn't dare, Jim Weston; I know too much. Anyway, you kept ahead of me." Going round after lunch, she found Mrs. Morley in the midst of oceans of sweets, but none the less able to gossip. Here was one who had successfully mastered the art of talking and working at the same time. Phyl, busy making sweets-baskets in readiness for the next night, listened to the talk of the town. Mrs. Morley talked of people she knew and people she didn't, of the bazaar and the stall-holders, and of the little squabbles of the committee; of all the new babies in the town, of all the sick people, and naturally on to the doctor. Phyl found her face growing hot; and then Mrs. Morley turned to the hospital. It was a private hospital; but Matron Sellers boasted that it combined all the advantages of the best private and public hospitals. It was run on a system of her own by which a certain proportion of general patients could be treated there; and only in times of epidemic was it necessary to send patients away to the general hospital at Bellenbri.

"The new sister came this morning," Mrs. Morley informed Phyl. "I saw Matron bringing her up in her car."

The new sister! Oh, of course, Sister Cooper had gone! Her interest was roused.

"What's she like, Mrs. Morley?"

"Well, I couldn't get a good look at her; but she's got that very fair hair—colorless sort of hair—and she's tall. She's not the one Matron was expecting. She took appendicitis, and this one came instead."

Phyl was a little interested in this change

of expected sisters; little thinking that such an ordinary thing as a nurse having appendicitis and not being able to take her appointment could have any very vital effect on her affairs. She packed her baskets away and cleared away some of the litter.

"Well, I suppose I must be getting back. Netta will be wondering how long I'm going to stay here."

"I suppose you'll be with your sister now—ill the new member of the family arrives?"

"Yes, it's lonely when Jim's called away."

"I suppose it is; though, goodness knows, he isn't over-worked chasing robbers and thieves in this sleepy district. Not like the place we came from away out from Broken Hill. Not that they had many criminals there; but the blacks kept the policeman busy watching. They'd be spearing someone's cattle, or fighting among themselves over their women. They couldn't understand why they should be interfered with in their squabbles. The Afghans were a bit sick, too, sometimes. But here, nothing ever happens."

"True, there's nothing hectic about our district," Phyl agreed, little dreaming how sensation can sometimes burst like an explosion in the quietest spot on earth.

"I'll be along to the hall in the morning to decorate the stall," she continued. "If the weather keeps like this, we should do well."

"I should say so, after all the work we've done. How much did you make at your dance?"

"About ten pounds, and I suppose father will dub up another ten. I haven't put the screw on yet."

"Splendid! Trust you to get the money. Well, give us good weather to-morrow, and the school of arts is as good as built. Doctor will be delighted. It's been his pet scheme ever since he's been here. Next, he'll be wanting us to go in for a public hospital. They say he came from a big hospital somewhere."

"Yes, he did."

"He must find this a change, I suppose, if he were older, they'd all say he had to come out here because he boozed or took drugs, like the poor old chap we had here before; but only to look at Dr. Raynor would show anyone there isn't anything like that about him—he's so smart and up-to-date looking."

PHYL nudged. She hated to hear Dr. Raynor discussed like this. The memory of his words came to her—"Years I've wanted! . . . I want to talk to you. . . . Tell you about myself . . . things that happened—"

Mrs. Morley was sensitive enough to catch the aversion. She switched to another angle.

"I was talking to Barney Lennon; and he was telling me that Nurse Marsh fairly broke her neck to get the doctor. Wonderful the fascination a doctor has for the women! A doctor's life must be one big temptation; but I suppose you get used to it—being tempted, I mean."

They both laughed.

"I'm glad she didn't get him," Mrs. Morley concluded. "I can't stand that Nurse Marsh."

"I suppose Barney's making himself busy down at McGregor's bar?"

"Well, he's certainly been there; though he didn't seem as bad as usual. He's a good-natured old sort, even if he hasn't got any time for women. Must have been badly treated by a girl in his young days."

The sun was setting as Phyl made her way back to the police station. The distant hills were touched with purple; while far below, where on a clear day the blue of the Pacific was just visible, a bank of peculiar cloud had caught the reflection from the west, and rose like pillars of fire from the sombre shadows beneath.

Her thoughts turned to the doctor. He was somewhere down there now, in Bellenbri. What had he been going to tell her? She had scarcely got back to the police

station when his voice came to her over the phone. Yes, she told him, they had arrived in town without mishap. He informed her he would be back in the morning; and would she remind her father that he was to be chairman at the opening of the bazaar.

Then they were cut off. She hung up with a warm glow at her heart. Fancy him making that excuse for ringing up! What a dear he was! . . . And that queer, vibrant note in his voice! Was he feeling as excited as she was? Did he care in the same way as she did?



CHAPTER 2.

THE hall was a large, bare structure belonging to Sandy McGregor, the hotel-keeper. Inside, it was neither lined nor ceiled, but the barn-like appearance was softened by the gay streamers radiating artistically from the centre to the walls. Sandy McGregor had been persuaded, after considerable pressure, to give the use of the hall free of charge for the School of Arts bazaar.

Phyl, busy with Mrs. Morley decorating the stall. The sweets-baskets, too, were piling rapidly by. She was thinking of her blue frock and the gold cap and apron to match the blue and gold decorations of the stall. The sweets baskets, too, were blue and gold. The stall was quite a triumph. Amid much laughter, and the babel of many tongues, order began to appear out of chaos. Heated passages over stolen pins, and sarcastic remarks about straying paper were swallowed up in the general good humor. And in friendly rivalry they endeavored to outdo their neighbors in an attractive display.

At midday Phyl hurried to her sister's to get some lunch. Netta, busy on more fancy sweets-baskets, looked up with interest.

"Well, how's it going?"

"Oh, you should see it! Our stall is a picture."

"Your doctor rang up. Said he was making a call somewhere on his way back, and wouldn't be there till the opening. One thing, we always know the movements of the doctor now."

PHYL laughed blushing; then heard Sergeant Weston's delighted chuckle from the direction of the kitchen, and blushed again.

"Well, it's jolly handy," Jim agreed. "I approve of the doctor, and I'm not going to do anything to forbid the bazaar. Need me up at the hall, Phyl, to settle arguments?"

"No, we're quite capable of settling our own squabbles without you bailing in, thank you."

"Oh, I'm not so sure. I nearly had to butt in last time, when Mrs. Sanders on the works stall accused the secretary of altering the figures. It wasn't the shortage of money that hurt her; but the fact that Mrs. Oldham beat her by half a crown. She's been talking about it ever since. I believe some of you women would commit perjury, theft, and murder to beat each other at your stalls."

"Oh, that was a church affair. We haven't got either Mrs. Sanders or Mrs. Oldham this time."

"No, but I thought the fight might occur this time among the younger section over a very presentable young doctor who seems very much inclined to show favoritism."

"Oh, you go away and look for some of your old drunks to run in."

"Afraid Barney isn't going to oblige me

this time. He's keeping marvellously sober . . . for Barney." He looked at her teasingly a moment, and returned to the attack. "I don't blame the doctor. I suppose he was driven to it by desperation. Far better for him to be safely married. A single doctor is always fair game to all the aspiring spinsters. I've heard that even the married ones aren't exactly beyond harm's way. Quite a lot of nice ladies ready to console him if he's neglected."

She threw him a glance of contempt.

"I've heard that about policemen, too. How about that black-haired creature who used to serve in the bar at McGregor's?"

"Hush! Not so loud. The wife'll hear you."

"Oh, I know all about you, Jim Weston," Netta called as she came in from the other room. "You needn't think you're going to frighten me into making a fun of you."

Phyl smiled as she caught the look of affection that passed between them. It was a delightful success, this marriage of her sister. And yet you read that marriage killed romance. They ought to see Jim and Netta—like a pair of kids in love. . . . And the way they were looking forward to the baby. Her eyes softened. Love was a wonderful thing, and a baby—the greatest wonder of the world. Would Charles Raynor make as good a husband? Of course, he would.

Jim, watching her, sensed her feelings and only grinned. What a pair they'd make. The real stuff—both of them.

Then the thrill of donning the blue frock. She surveyed herself in the mirror and smiled with satisfaction. Then added the gold cap and apron, and looked again.

"You'll sure bowl him over in that, sister," Jim declared as she walked out of her room. "You look good enough to eat, doesn't she, Netta?"

"You look lovely, Phyl. I'm sure at the men will fall desperately in love with you."

Phyl smiled. She'd be quite satisfied with one. . . . To see the admiration leap to his eyes and the light shilling in his smile.

Well, she did look rather well. After all, dress did make a great difference. A badly-fitting dress could spoil everything. Must be terrible to be a man. He didn't get any thrill out of clothes. Fancy Jim worrying over the appearance of his suit. He did get annoyed with his tie at dinner and she's heard him use strong words about his collar; but that was because he couldn't get them into place. Not because he couldn't get just the right effect.

Back at the hall the final touches were added to the stalls before opening. A the stall-holder had caught the idea of dressing to tone with the colors of his stalls—Mrs. Chapman in pink and green on the fancy stall, and the girls in red and white on the refreshments.

Phyl smiled as Father Walsh and Reverend Thomas walked in together. The Father was so fat and jolly, and his companion so lean and severe! Father Walsh often chaffed his friend about the poor way his denomination must see him. . . . That was one thing up here—sectarianism wasn't taken seriously. The man counted for more. These two were great friends, and would do anything to help each other.

"Bless me, you're looking fine," Father Walsh exclaimed, admiring Phyl's twinkling eyes. "I'm after thinking there'll be some broken hearts among the boys."

Thomas smiled. He was a quiet man with thoughtful eyes—a man who would yield in the face of difficulties. Phyl was very fond of him. His eyes wandered around the place.

"These stalls look wonderful, and so do the stall-holders."

"Of course, they do," the Priest claimed. "And what for?" To turn you

gilly head while they extract the last brass farthing from the bottom of your pocket. That's their little game, Thomas—all their flash pinnies and caps. Oh, you're a cunning lot!"

THE hall began to fill, and as the two passed on, Barney Lennon wandered up, his faded blue eyes dancing with mischief. He was a wisened little man, with a face like leather, and a mouth that grinned perpetually. He surveyed Phyl with a critical glance.

"Well, bedad, if I wasn't a woman-hater it's meself be after proposin' ter yer the fust chance; but, be what I'm hearin' I'd git sent about me business pretty quick. Begorra, it's a great place fer news, is Merrivonga. They know things about meself I niver 'eard tell of before. They reckon as I was chucked over be a girl in me young days—me, as niver looked at a girl. It's not that I'm sayin' I didn't 'ave the chance. It's meself that was a fetchin' young chap thirty years ago. Sure, I'd 'ave given that spalpeen of a doctor a go fer it in them days." He winked. "Not that I'd 'ave persoomed ter 'ang me 'at up ter anybody as mighty good-lookin' as yerself, Miss Howarth."

"You get along with you, Barney. You're just an old flatterer."

"Am I now? It's the young flatterers you'd be after listenin' to. I'm jist wonderin'—there's this noo sister. It's meself as wouldn't mind bettin' she makes a rush fer the doctor. Bedad, if she doesn't git on any better than the dark one, I'm thinkin' yer needn't be worryin'. Anyow, I'm thinkin' yer can 'old yer own agin' the lot of 'em, Phyl. A man'd be down-right mad if 'e didn't go clean barmy the first time yer smiled at 'im. Where's the doctor now?"

"I don't know, Barney."

"It's a pretty good idea yer might 'ave if yer was ter git thinkin' about it a bit. And yer mustn't mind me tamin' a bit. It's meself as remembers yer when yer was a wee baby a couple o' days old; and yer father sittin' there like a ghost, starin' up at the 'lis as if 'e was lookin' fer yer mother who'd gone. It's meself as reckons yer been a blessin' to 'im, girl an' all as yer was. Yer not 'aif a bad sort... fer a girl."

Phyl watched him amble away with feelings of amusement mixed with something deeper. Barney had a way of touching the depths. Had there been motor cars and a doctor twenty years ago her mother might have been with her to-day. Would she have been proud of her daughter? They all said she was very like her mother had been. She was glad for her father's sake.

There he was now. Her glance was full of affection. How easily he might have put someone in her mother's place. But the Howarths were deep. With them love was a very deep and very lasting thing. It was the same with Netta, and with herself. She loved Charles, and no matter what came, that love would stand any strain. Any strain? Could she have lifted the veil of the near future, would she still have been as optimistic? Then she saw him in the midst of the group near the door. He was looking directly at her, and she felt herself blushing. People were speaking to him, but he came on all the time toward her. She caught a meaning smile on Mrs. Morley's face, and an exchange of glances between the ladies on the next stall—nothing unkind, only understanding and approval. They liked her, and they liked the doctor.

"You look stunning."

"Do I?" She blushed. "And what about the rest of the show?"

"Oh, stunning, too! The work you've all done! Why, the thing's as good as built."

Mrs. Morley laughed and found something to do over in the fancy stall.

"She's a sport," the doctor laughed soft-

ly. "When she comes back, tell her I'll always remember, should I ever have her under my magic knife, to treat her with the utmost consideration."

Phyl felt self-conscious as she saw them all casting knowing glances in her direction.

"How did you fare at Bellenbri?"

"Not so bad. Old Dr. Turner doesn't look with favor on the methods of young medical men with their advanced theories. He thinks the old ways ever so much more reliable than all these new ideas that haven't been tried out by a century of experience. Too much fuss too, about maternity cases. By the way, there's a fine little Australian out at Newlands."

"Oh, that's great. Tommy Newlands has been just about distracted with worry. I must drive out and see her."

"I can take you out in the morning. Save petrol," he suggested.

"Splendid! Look! there's Father beckoning you. Time for the opening, and you'll have to go up there and look pretty."

"What about you taking my place?"

"Nothing doing. It's your job."

"Well, when the ordeal is over, I'll need the stimulation of a cup of tea, and I simply can't drink it alone."

"You wouldn't have a ghost of a chance, even if you wanted to. You'll have a host of nice ladies simply thrown at you to be taken to tea."

"But I can claim privilege—a nervy time with Dr. Turner yesterday and superintending the arrival of the new baby this morning. And on top of that the absolutely devastating experience of making a speech. I'm sure I'll break down if you don't come up on the platform to support me. Worse still, if I can't look forward to having you alone for a cup of tea, I'll collapse altogether."

"I see; I'm to be a sort of stimulating mixture," she laughed.

"Or a pick-me-up—that's what I need. A doctor's life is—"

"A series of temptations and escapes," she retorted.

DONALD HOWARTH had come then, and hauled him away toward the platform. He smiled as he looked back, and she watched him as he mounted the platform and took his seat. He looked splendid in his grey suit. There was always something distinguished looking about a doctor. Did they cultivate that distinguishing "doctor" touch? No, not always; it was certainly natural with Charles. His clothes always seemed to fit him so perfectly; he carried himself with an easy style, and looked every inch a man.

He had to make a speech; and Phyl found herself laughing. For the first time she saw his ease desert him. Oratory wasn't one of his talents. Still, it might have been worse; he might not have been conscious of his deficiency, and gone on like Mr. Morley, who took a most monotonously long time to say nothing. But perhaps the poor man was lost in a maze of words, and couldn't find a way out. But at last it ran out something like some of our western rivers—lost its current, and came to an end in a hopeless bog.

Then her father's few sentences in opening the bazaar, and it was over. She saw the doctor making his way back to her; heard him joking against himself about his "brilliant speech." They all wanted to speak to him. He was someone who counted. She thrilled with pride—he had chosen her out of them all. The doctor's wife! She caught her breath. It meant a great deal; there was much a doctor's wife could do. She would be a central figure in the social life of the community. And then his work—a marvellous work. She could help. Those long trips at night over those dangerous roads, alone and tired! Matron had spoken of one such trip after three nights without sleep and going

all day. "A marvel how he kept awake," the matron had said. She shuddered—to doze for a fraction of a second! . . . Well, she could handle a car, and she knew the roads.

He was in front of the stall again, smiling at her.

"Well, thank heaven, that's over; and I've bribed Stella Mills to load up a table with the very best sandwiches and cakes, and reserve it for just two."

"Bribed, or blackmailed?" she retorted. "I haven't noticed the matron here. Suppose she couldn't get away."

"I hope she hasn't got a hospital full of cases waiting for me. I should have gone round, but I hadn't much time, and come straight here. But she would have rung for me had she needed me urgently. I didn't want to be delayed. You see, I wanted to get here and see you. I haven't even been home yet. If I'd been seen going home—you know the very sight of me makes some people find something wrong with themselves."

"Indeed! I've heard some people say the very sight of you makes them feel better."

"Um! I've heard some people speak of the dentist that way."

"Oh, you impossible creature! You don't deserve a compliment!"

He dismissed her accusation with a smile. "I suppose Matron will turn up later; or, perhaps, Nurse Marsh; they can't both get away together."

"I believe the new sister has arrived."

"Oh, that's good! Things will be easier. It's an awful business being so short-staffed as Matron has been since Sister Cooper left. They've been working like Trojans, and poor Matron's frightfully irritable. And as for Nurse Marsh, the way it makes her is best left to the imagination."

A movement lower down the hall drew Phyl's attention.

"Look! here's Nurse Marsh now . . . and I do believe that's the new sister with her; Mrs. Morley said she was very fair."

He glanced in the direction of the door, and Phyl noticed him suddenly stiffen. She looked up into his face with surprise, and read in his expression something that sent a tremor of disquiet to her heart.

"Anything wrong, Doctor?" she asked anxiously.

He looked at her strangely, and his voice sounded a little queer.

"No, Phyl, nothing wrong; but I think, in fact I'm sure, that I know the new sister."

The sudden change that had fallen upon him made her conscious of a foreboding; as though a cloud had suddenly shut out the sunshine. She turned to look again at the tall figure at Nurse Marsh's side. What had happened between this woman and Dr. Raynor that her coming should affect him so? And as she looked, she knew that the new sister was going to play some very vital part in her future—an unpleasant part. . . . Why did Charles look at her so strangely? Why did her heart pound so uncomfortably? And why did she feel her hands clenching so nervously?

The girl was beside her—tall, platinum blonde, light blue eyes strangely masked in expression, and cold . . . dazlingly fair, perfectly dressed and certainly good-looking.

She was speaking to the doctor with a great show of enthusiasm.

"Fancy finding you here of all places, Dr. Raynor. I really couldn't believe it was you when the matron mentioned the name; but when she described you—"

They were shaking hands, and he was smiling—a hard, forced smile.

"I'm sure you were no more surprised than I was to see you, Madeline. I couldn't believe my eyes."

"Yes, it's a long way from Perth to this quiet little corner, Doctor."

The doctor turned to Phyl.

"Meet Miss Howarth—Sister Wylie."

Phyl felt the cold blue eyes upon her,

hostile, critical; and suddenly she felt like a schoolgirl—very young and very gauche. This girl was so sure of herself, so very much a woman of the world; and somewhere behind those cold eyes there lurked a sneer. Phyl was conscious in that moment of an intense aversion.



CHAPTER 2.

MISS MILLIS appeared from the portion of the hall curtained off for refreshments.

"Your table is all ready, Dr. Raynor."

He thanked her, but, looking at him, Phyl noticed the dull, lost expression in his eyes. Some protective instinct leapt to life, urging her to fly to his aid. Smiling hospitably, she turned to Sister Wylie.

"Perhaps you'd join us for a cup of tea, Sister?"

She saw the blue eyes harden and a slight flush came to the pale cheeks. Did she resent the invitation? More likely resented the fact that she should be the one who could give it—resented her friendship with the doctor.

But she accepted; and they moved away together.

Phyl felt the eyes of the whole crowd following them. . . And over there, in the works stall, Nurse Marsh talking to the little group of the town's best gossips, telling them—she could imagine it as though she heard every syllable—that Sister Wylie knew the doctor, oh, ever so well. . . That little lift of the brow—so expressive, yet so non-committal. She detested Nurse Marsh. It was catty, of course, but who could help it, knowing how Nurse Marsh felt toward her?

The "best sandwiches and cakes" feel very flat. Phyl's resentment was growing. A shadow had fallen over the garden of her happiness.

Sister Wylie did most of the talking, continually reminding the doctor of things that had happened in Perth—"You remember that typhoid case. . . You remember when we were at the hospital. . . That trip down the coast. . . That little supper party when—"

The doctor merely answered without interest, his eyes roving restlessly, clouded by a shadow Phyl had never seen there before.

SISTER WYLIE smiled at her—a very artificial and patronising smile.

"You must forgive me monopolising the doctor, Miss Howarth. I know you must feel awfully out of all this; but it's such a long time since the doctor and I have seen each other, and we have so much to say about the times we had and the people we knew in Perth."

Phyl hid her chagrin and smiled. It wasn't the doctor who had so much to say. . . Perth! Perth! Perth! It appeared that Sister Wylie had been at the same hospital with the doctor, and had been associated with him a good deal in their work. She was an ill-bred creature, Phyl decided, unscrupulous and cunning.

A blind fury was growing in Phyl's heart. Why should this detestable creature come butting in to spoil the whole day and make the doctor miserable?

She was baffled. But the idea of leaving the field to this interloper never entered her mind. Perhaps she had

scarcely realised just what this woman's coming meant.

At last, she rose.

"I must be getting back to my stall. Mrs. Morley will be thinking I'm lost."

The doctor also rose.

"By Jove! I must be getting along, too. Heaven knows what Matron will think. It's days since I was at the hospital."

Sister Wylie smiled at him. "If you're going to the hospital, I'll come along, if I may. I've still quite a lot I want to talk about, and this doesn't interest me. I'm afraid I can't enthuse over bazars. I'll go back and let Matron come down. She knows all the people."

Phyl bit her lip. It was absurd to feel that way, but she simply hated the idea of Sister Wylie going with the doctor. The way she appropriated him made her see red. Yet it wasn't merely pique or jealousy—there was something deeper. The doctor was afraid of this woman, and in some way, very helpless. Her eyes grew soft. He needed her now. Well, she should not fall him in his hour of need. Men were like children—they needed a woman to protect them. She would fight this girl, no matter what weapon she held over him. After all, there was no love in the doctor's eyes as he looked at Sister Wylie. Phyl knew that she, herself, was the only one the doctor cared for; and, whatever power this other girl had, love would win in the end. Her love for the doctor was too deep and wonderful to be destroyed just because a creature like this happened to meet him unexpectedly. (Oh, the optimism of young love!)

She smiled, as she nodded brightly to the sister.

"I'll be seeing you again, Sister. Matron will be delighted at the chance of coming down. She rather enjoys this kind of thing, and, as you say, she knows the people; and they're all very fond of her, too."

"I'm sure she must feel very flattered," the sister replied, with just the faintest inflexion of a sneer.

Phyl was not deceived by her very effusive thanks for the tea. There was that subtle light in the hard blue eyes that said, "You poor little fool! You think you can stand on your dignity and ignore me."

"Hateful creature!" Phyl murmured as she watched her walk beside the doctor towards the door, talking assertively to make sure everyone noticed them. It hurt Phyl more than she cared to admit, seeing them walk out together, the doctor introducing her to several who spoke to him. Looking across the hall, she caught Nurse Marsh's eyes upon her. How that detestable girl could say things with her expression! "You see—a prior claim! How do you feel now, my fine lady?"

But she smiled bravely; she would give steel for steel. Not for nothing was she the daughter of an old pioneer of the upper plateau. There was fighting blood in her veins. Her father had conquered a jungle, and she would vanquish whatever power Sister Wylie held over the doctor. She recognised no prior claim. She was not the old-fashioned girl, who retired and left the field open to her rival.

But what was she fighting? The doctor did not love Sister Wylie; but had he once thought he loved her? They seemed to have been together a great deal. Had he compromised himself, and then grown tired? No, it was something deeper than that. She remembered Mrs. Morley's joking words about what people would say might have brought the doctor up here. After all, it was a strange place for a brilliant doctor. Her heart sank a little at the thought.

She sighed. It was very puzzling. But never mind—he was hers now, and no one was going to take him from her! Still, she felt her inexperience very keenly. No use flying unarmed into the fray!

Then something of the wisdom and patience by which Donald Howarth had conquered the forest and mountain came

to life in his daughter. She would wait and wait.

But the bazaar had lost its thrill, and she began to long for it to come to an end.

Outside, the doctor held the door of the car open, and, with a very satisfied smile, Sister Wylie stepped in and seated herself. She saw a number of people on their way to the hall turn and stare. How the doctor would fly! In a small town, a well-known figure like the doctor was always the subject of gossip. The thought pleased her.

The doctor took his seat and drove off in silence. It was the sister who spoke first.

"I suppose you were very surprised to see me, Charles?"

"I was amazed," he answered shortly.

"You looked it," she retorted. "But I don't see why you shouldn't have looked a little more pleased. Don't you think I treated me rather badly, running down as you did, and not one word in all this state . . . But it's always the way with men, the more a woman does for a man the more he thinks of her."

"Can't we forget all that, Madeline—get everything, and start out afresh, just as good friends?"

SHE looked at him with a tightening of the lips.

"Forget it? You expect a good deal, Raynor. I did rather a big thing for you—too big a thing to be forgotten—"

"I know. . . I know," he interrupted. "God knows, I'm grateful to you, Madeline."

"And you show your gratitude by running away, and leaving me to bear the brunt of it all!"

He cast a quick, puzzled glance at her. "Just what do you mean—the brunt of it all?"

She lifted her shoulder.

"You know how rumors seem to grow of nothing. The doctors began to look coldly on me, and I found it hard to get cases. The old story—a whisper here, a whisper there."

"Good heavens! I had no idea of anything like that. It wasn't as though I was afraid; everything was all right. I wanted to get away. I saw the chance of a berth as a ship's doctor for two months. I was on the sea for nearly a year, and then I came up here."

"Yes, that was all right for you; but I didn't think of me."

"I'm sorry, Madeline; but don't you see I didn't realise there was any need to look after you. You weren't to blame for anything that happened; and, in any case, I think the matter quite finished. I didn't do it could touch you in any way."

"Oh, here we are at the hospital. Can you drive on a bit further? I must talk to you."

He speeded up and went on up the road.

"Why did you come here?" he asked suddenly. "Did you know I was here?"

"I hadn't the faintest idea in the world. I hadn't been in the home a week, when the other sister went down with an appendix. I simply took her place. It seems strange, doesn't it? A long way from here to Perth; yet here we are together again! It seems as though it were meant to be." She studied his face, then looked out almost vehemently. "How could you say that? Surely you know a woman doesn't do for a man what I did for you unless she cares for him?"

"Perhaps I did realise that, Madeline, but I couldn't settle. I wanted to get away. Everything reminded me of what had happened. It was terrible. I couldn't go, and I found myself drinking to forget. I felt the sea calling me; it seemed so cold and fresh. It cured me—made a man of me. I wanted to start out afresh as though that other life had never existed."

"Then I came," she said softly. "After all, Charles, isn't it rather like fate?"

He looked at her with troubled, frowning eyes.

"But what difference can I make to you, Madeline? I am grateful for what you

for me. I think a great deal of you; but I don't care in the way you take it for granted I should do. I want to settle down here in a new life."

"With Phyl Howarth," she laughed bitterly. "So that's all the thanks I get! Well, bear in mind that I'm under no obligation to keep entirely quiet about my past experiences with doctors and patients. Naturally I had to keep your little note for my own protection in case of trouble. I quite sympathise with your ambition, Charles—should mean quite a good thing to a rising young doctor to marry into the leading family of the district. Howarth's are quite well-off, I understand; rich, in fact. I've heard quite a lot about them. Nurse Marsh was most informative. She seems oh, ever so fond of Miss Howarth. She has a way of making enemies, that girl. Well, I suppose every victory has its price. If all the cards were on the table, how do you think Howarth would like his daughter to marry you?"

"I was only waiting an opportunity to tell her," he retorted, swinging the car around towards the hospital again.

"Ah, yes, you were going to tell her; but you didn't expect your old friend, Madeline, to come on the scene. It's one thing to tell a love-sick girl in the romantic moonlight about past indiscretions and errors, and quite another thing to find the revelations spreading through the district because an old friend has turned up and gets very shabby consideration. And you know, a man in your profession—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" he broke in almost fiercely. "I know every word you're going to say. God knows, I've said it to myself a million times in the last three years. It's all so horrible. I shudder still every time I think of it."

SISTER WYLIE merely shrugged, and they were silent till the car drew up at the hospital gate. Then, as he moved to step out, she spoke again.

"Remember, Charles, I still care just as much as ever . . . and I'm not the one to allow anyone else to take what I want for myself."

The doctor was overwhelmed with anger and helplessness, and walked in silence up the hospital path.

The matron looked surprised to see Sister Wylie back; but the sister smiled most graciously.

"I thought you might like to go for a while. I wasn't really very interested; but you know everybody."

The matron looked gratified. She was a small woman with sharp, clever features, and mossy-brown hair. The quick movements of her hands were no more nimble than the movement of her mind. Her whole life and interest centered in her profession and her hospital.

Her glance at the sister and the doctor lacked nothing in shrewdness. She recalled her idea that an unmarried doctor in a wild area like this was so much better than a married one: she rather believed in celibacy. One of the nurses had summed up Matron's attitude one day when the subject was under discussion—"Never having married herself, she thinks all nurses and doctors should be satisfied with the noble profession." She had certainly frowned severely on any nurse who showed a marked interest in the doctor—one reason why Nurse Marsh was no favorite. The work of the doctor and the nurses was too serious to mix with love-making.

But it was something different she had seen on the faces of these two as they walked on to the hospital verandah. She dismissed it from her mind as she thought of going down to the bazaar.

"If you'll slip into uniform, Sister, I'll leave you in charge. I'll be glad to go down for a while. Come to my room, a minute, Doctor."

The sister moved into the men's ward—

a short cut to the nurses' quarters—and the doctor followed the matron.

"There are no cases in need of attention, Doctor," she said as she motioned him to a chair. Harlow is about ready to go home."

"That's good, Matron. Then, I may as well drive you down to the hall."

"Thanks, Doctor. I won't keep you waiting long. In our profession we learn to change in no time. You might just see Harlow and the patient in the next bed to his while you're waiting."

Then he saw Sister Wylie coming towards him. How the sight of her in uniform brought back the memories of Perth—the associations in the hospital there; the patients she had nursed and he had attended; the white face of Castleman and the vivid smiling face of his wife. . . . And that last meeting with Madeline afterwards—! God, how it all came back as he looked at her—those torturing memories he had managed to stifle, and hoped, out here with Phyl, to forget forever!

She was smiling.

"Seems like old times," she suggested. "I in uniform, and you the doctor. We've been on a few cases together, and we saw a good deal of life together, too. You liked me then, Doctor Raynor. Remember the time you took me to see 'White Cargo'?"

He wanted to turn on her fiercely, and tell her to hold her tongue; but then a gentleman didn't do things like that. A gentleman! He would soon have all that stripped from him. The horror of it all rose before him again as it had done three years ago—horror of publicity and exposure; glaring headlines!

He shivered. Was he a coward? Yes, that was it—he was a coward. He simply couldn't face the thing . . . wanted to fling it behind him and get away from it. He had run even from the thought of it; and he felt he would never be able to do anything else.

He had soon attended the two patients; and then, to his relief, he saw Matron coming out, ready.

She looked very neat and trim . . . and efficient. Even in her frock of soft green she was still Matron to whom the profession and all it stood for was something sacred, something to be exalted and revered.

Suppose it had been Matron instead of Sister Wylie on that case three years ago? He almost smiled at the thought: Matron would never have stooped to remember such a thing . . . unless her professional duty made it necessary. How would Matron feel if Sister Wylie suddenly decided to talk?

With an effort he pulled himself together. Good Lord! Why should he let himself go to pieces over it? After all, what could Sister Wylie do? He was tired. Driving up the eight-mile cutting had been a strain; and then his work with the maternity case on the way home. He felt as though every bone in his body ached intolerably.

The Matron's shrewd glance missed nothing of the dullness in his eyes and the weariness in every line of his face.

"Doctor, you're tired out. You must get home and get some rest. Have a good hot bath, and if there are any patients waiting for you tell them to go to the devil."

HE smiled warmly, and sparkled up a little.

"Good advice, Matron; but about the patients—really, I wouldn't have the nerve."

"Then send them up to me, and I'll tell them."

He laughed, and a few seconds later pulled up at the hall door.

"I'll go right off now," he thought, but something stronger than himself drew him to the hall door—a hunger for another look at her.

There she was in the middle of a crowd, busy selling her boxes of sweets. How

bright and happy she looked, laughing and joking with the crowd. . . . Why should she be made to suffer for his folly? What right had he to come here and shadow her life with the gloomy clouds of his past?

She was young. She would forget. He had not told her of his love. Better, perhaps, for both of them if she should come to think he cared for Sister Wylie. She would soon put the thought of him out of her life. . . . There was young Davis, absolutely devoted, and with plenty of money. A really fine young fellow!

The very thought filled him with a furious jealousy. He turned away. Better get home and rest. Perhaps after a good sleep things might look different. They certainly couldn't look worse than they did just now.

Phyl had seen him standing there near the door, and her heart had bounded with delight at the sight of him. But he had turned and left the hall. For a moment she was filled with annoyance. It almost seemed as if he were slighting her. But there was something about him that stirred a deeper feeling—that sag of his figure and the droop in his eyes. Not patent to all perhaps, but to her. At her annoyance swiftly vanished, and she felt very tender. After all, she might remember he was in some trouble, and love should be bigger than pride. Oh, there was the matron. Perhaps the doctor had brought her down, and then had to hurry away again.

Presently the matron came across and spoke to Mrs. Morley, telling her that the doctor had brought her down in his car.

"The poor man's absolutely worn out. I've sent him home to have a hot bath and go to bed."

Phyl's heart smote her. Of course he was worn out. . . . and she'd been annoyed because he hadn't come dancing around her. But he hadn't been so tired until Sister Wylie appeared on the scene. The thought burned into her brain, and, as she sold box after box of sweets, her hostility toward the sister grew to a burning hatred. What hold had she over the doctor? What right had she to come here destroying the doctor's career? Ah, but she wouldn't do it. Phyl clenched her hands. She would fight.

"You won't have it all your own way, my lady!" she vowed with set, defiant eyes. "You won't, you won't!"



CHAPTER 4.

IT was at 2 o'clock in the morning when Dr. Raynor woke to the ringing of the telephone. His face changed like magic as he heard the voice of Jim Weston booming over the wire. Even over the phone he caught the agitation in the sergeant's voice.

"Yes, come at once."

"Right! I'll be there in fifteen minutes." He dropped the receiver back on the hook, and hurried into his clothes. Phyl's sister! . . . And Phyl was there. He would see her—see her every day. His heart sang at the thought.

At the police residence the door was opened by the nurse—a plump little woman with a good-natured face and brisk manner.

"You won't be needed for a bit yet, Doctor; but you know what these young husbands are."

"Great Scott! And I thought, Mrs. Cowley, by the sound of his voice, I'd never be able to get here quickly enough."

"Oh yes, he got so worked up, I let him

tall you up. Seeing as it was the place it is, I guessed you wouldn't mind."

He smiled warmly.
"Quite right, the sergeant and I are very good friends."

"I knew it, Doctor," she answered, an amused light in her eyes—it wasn't the sergeant made him so glad to come an hour early. But what was this talk about the doctor and the new sister? But, merciful Heaven! Could one stop people from talking?

The doctor followed her into Netta's room, where he offered a few cheery words to the patient, then passed on to the dining-room. The sergeant came in, looking very anxious, and walking on tip-toe. Raynor smiled at him reassuringly.

"No need to walk on tip-toe yet, Sergeant. You won't wake the baby. And now you'd better get off to bed. Considering all the nights you'll miss your sleep walking the floor you'll need all you can get in the meantime."

"Go to bed!" Jim exclaimed, horrified at the idea.

"Yes, there's nothing you can do but get in the way."

"But Netta—"
"You leave Netta to Mrs. Cowley and me. I promise you she'll be all right. There's nothing at all to worry about. I'll call you when it's all over. Go in and see her now, and then pack yourself off to bed."

WITH a smile of understanding he watched the Sergeant's big figure move toward the bedroom.

"Poor old Jim, the old blighter!" he murmured.

As he sat waiting his thoughts turned to Phyl and a shadow came to his eyes. After all he had no right to allow her to drift any further into this misunderstanding.

Phyl, clad in her kimono of cornflower blue, moved noiselessly about the kitchen, making coffee. She saw him through the half-open door, sitting on the lounge with his head between his hands. She glanced at her reflection in the little mirror that Netta kept hanging over the sink. The thought of the mirror in such a place brought a smile. No rinking black smudges from dirty pots for Netta. "You must look after your appearance, Kild, even if you have caught your man." That was Netta's motto—hence the mirror. Phyl brushed back her rebellious locks as she looked and satisfied as she contrasted the reflection she saw with the pale face of Madeline Wylie. After all, if a man fell in love with a dark girl, a platinum blonde wouldn't appeal to him really.

Filling a cup with coffee, she moved toward the door, her blood coursing tumultuously.

"Shameless hussy!" she censured herself, still smiling.

He lifted his eyes and started—such a vision of loveliness he could scarcely have imagined. As she stood close beside him he caught the delicate perfume from her hair—her lovely brown eyes were filled with a tender light. His pain grew sharper as he suddenly felt his terrible need of her.

She placed the tray on the corner of the table, and, before he had divined her purpose she had dropped on her knees in front of him and clasped his face to her breast, her fingers running through his brown hair and her lips caressing his forehead.

He yielded to her embrace with a sense of wonderful comfort. His blood coursed riotously. She drew him closer.

"Darling, you're so tired," she sympathized in her soft, deep voice.

"Yes, Phyl, I am tired," he admitted, his head still against her breast, and his eyes closed. How strong she was. And how peaceful he felt in the calm of her compelling personality.

Then from the hall the discreet voice of Mrs. Cowley, and the spell was broken. Life and reality came flooding back. He rose and drank his coffee, then turned to go to the nurse.

But as their eyes met Phyl knew that, as long as memory lasted, and whatever life might hold, that moment should never be forgotten. She somehow sensed that they were both facing pain and bitterness; but the memory of that moment would shine like a radiant star through all the darkness.

She looked toward the hall.

"Is my sister all right?"

"No need to worry at all," he assured her as he turned to the nurse who had appeared in the doorway.

An hour later the cry of the new-born was heard, and the doctor, coming from Netta's room, met Jim Weston in the dining-room, and vigorously slapped him on the shoulder.

"So you didn't go to bed after all, you old sinner. I knew very well you wouldn't. I'd have been disgusted if you had. Well, you've got a fine boy now to take your mind off the criminals for a while. And your wife says she's going to call him after me. Hope you don't get jealous, and go waiting for the chance to catch me speeding."

Phyl gave him another cup of coffee, and then hurried in to her sister.

As the doctor stepped out into the street, the pale grey in the east heralded the dawn. A keen wind was blowing, and he was glad to reach his rooms and get indoors.

He felt very lonely and very depressed. Why did he feel so helpless in the face of this tangle? Was there some weakness in his make-up? He asked himself the question bitterly, his thoughts turning to Phyl and her father. One couldn't imagine either of them getting into a frightful mess like this. But both of them would have faced up to the situation very differently. They were of different stock. After all it was difficult to overcome inherent weakness. Men's minds, their moral consciousness, their resistance to temptation were these qualities handed down by heredity? Or did environment develop them? The age-old question. Were there back of everyone of us, handed down from past generations, tendencies that made for strength or weakness? Was personality like an omnibus—a vehicle in which many lives before our own had ridden?

Perhaps that theory might explain strange twists and turns in many lives. Or was he merely seeking an excuse for his cowardice?

He felt just now that his mind was too tired to grapple with such complexities.

DURING the days that followed he saw Phyl almost every day. She seemed to him more wonderful than ever. And his pain grew deeper each time he saw her. He saw her with her sister's baby cradled in her arms, and in her eyes the soft light of worship. He tried to imagine her in the future with another child in her arms; but the thought hurt him intolerably.

"The unborn!" He murmured. Yes, one had to think of them. To hand down to them a heritage they might be proud of. What kind of heritage could he hand down? A father who had disgraced the greatest profession on earth. Surely no greater crime could be committed than to hand on a weakness or a disgrace like that. To deliberately bring another life into existence to suffer for our crimes and follies.

And up at the hospital—Sister Wylie! He had grown to dread his visits to the hospital, and doing his round with Madeline. . . . In the theatre, her eyes, triumphant and glowing, continually on him. She made him nervous. He thought Matron must have noticed the effect Sister Wylie's

presence had upon him; she didn't. Sister with him when he had a bad day to attend. She came herself. Matron, one of those rare souls who saw much said little; but he felt sure she didn't like Sister Wylie. She had remarked once that Sister Wylie was inclined to be territorial, and that hysteria was a fatal weakness in this kind of country—one nerve of iron. Sister, he knew, was on three months' probation. Suppose Matron considered her unsuitable? Madeline would blame him . . . and she could be very deductive.

Crossing from the store to the chemist's shop he caught sight of old Barney Lett slouching down the street.

"Hello, Barney! Glad to see you looking so bright this morning."

"Sure, it's sober yer mean, Doc. Co aint' after makin' no fool o' meself on this trip Doc."

"Glad to hear it, Barney. I know you had plenty of will power if you only set working."

"Bedad, it ain't the fault o' the weather, Doc. A day like this gives a man a devil of a thirst."

"Try a drop o' Worcester sauce when you burns too much, Barney."

"Sure, now, an' it's yerself as knows thing or two."

"Better than Sandy McGregor's whisky, Barney."

"But, bedad, an' how d'yer suppose I could Sandy'll live if all us fellers takes the water-wagon?"

"No need to worry about him, Barney. He's already made enough from you to live on for the rest of his life."

"It's meself as believes yer right, Doc. But it's too busy I am ter be gettin' drunk."

"Busy, did you say, Barney?"

"I did that. I've been talkin' ter Sandy. It's after findin' gold he's been lookin' fer years; and sure as Saint Patrick's alive, he knows at last where it's lyin'—it's thirty miles up the Cedar Creek."

"He's found it, has he?"

"Oh, not so fast, Doc; but it's a grand idea o' the place he's heard from an prospector as used ter fossick in them years ago. 'E's crippled up w' roommates got wet in the diggin's, an' niver got it. 'E's been kapin' it quiet all these years hopin' it's well enough 'e'd be to be diggin' it 'imself; but, sure, 'e's given the idea at last and it's Kenny 'e was after where ter find it—showed 'im some bits 'e got there, too."

"He hadn't been to Sandy's bar had he told Kenny, had he?"

"Such a suspicion it entirely unwarranted o' yerself, Doc. It's the sober truth; Kenny's askin' me ter go along and look around."

"A grand idea, Barney. Go before Sandy gets all your cheques. But if you did find gold, you'd want to celebrate till it was gone."

"Eager fire leaps to the old man's face."

"Not me. The devil a bit goes to Sandy's bar. Give me enough, and after settlin' down I am."

Raynor's eyes twinkled with mischief. "You surprise me, Barney! How long you kept it so quiet? Who's the woman?" Barney stared, then burst into a deep laugh.

"It's a devil ye are fer a joke, Doc. It's one thing that's worse than anythin' women is worse than the booze."

With a laugh, the doctor slapped him on the shoulder.

"Well, good luck to your golden venture, old man; and get on with it before the weather gets too hot and the thirst too strong. Afraid you didn't quite keep the wagon last night—you're out steady this morning."

"Sure, it was only a couple to celebrate the expedition, so ter speak. No more the D.T.'s fer me . . . and that she-did at the 'ospital threatenin' yer innards a butcher's knife. Be jabbers, it's none

could trust a woman like 'er for a minute. But takin' a man ter the hospital fer secin' snakes—I niver 'eard tell o' sich rediculous nonsense! . . . Callin' it poison! Bedad! it's meself says Sergeant Weston's gone daff. Well, good day ter yer, Doctor. It's a donation ter yer libery I'll be after givin' next time I'm secin' yer."

WITH a shake of his head, he watched the doctor walk off. "It ain't too well yer lookin' yerself," he muttered. "Boose, maybe, ain't the best; but it ain't 'alf as bad as women. It's that piece o' starchery at the capital what's got yer eysired, Doc; an' 'er breakin' yer heart fer Phyl Howarth. The saints be praised! Barney Lennon, that the devil gave you a taste fer whiskey instead o' a taste fer women."

The weather, which had been perfect for weeks, now began to change. It was a muggy and stifling day. Smoke and haze appeared on the mountains. Clouds gathered, and the echo of thunder rumbled through the gorges.

Sister Wylie's temper rose with the thermometer, and her humor fell with the barometer.

"I detest stormy weather," she complained with the first sigh of thunder in the air.

"We always get plenty of storms up here about this time of the year," the matron consoled her. "Mountain country is usually subject to storms. I think the mountains make storms seem far worse than they are—give a more fearful background, somehow."

"Storms always upset my nerves. I nearly go mad with nerves in stormy weather."

"Then I'm afraid, Sister, you're in for a very nervy time," the matron comforted her without sympathy. "What if you should be needed to go along with the doctor to an urgent case when a violent storm is just about to break? There is a saying that the thing you're afraid of will get you in the end—the power of mind over matter, you know. Conquer your fear, Sister. You simply can't go away and hide under the bed till the thunder is gone. There's sure to be a baby coming just at the most inconvenient time. The most urgent calls always seem to come in storms. That's one thing about the doctor—the worse the storm, the steadier his hand. I believe that man could perform the most intricate operation in the middle of an earthquake."

Madeline had good cause to remember those words. After two days of torturing heat, the call came from Osborne's, far up under the mountains. The doctor could scarcely hear Mrs. Osborne—the party phone wire was probably lying along the ground somewhere, and the stormy weather affected the old-fashioned phones frightfully.

He caught the name of "Dawson," and the words "nasty fall." Good heavens! He expected Mrs. Dawson into the hospital in a few weeks; and now . . . right out there! Had they brought her to Mrs. Osborne's place? But what could Mrs. Osborne do, crippled up with rheumatism—quite helpless in such an emergency. He would have to take a nurse with him.

He rang the Matron.

"I'm afraid I can't go, Doctor," she answered him. "You'll have to take Sister."

"Right! Tell her to be ready in twenty minutes."

As he opened the garage doors he cast a look at the sky. Not very promising; sure to be a storm before the day was over. He glanced into the back part of his car to make sure his chains were there, and, with the thrill of expectancy upon him, climbed in and roared up the road towards the hospital. A call like this never failed to exhilarate him. The more urgent the call, the more elated he was. He didn't relish the prospect of Sister Wylie's com-

pany, but the thrill of the trip outweighed even that unpleasant detail.

Matron was waiting for him.

"You'll have a storm, Doctor."

"Yes, I'm all ready for it."

"Don't go taking risks; be careful over Gringhi Pass."

He laughed and patted her on the shoulder.

"I'll take care, Matron; but why worry? Plenty more doctors!"

"Oh, you terrible man! Why don't you get an aeroplane, and have a real thrill?"

"Thinking of it, Matron. Tell Sister to hurry; there's a storm coming, and I want to race it."

"Here's a storm—with over thirty miles of mountain road!"

Sister Wylie, coming out at that moment, threw a furious glance at the matron. Was she talking that way on purpose to frighten her? Matron knew how terrified of a storm she was! Why couldn't she have sent Nurse Marsh? Even if she wasn't fully trained, she was quite good enough for people who lived like blacks away in savage places in the bush. But she was helpless—one couldn't question the matron's authority. One had to go . . . or resign; and she certainly couldn't afford to do that just now, with all the winning cards in her hand. Nursing was a hard profession at any time; what would it be like when one grew old? A dreadful nightmare! How fortunate those who had the security of a good home. But marriage with poverty—!

BUT with Charles it would be different. He was clever, especially at surgery. Back in the city he would soon make his name. Fancy burying himself in this hole! He would see reason in the end. Already he seemed to be less infatuated with that Howarth girl. She would win. In the city, with her to help him, he would rise to fame. . . . What suicide for him to think of an inexperienced country girl like Phyl Howarth! He would soon grow tired of this kind of practice. For his own sake he must be rescued. She understood his work—could discuss his cases.

So thinking, she moved towards the car. It would be a chance to influence him, anyway. Did Matron want her to make a fool of herself by being scared of a storm? Well, she wouldn't give the satisfaction. She would show them she could do the work with the best of them, storm or no storm. Anyway, the storm would probably pass around or come to nothing.

The doctor looked very thoughtful and stern, she thought, standing there in his mackintosh, talking with the matron. She noticed them both turn and look at her—had they been talking about her? Probably the matron had been telling him she was not suitable for the life; and he would be thinking she would leave. Well, she'd show them! What a fool Charles was to himself. She would do her utmost to smash this attachment to the Howarth girl. Some day, when he was a great name among surgeons, he would thank her for what she'd done.

Matron noticed the gleam of her eyes and the set of her lips—a cruel mouth, she thought. What was the meaning of the trouble in the doctor's eyes since she had come on the scene? What was she holding over him? Well, if a doctor got mixed up with a woman like her, he must expect trouble. She had no patience with either doctors or nurses who allowed the sex complex to come between them and their work.

"Better put your mack on, Sister," the doctor advised. "I can't guarantee my car will keep you dry if we strike a storm."

"It's far too hot, Doctor. I'll get it on when the storm starts."

"Right! Then hop in, and let's get away. We've no time to lose."

Matron's eyes were very thoughtful as she watched the car move off.

"He's too good a doctor to lose," she

thought. "He's an asset to the district. I'll have to get rid of her."

She turned to go in, casting one more glance, as she did so, towards the car roaring up the rise toward the Wallarimbah road, and then looking to the greyish-black wall of cloud raining out of the haze above the mountains.

"But will she go?" her mind still on the question of getting rid of Sister Wylie. "She's got some powerful weapon up her sleeve, and she's out to play a desperate game. If she succeeds, she'll take him away; and he likes being here. . . . Oh well, he's got to get out of the mess in his own way. But, whatever happens, I'm not going to keep her here if she affects his work so badly." So resolving, she dismissed the matter from her mind, and went back to her work.



CHAPTER 5

AS the car sped along the creek flats, wound around narrow cuttings, and climbed steep slopes, Madeline kept her eye on the swiftly-rising clouds. Every little while she saw the swift shaft of white light, like a spear of fire, strike downward through the black mass. But, for ten miles, it appeared to come no closer.

Turning off the Wallarimbah road, they crossed the creek, and began to wind upward towards the Gringhi Pass. But still the storm seemed to be receding. The sun was blazing down with intense heat.

As the car topped a rise and began a short descent beneath a patch of heavy brush, the doctor caught the gleam of a shiny skin on the road, and smiled. With a quick turn of the wheel he endeavored to run the car over the shining thing as it began to glide swiftly away. As the reptile slid clear of the wheel the doctor was startled by a piercing scream, and turned to find Sister Wylie, white-faced and trembling, shrinking as though in terror from an expected blow.

"Good heavens, Sister! What's the matter?"

"The snake!" she gasped.

"Lord! I thought, for a moment, it must have been hurled into the car. That did happen once, I believe, to Sergeant Weston. He doesn't try to run over them now."

FOR a full twenty minutes she was speechless. When she had recovered, she became aware of a change in the atmosphere. The car was just then rising from the gully at the foot of the gorge to the cutting that led in and out around the spurs, across the top of the gorge, and finally up the back of a long spur and through the pass.

The sun had disappeared—hidden by swiftly-darkening skies. A new sound made itself heard above the roar of the car—the on-coming blast of a hurricane. Far up the mountain side Sister Wylie could see the tree-tops waving.

"Oh dear!" she wailed, quite forgetting her earlier resolve. "I do believe the storm will catch us after all."

"Yes," the doctor answered cheerfully. "We're for it, all right."

She caught many a flash of lightning, and then the deep, echoing roll of thunder. A terrible dread was upon her—the sight of the snake had unnerved her. Oh, ghastly country!

They were roaring round the elbow bend above the brush-filled gorge. It was known generally as "The Devil's Elbow." The trees high above them began to sway with the violence of the wind, and branches were flying far out into space. Sister Wylie gripped the side of the car, vainly trying

to be calm. The very atmosphere was charged with dread. She caught glimpses of the whirling clouds—threatening, terrifying. Surely the doctor wouldn't keep on up that dreadful road right in the teeth of a storm like this!

But Raynor was eagerly watching the road ahead with every symptom of enjoyment.

"Doesn't a storm look inspiring in mountain country?"

She stared at him, aghast at his coolness.

"Inspiring!"

"Yes, there seems something so tremendous and thrilling about it."

Thrilling! Lord, what an idea! And she trembling with terror, biting her lips to keep from screaming. She'd never seen such a frightful storm in her life. In the city, under shelter, and with life and movement around, storms were nothing; but out here in these fearful hills—so vast and terrifying!

As they rose to the top of the long spur the car caught the full blast of the wind, and seemed to sway and lift under the force of it. . . . Those towering trees—suppose they blew down in the wind!

Then they were on the last cutting, which led around the steep hillside to the pass itself. She looked down and shuddered. Below, the precipice seemed to cave in beneath the road. One felt like a fly crawling along the ceiling. Deep gorges, seemingly bottomless—down, down amid vines and bushes, to dark recesses, yawning menacingly.

She was suddenly blinded by a dazzling flash of lightning, and gasped at the shuddering crash of thunder which followed. She covered down into her corner.

"Oh, Charles, the car will be struck."

"Not it," he assured her lightly. "The rubber tyres act as insulators."

"No, no, they don't. I heard it on the radio just before I came up here. That theory's exploded. I wish now I hadn't heard it."

"Where ignorance is bliss—"

"The speaker on the radio said the best thing to do was to speed on as fast as possible."

He smiled, and his brow lifted with a touch of mockery. "Shall I try it? There'll be no danger of being struck by lightning if I do—at least, not for long. But I think being decently struck by lightning would be much nicer than being mangled up in the bottom of the gorge down there."

The roar of the wind caught them in such fury they couldn't hear each other. Rounding the turn, the doctor suddenly applied the brakes for there, a few yards ahead, lay the top portion of a dry tree, right across the narrow cutting.

"Good thing it's smashed up," the doctor shouted as he climbed out to drag the limbs off the track.

Sitting in the stationary car was worse than moving through the storm. She saw other dry trees ahead overhanging the road, saw them swaying in the fury of the wind. Her head was whirling. This was torture worse than death.

Then the doctor was back in the car—that sickening suspense waiting for the car to get moving on the steep incline—and then they were crawling up the cutting right under those tottering trees.

When at last they reached the top of the pass she was sick and dizzy. The rain was tearing down now in a welter beyond description. She closed her eyes, unable any longer to face the sight of the darting lightning and the sickening precipice.

Hadn't Mastron said something about the top of the pass being slippery in the wet? God in heaven! Would she ever come out of this trip alive?

SHE opened her eyes to glare at the doctor. His lips were parted and he was smiling. Yet, for one second, she thought it was fear she saw in his

face. But no—merely determination to win, and keen enjoyment in the struggle.

The sight of his determined smile reassured her—almost awed her. How wonderful he was!

In that moment a touch of compunction came to Madeline Wylie. The almost extinct better self struggled for a hearing. As though that vivid flash of lightning had laid naked to her startled eyes the ugly depths of her own soul, stirring an impulse to confess all, and abandon her designs.

Then, as they slid down the cutting, the thing she had so horribly feared happened. Such a powerful blast of wind caught them that she thought the car must topple over the side. But her eyes were glued to the great tree a little distance ahead, standing directly on the hillside high above the road. As they slid directly under it she heard the ominous crack, saw it sway and then come crashing down. She screamed, and covered her eyes; but the doctor had accelerated, and the tree crashed yards behind them, and only a few broken limbs fell as far as the roadway.

"We'll be killed!" she shrieked.

She could scarcely hear his answer flung in the teeth of the gale.

"It missed us, and things like that don't repeat themselves, Madeline."

Fascinated, she looked at his gloved hands clutching the wheel, his face set with determination, his eyes alight with the eagerness of accomplishment. Her gaze came back to his hands—the slender, capable fingers beneath the gloves, surgeon's fingers, gripping the wheel with a grip of mastery—master of fear, master of himself, master of the situation. She would not give him up to that other girl—no, she would hold him. He was hers. She must win. Back in the city, she had valued him because of his position, and because of the charm of his manner; but out here she saw him in a different light. Here, he showed himself developed into a man, strong, courageous . . . and very desirable.

The storm was abating. They were now on the spur leading down to Bingo Creek. The worst of the road was past. Madeline sat back and relaxed, yet she found herself still trembling.

They were soon down the mountain and speeding over the more level flats along the creek. She saw the doctor's muscles relax, and realised the strain he had been through.

"Well, here we are, safe over the hill," he said casually. "I suppose you were a bit scared."

She lifted her eyebrows.

"Scared to death; but I had every confidence in you, Charles. You certainly can handle a car."

She saw his lips compress at the intimacy of her tone, and she frowned. Was that girl always going to come between them? No, she would take him from her, and take him back to the city. He would soon forget Phyl Howarth. As his reputation grew he would forget all this life he fancied he loved so much. It couldn't be as powerful as ambition. He would meet with other men in the profession—great men in the medical world. Perhaps he would travel . . . specialise. Yes, she would go all out to bring this about. She would play on his ambition. Success would compensate him for the loss of the girl. After all, love didn't count for so much. A few years of married life and all the first thrill and glamor were gone. And a doctor's life was so full; he had even less time for romance.

She looked out over the slopes. How quickly the storm cleared away in this country. The sky was clear now, and the air fresh and soft. The clouds were a bank far away down the valley behind them, and the hills were smiling.

"Who'd ever think that all that hurricane has only gone a few minutes?" she remarked.

"This is a country of quick changes," he answered. "One never knows from one hour to another what the next will bring."

His mind carried on with the thought "Rather like life," he was musing bitterly. A few weeks back life had looked so full and promising—the past, forgotten, the future full of love, and Phyl . . . Now Madeline, bringing ghosts from the grave!

MADLINE glanced back towards the pass.

"What a dreadful road!" she exclaimed. "It's amazing there aren't more accidents."

"No chance for speeding," he explained. "And, of course, the people up here are used to them. They have no fear at all just take the roads as a matter of course. There's old Harry Bodger with his cross lorry mended up all over with bits of fencing wire—more wire than lorry, they say. I saw him when he was getting ready to leave the other day. He said his car was slipping, but he thought it would hold out till that trip was done. I wonder sometimes if they're not all fatalists up the way."

"Do you believe in fate?" she asked. "Do you think we're fated to die at a certain time in a certain way? Everything cut out beforehand in spite of all we may do?"

He looked at her a moment before answering, thinking of the day she had walked into the hall at the bazaar.

"I don't know what I think," he admitted soberly. "I used to smile at the idea, but the more one sees of life the more it perplexes one."

They were leaving the cleared hills now and entering the brush, crossing and recrossing the stony creek bed where the rippling stream purled over the stones.

"Just as well the storm wasn't heavy on the creek," the doctor commented. "We've been held up with water here."

At last, they emerged upon another clearing, where, inside a fence, brilliant green maize stood shoulder high, and cows grazed on the hillside. A gate, composed of two upright sticks between which stretched three barbed wires, barred their way. Madeline made to get out.

"Hold on, Sister. This isn't a lady's gate. Takes experience to manipulate them. I've mastered the art."

He drew the barricade out of the way.

"Can you drive?"

"No," she confessed. "At least, not in places like this. I've no nerve left, anyway."

"It's really very simple," he said, as he let the clutch in.

"Perhaps you'll teach me."

"Yes, on the mountain as we return."

She watched him close the structure again, thinking with disgust how primitive the life of the people was away out in this country.

Osborne's house was, in reality, only a bark hut with earthen floors where one would have expected a verandah—hideous-looking structure, Sister Wylie thought.

Mrs. Osborne came limping out to welcome them, a wide smile on her freckled face. She was a tall and rather gaunt woman with a very freckled face, middle-aged with greying hair. She carried with her a refreshing air of cheerfulness and optimism.

She looked a little surprised to see the sister.

"Fancy you coming over the pass in all that storm, Doctor. I didn't expect you for another hour."

"It certainly was pretty rough. How is the patient?"

"I don't know: I've heard nothing since the boy came down to call you."

"Oh! Then we have to go on up there. How far to Dawson's?"

"Six miles, and you can't get there by car. We've got the horses in the yard."

"Horses!" exclaimed the sister, staring angrily at the doctor. "Is it part of the sister's duties to be a cowboy? I understood I was coming to be a sister at a hospital, not a station boundary-rider."

"Can't you ride, Sister? That's rather

awkward. You'll really need to be able to ride."

"Well, they didn't include riding in our nursing studies."

"Never mind, you can't learn younger. Are the horses quiet, Mrs. Osborne?"

He was amused at the sudden blaze of anger in Madeline's eyes.

"I simply won't ride, Doctor Raynor."

"Oh, sister! After standing up to that mountain trip so splendidly! You may as well go through with it. Besides, you can't expect me to attend Mrs. Dawson without a nurse."

Mrs. Osborne stared at him in bewilderment for a moment, then glanced at the sister. Enlightenment flashed into her eyes, and she began to laugh.

"You've made a mistake this time, Doctor. It's not Mrs. Dawson; it's Mr. Dawson. He slipped from a tree he was chopping down. You know how they stand on a stick driven into the trunk thirty or forty feet up to get above the thick butt? Well, the stick slipped out and he fell. They were afraid of a fractured skull, and didn't like moving him."

The doctor turned to the sister.

"So you've had your little joy-ride for nothing, Sister. Put it down to experience, and get ready for the next."

"There'll be no next," she blurted out, her feelings getting the better of her wisdom.

The doctor laughed and turned to Mrs. Osborne.

"Well, that makes it simpler. I'll get my steed and get away."

"Better have a cup of tea before you go, Doctor. I heard the car coming, and I've got it all ready. Come on in."

INside, they found the house clean, but frightfully rough-looking. The partitions were of hessian, papered over, and the linings the same. The floor was of rough-hewn slabs which fitted unevenly together, leaving large cracks. Madeline looked around with distaste.

The doctor swallowed his tea quickly, and rose.

"You can wait here till I return, Sister. I shouldn't be very long; but if I happen to be longer than I expect, Mrs. Osborne will look after you."

"Yes, we can put you up for the night. You, too, Doctor, if you're too late to go back to-night."

"Oh, thanks, Mrs. Osborne; but I can manage the mountain all right in the night."

With a sense of dread, Sister Wylie listened to the sound of the hoof-beats receding into the distance as the doctor's horse galloped up the road. This place was so terribly lonely. Beautiful, perhaps, but oppressively isolated—the forest-covered hills rising steeply on both sides of the creek; the mountain wall towering above; the sombre gurgle of the stream as it leapt over the rocks into a deep pool a short distance above the house. Even the bright afternoon sun and the ringing note of the bell-bird failed to dispel the overpowering gloom which she felt pressing down on her.

Mrs. Osborne didn't seem too anxious to talk; and she herself found it hard to make conversation.

"How did you get the message from Dawson's?" she asked at last.

"Their eldest boy brought it—he's only twelve, and they're no horses at the camp. He had to walk. He was off back again as soon as I got the message through; but we made him take a horse back."

"How will Mrs. Dawson get down when she wants to go to the hospital?"

"Oh, she'll have to ride—it's the only way."

"Ride! In her condition!"

"Good life, yes! That won't hurt her—not half as much as a car would, bumping over these stony roads. I reckon a car's about the most dangerous thing a woman could ride in—on these roads. Women got

on just as well long before cars were invented. I had five—all born here."

"Here!" Madeline echoed, looking around, with a little shiver.

"Yes, and no trouble at all—as bonny babies as you ever saw. My youngest boy is six feet, and as strong as a bullock. No doctor either in them days. . . . Though, mind you, I think it's a great thing to have a doctor and nurses handy. I reckon women feel a lot safer. As for riding—it seems just the natural way to get about. We're born to it. The kids can ride as soon as they can walk."

Madeline walked to the door and listened to what seemed a melancholy echo in a brooding silence. She was restless and unnerved.

"Isn't it awfully silent?"

"That's because you're not used to it. When you've been here a while you hear nothing but sounds. But, comin' from the city, you miss all the noise. In the city, you can't hear nothing for noise. The doctor, now, he's from the city, but he's got used to the bush; he likes it; says it's sort of mysterious."

Madeline was on the point of saying she hoped she'd never see enough of it to get used to it, when she heard an unusual rustling sound behind the papered hessian lining of the wall.

"What's that?"

"They've been disturbed by the storm. There's a couple of snakes betn in there for weeks."

"Snakes!" Madeline gasped, her eyes widening with horror. "You—you don't mean there are snakes in there?"

"Yes, we've been trying to catch them for weeks; but they're too cunning. It's a terrible part for snakes; but I always says everything does some good—we haven't had a mouse or a rat about the place for ages. And they really aren't so dangerous. They seem too scared and keep out of people's way."

But Madeline wasn't listening. She caught her breath in short gasps, between which she listened, tense with terror, to the sound of the scaly bodies sliding between bark and hessian. Mrs. Osborne noticed her face.

"Oh, there's nothing to be afraid of, Sister. We've had snakes in the house for years; but none of us ever got bitten yet. If you put a saucer of milk on the back verandah, they'll come out and drink it, but they're gone like a flash before you can get near 'em—just the sight of a tall disappearing down a crack."

"Oh, stop!" Madeline cried. "I can't bear it. I'm terrified of them."

"Oh, I'm sorry I scared you," Mrs. Osborne apologised. "I shouldn't have told you—we're so used to them."

USED to them! How could they be? They weren't human—these people. She thought of Matron's words about fear. "They say if you're particularly scared of a thing it will get you in the end." Her blood froze as again she caught the hideous rustling. It sounded like the horrible muttering of doom.

Mrs. Osborne tried to reassure her.

"Of course, that mightn't be a snake. We often have harmless lizards in the walls. Goanmas get on the roof sometimes. A big fellow dropped through the roof a few weeks ago. We were all having Sunday dinner." She laughed at the memory.

"Talk about a scatter! Osborne mended the roof after that. I'd been at him to do it for weeks. It's terrible hard to get men to do a job like that. You see, he's away all the week, timber-cutting. But he hates goanmas, so he mended it."

They were interrupted by three sharp rings of a bell. The telephone! Madeline's nerves were so taut, she jumped. She hadn't noticed the phone, but now the thought of it brought a measure of comfort. Why didn't the woman answer it?

Mrs. Osborne caught her glance.

"It isn't for us. Three rings is for Wilson's, down the creek—it's a party phone."

Madeline's eyes turned back to the phone as the call was answered by a short ring.

A link with civilisation! A night in this place would be worse than Hades. She would hear those hideous reptiles all night—feel them sliding over her; see their malignant eyes staring at her, their vicious, darting tongues hissing at her! . . . If only she'd brought something to make her sleep—to forget, to escape!

She turned to Mrs. Osborne again.

"I suppose the doctor won't be late."

"Oh, I don't know. I'll be surprised to see him back before midnight. You see, Dawson's pretty bad. I'd make myself comfortable if I were you."

Comfortable! With snakes in the walls and iguanas on the roof. She set her lips. After all, why should she stay? The matron had no right to have sent her out here. She had done it only for spite.

"I'd like to ring the hospital, Mrs. Osborne. They'll be glad to know we've arrived safely. How do you get through?"

"You have to get Maraden's first—one long ring and two shorts. They'll connect you with the main line. But I wouldn't mind betting the line from Maraden's over the hill is down with that terrible storm. Let me try—I'll get Maraden's for you. These party phones are a bit tricky."

She rang and rang, and then suddenly, hopefully, called: "Hello!" She listened a while, and then said, "Oh!" and hung up.

"Maraden's are out just now," she explained. "Milk, I suppose. We'll try a little later. That reminds me—I must run out and milk my two cows."

Madeline watched her go with a glow of satisfaction. She would seize the opportunity while she was alone to get in touch with the hospital. It would be much easier to say what she wanted to say in Mrs. Osborne's absence.

Perhaps, had she realised just how public a party phone is, she would not have felt quite the same measure of freedom to say what she wanted to say.



CHAPTER 6.

MATRON lifted the receiver, and placed it to her ear.

"Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Who? . . . Oh, it's you, Sister! . . . I can't hear you! . . . Oh! . . . Come back? Whatever for? . . . Snakes? . . . Did you say snakes? . . . Hello! . . . I can't catch it. . . . A car?"

Finally she hung up the receiver, and frowned with annoyance. She ought to have sent Nurse March. Sister Wylie wasn't fit for such a job—too hysterical. Frightened of snakes. What nonsense. And how in the name of goodness did she think one could find a car to go away up there at this time of the day? . . . Snakes—pitiful they didn't swallow the fool.

She took up the phone again and gave a number.

"That you, Sergeant? . . . Oh, I've just had a ring from Sister Wylie out at Osborne's." She went on to explain the situation, and heard his hearty laugh come booming over the wire.

"Cruel tyrant, Matron, to send a poor frightened child out into the big dark jungle like that! . . . Ridiculous—yes, but I suppose she isn't used to having them around. Some people do object to snakes sleeping around their beds. I happen to know Osborne's are very casual about them. I can't go out myself to-night, but I'll see what I can do."

He came out to his wife and Phyl with a broad grin all over his face.

"What is it, Jim?" Phyl asked, seeing the grin.

"Sister Wylie is stranded out at Osborne's, standing on the kitchen table surrounded by a sea of snakes. She's sent an urgent S.O.S. to Matron for a car to rescue her."

"But where's the doctor?"

"Gone on into the wilds to attend the case; probably won't be back till morning."

HE burst into another laugh.

"I can see her. I've been to Osborne's a few times."

"What does Matron want you to do?"

"It's a police job, to rescue maidens threatened by fierce dragons. Behold me—the modern St. George!"

"But you've got to go down to Bellenbri," his wife reminded him.

"Yes, I'll ring Foster."

"I don't think you'll get Foster to-night, either. He's going down to Bellenbri with a lodge party."

"Oh, the poor lady will be utterly swallowed up!"

Phyl put down her sewing.

"I'll go, Jim; the run will do me good. I feel like a run to blow the cobwebs out of my hair."

He stared at her, then smiled.

"Do me, Sis; though I certainly didn't expect you to be so sympathetic with the lady in question."

"Don't deceive yourself. If I thought the snakes would really swallow her, I wouldn't go, but I like the run."

"You're a motor fiend, all right. I reckon the old man knew what he was doing when he gave you that car. I'll wager you're a thousand times easier to live with since you've had that bus to assist you let off steam."

"Yes, Father's a dear. He was always sure to want his car just when I did. Now, I have my very own."

"Well, if you're determined to go, I'll give the driver a look over."

Netta was looking at Phyl in amazement.

"What's the idea, Phyl?"

"Oh, just a feather-brained impulse, old girl—the let-off steam idea, I guess."

"You won't be able to get back before dark."

"I may not even get back to-night."

"Then, what's the good of going?"

"Oh, I can be a sort of moral support."

"To the sister, or the snakes?"

"I'll try to see fair play."

Netta's eyes were shadowed with anxiety as she watched her go. What was Phyl up to?

The thrill of adventure was on Phyl as she hurried, coat and bag in hand, to the garage.

"Everything's fake," her brother-in-law assured her. "Be careful on the pass. It's sure to be a bit wet."

"I'll be careful," she replied, waving lightly to her sister as she took her seat.

As she sped up the street, she noticed Barney Lennon standing in front of McGregor's bar, waving his hands in a most erratic fashion. Poor old Barney. He was celebrating again. He was a frightful problem when he got a really full cargo aboard. Yet, one couldn't help liking him.

As she roared up the cutting toward the pass, her heart sang with a fierce delight. Why had she come? She asked herself the question, and couldn't answer it. Just an impulse. No, it was more—it was an urge, a call, an inspiration. She could easily get back to-night. Her little single-seater was swift and reliable, and the lights were good. . . . But she wouldn't. Oh, no, she had no intention of coming back to-night unless the doctor came, too. Sister Wylie terrified by snakes. It would do

her heart good to see it. She would like to put a saucer of milk under the girl's bed to lure the snakes there. . . . She was only getting her deserts—the fiend!"

Suppose she insisted on being brought back? Something could easily go wrong with the car.

She looked down into the gorge below. It was growing dark with the shadow of the hills above it, for the sun was getting low. She staid as she saw the tree the doctor had cleared off the track. Then over the top and down the winding cutting on the western side, with the brilliant sun shining into the recesses of the hills. A grim smile spread over her face as she saw the other fallen tree which had so nearly crashed on top of the doctor's car. She saw that it had fallen after the car had passed, and realised that they had crossed the pass in the storm.

Her car bumped over the broken limbs on the road. How would her ladyship enjoy the storm as they crawled so helplessly along the mountain side?

"Good thing that didn't fall right across the road," she thought. "I'd have been blocked for good and all."

On down the slopes, and up through the brush, and then Osborne's. What a pretty spot tucked away in the hills and brush—glorious beauty.

She saw Sister Wylie coming out to meet her. Saw the astonishment as she caught sight of her rescuer and halted to stare.

"Good evening, Sister," she called brightly.

Madeline returned the greeting.

"I heard the car," she said, a little embarrassed. "But I didn't expect to see you."

"Matron sent the message down to the police station. The sergeant couldn't come, and the garage people were away, so I came."

Then Mrs. Osborne's voice.

"Hello, Miss Howarth. Fancy you coming over that awful road. Can you drink a cup of tea?"

"Oh, the nectar of the gods, Mrs. Osborne!"

Sister Wylie glanced at the sun just about to disappear behind the hill tops.

"It's getting pretty late."

But Phyl only smiled.

"Oh, I have good lights. I love crossing the mountain in the dark. No danger of meeting other cars on narrow turns—you see their lights a long way off. It's a devil of a job when you turn a sharp corner and find another car almost on top of you, and you have to back down to a wider place to let it pass."

"Oh, such ghastly roads!"

"They're nothing to what they were a few years back."

"Good Lord! What could they have been like then?"

PHYL regarded her thoughtfully.

"I had a bit of worry with the engine coming up. Perhaps I'd better have a glimpse at it while it's light; it gets dark so quickly in the hills."

Madeline watched her as she lifted the bonnet and began to fiddle with the works.

"Know anything about a car, Sister?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"I don't know very much about the works myself. So far I've had marvellous luck."

She replaced the bonnet.

"I think she'll be all right."

They went inside, and Phyl sank into a chair.

"What time do you expect the doctor back, Mrs. Osborne?"

"He thought he wouldn't be long; but I think he'll be late. If he's wise, he'll stay all night. It's a pretty rough track in the dark. Draw your chairs up now. It isn't

much I can offer you, but you're welcome to what there is."

"I'm sure we're lucky, Mrs. Osborne. You know your reputation for bread; and there's no honey in the district can touch Osborne's."

As they ate the meal, Phyl could see Sister Wylie growing more and more restless. She smiled, and lingered a long while on her last cup of tea, talking about a thousand unimportant things.

"What a nasty-spirited little beast I'm growing into!" she thought, rather amused at her own nerve.

But at last tea was over, and she ran much to Madeline's relief. Mrs. Osborne went with them out to the car. The stars twilight had settled on the hills with a queer, mystic hush. To Phyl, it spoke of peace and rest; to Madeline, dread sinister shadows.

Phyl applied her shoe to the starter. It whirled and fell silent again. Once more still no spark of life. Phyl climbed out and lifted the bonnet, fiddled a bit more with the works, and then tried again. But it was no use—the engine hadn't a kick in it.

"That's funny! What's gone wrong with the dashed thing? Must have been more serious than I thought."

Again and again she tried, but still with out result.

She looked at Mrs. Osborne with a comical helplessness.

"Afraid I'll have to cast myself upon your generosity, Mrs. Osborne. This fiasco has turned me down flat."

"Oh, I'll be only too glad to find room for you; though it isn't what you've been used to."

"Thank you very much. I'm glad the doctor's a good mechanic. He'll be able to fix it. Jim says the women never use much as mechanics, and they're quite useless since hair-pins went out."

AS she spoke, she was watching Sister Wylie. It was absurd the way she was taking it. One would think it a matter of life and death.

It was growing dark and, with a loud around, Phyl climbed out of the car.

"No use sitting there any longer. She won't budge, and that's the end of it. I'm using arguing with the things."

"Better come back inside," Mrs. Osborne invited, moving towards the house.

Madeline stood surveying the car in much despair.

"I feel frightfully scared of that house," she confessed in a low voice.

"Oh, you'll feel better with me to keep you company. After all, snakes are a common about here, no one takes them seriously."

"But I'm terrified of them. I—I can't help it. All my life I've lived in horror of them. I was quite a small girl in England when a gipsy told my fortune. She told me to beware of snakes, for the greatest evil in my life was a serpent. I've never got over it. . . . and to come to a place where they're as plentiful as—cockroaches!"

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, Sister, don't be a tale like that worry you. That's the trouble with fortune-telling; we simply can't help taking it seriously. One never knows the harm it may do; as in your case, creating fear in the sub-conscious mind, frightening you into nervous prostration. Don't let it worry you. After a good night's sleep—"

"Sleep!" Madeline cried. "I'd never get a wink of sleep in there."

Phyl shrugged.

"Well, if you will keep frightening yourself to death—! You know the danger of self-hypnosis. As a matter of fact, it's too cool a night for snakes to be wandering about."

"Come on in, anyway. Who knows? The doctor may get back in time to go on yet. They went inside and Phyl passed on."

the kitchen where Mrs. Osborne was washing up.
"I say, Mrs. Osborne, do snakes sleep at night?" she asked, picking up a tea-towel.
"Oh dear, no, Miss Howarth—that's just when—"

"Sh-h! Let's try to convince her they do. She'll be worse than old Barney with the D.T.'s, and I don't like her enough to sit up all night holding her hand."

Mrs. Osborne's face wrinkled into a smile.
"I see; but really I never saw anyone so scared of anything in all my life."

"It seems a fortune-teller warned her years ago about snakes."

"What nonsense!" Mrs. Osborne snorted. "Fancy a girl in her senses being so silly!"

"Oh, it's remarkable. Superstition doesn't always go with simple minds. Now, don't forget—snakes do sleep at night."

"Isn't it dark?" the sister exclaimed fearfully as Phyl joined her again. She was gazing out from the doorway into the night.

"Yes, but the moon will be up in less than an hour. Then you'll see a transformation. It's worth seeing, these hills in the moon-light."

SISTER WYLIE followed her into the bedroom. An old-fashioned double bed stood against the wall, and a stretcher occupied a place near the rough window.

"Not a bad room for the kind of house," Phyl remarked. "Beautifully clean. There's another stretcher on the front verandah. I'm sleeping there."

"Outside!" Madeline exclaimed. "In this terrible place?"

"Yes—no burglars here to worry about. You could leave your money on the gate-post and it would be quite safe."

Mrs. Osborne, joining them as they came back to the living-room, and noticing Sister Wylie still nervously eyeing the hessian lining, launched into her talk.

"No need to worry any more now till morning, Sister. Snakes never move at night. They sleep as sound as a corpse. You can't wake 'em even if you happen to stumble over 'em."

The sister stared at her angrily.
"You're just trying to pull my leg."

Phyl broke into a merry laugh.
"You've overdone it, Mrs. Osborne: like the fellow who tried too much auto-suggestion for his bow legs, and woke up in the morning knock-kneed." She turned to Madeline. "Mrs. Osborne was only trying to set your mind at rest, Sister, hoping you'd be able to sleep."

As time wore on, Phyl watched with little sympathy the sister's nervously-twitching fingers.

"Lot of good you'd do the doctor if you once got him in your hands," she was thinking. "You'd have him worried away from here in a month."

Then the moon rose, flooding the hills with an eerie silver light. It seemed to leave Sister Wylie very cold. Phyl felt a little wave of disgust at the sister's contempt for the beauty of it all. She had no sense of beauty in her make-up. Hatred, selfish creature!

Madeline finally went to bed, asking that she might have the lamp left burning. Phyl slipped out to the verandah, and sat on her stretcher to pull off her shoes. She sat for a few moments gazing out on the wonderful moonlight scene, but thinking of Sister Wylie. Her thoughts were bitter; and she felt a little helpless just then.

"Hope the snakes frighten her till she clears out," she murmured to herself. But so, she wanted more than that. She must somehow get to the bottom of this business between Sister Wylie and the doctor—lay this ghost, whatever it was, that was troubling Charles. But could she?

She must!

With her face set in determined lines, she undressed and slipped between the sheets on her creaking stretcher.



CHAPTER 7.

IT was Phyl who found sleep impossible—not because of snakes or any other creatures of the wilds, but because of an over-excited brain. She turned and twisted, writhed and contorted, and watched the shadows of the trees, and listened to the melody of the singing stream; shut her eyes in determination and opened them again in despair.

For one thing, her mattress was made of corn husks which rustled and crackled with the least movement, and made not the softest of beds, either.

She wondered how Madeline was getting on. Was she "seeing things?" or had fatigue at last overtaken her?

It was a marvellous night—the moon just past the full, flooding hill and valley with a perfect glow of silver beauty. It was worth a sleepless night, Phyl thought, gazing up to the hillside.

The breeze murmured gently to the song of the creek, and the mopoke called from the brush—the embodiment of romance and tranquillity.

Yet Phyl's mind scarcely reflected the serenity of it all. She was restless, on edge. She found herself thinking of the doctor and wondering about him—his life before he had come here; that part of his life associated in some dark shadow with Sister Wylie!

The call of the night bird echoed down the hillside, and then silence again.

Suddenly, Phyl stiffened, breath bated, intently listening. What was it she had heard? Some sound alien to the bush had disturbed her. . . . Yes, there again! It was a horse on the road. The doctor must be coming back. Probably he had waited for the moon before starting on his return journey.

SHE looked at her watch by the light of the moon. It looked like midnight.

The very fact of the doctor's nearness quickened her heart, and she lay listening for his arrival. Would he be very surprised to see her? He would see the car first, and know. A tinge of disappointment came with the thought. She wanted to see the surprise light up his face, and watch his eyes take fire.

She waited, her eyes towards the gate. Why was he so long coming? Enjoying the beauty of the night, most likely.

As she still waited, the thought came that it might have been only a loose horse wandering along the road; but at last, under the burden of suspense, she sat up, slipped her kim and shoes on, and stepped down the path. Yes, there was the horse by the gate, waiting to be let in. At sight of her it threw up its head and snorted, but she spoke quietly, and it stood.

Trembling a little, she came nearer. Good heavens! It was the doctor's horse, saddled, and with bridle-rein broken and trailing. Her heart leapt wildly with a terrible fear—the doctor had met with an accident!

Opening the gate, she led the horse through, and, dragging him to a trot, ran back up the path to the house. . . . Such a frightful road! . . . And the moonlight so deceptive!

She found herself trembling violently. Were there any steep climbs or narrow cuttings on the track to Dawson's? Could he be lying far down at the foot of some frightful precipice? Then she was knocking clamorously on Mrs. Osborne's door.

"Mrs. Osborne! Mrs. Osborne!"

She heard Mrs. Osborne's stiff movements as she rose and came to the door.

"Whatever's the matter, Miss Howarth?" It was Phyl who found herself almost hysterical now.

"The doctor's horse! It has come back without him. He's had an accident; he might be—be— But she couldn't bring herself to utter the awful thought.

"What can we do, Miss Howarth? If only Osborne had been home, or one of the boys!"

"Can you catch the other horse for me? I'll go up and look for him."

"Yes, yes, but be careful you don't lose yourself. The track's plain enough where they've brought the timber down; but don't take any that lead away from the creek."

She limped painfully as she moved towards the door.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Osborne," Phyl called. "I forgot all about your rheumatism. Tell me where the other horse is, and I'll get the horse."

"It's here on the peg on the back verandah; but you'd better let me catch him: he's used to me."

"I'll slip my clothes on and come with you."

Grabbing her clothes from the chair on the verandah, she slipped into the room where Sister Wylie was sitting up in alarm. She had heard with dismay what Phyl had said, and now sat watching blankly while Phyl slipped into her clothes.

"What could have happened?" she asked. "A thousand things," Phyl retorted. "The horse might have stumbled or slipped over the cutting."

"There are no very steep cliffs on that track, but it's rough," Mrs. Osborne volunteered from the next room.

"I'll find him. It's bright moonlight."

"But if he's badly hurt you can't bring him back."

"No—if I don't get back in a couple of hours, Mrs. Osborne, ring up and get help. He may have been only thrown."

By the time she was ready Mrs. Osborne had caught the horse, and in a few moments the saddle was transferred.

"He's good on the rough tracks, Miss Howarth, and he knows that track well. I'll give you two to three hours—it's slow travelling up there."

Madeline stood watching them, amazed at the calm way they were taking the thing.

"Travelling lot!" she thought. But she lacked the insight to see the volcano of emotion beneath Phyl's calm manner. For Phyl was terribly afraid. Suppose she found him somewhere up that steep track, dying by the roadside. . . . leg broken, back broken? . . . Or perhaps dead already!

She checked her thoughts abruptly. No good in imagining things like that. After all, he might have been thrown off without being seriously hurt. Stepping to the car, she took from one of the pockets a small flask of brandy, and, together with her torch—two things she seldom travelled without—she thrust it into the small bag hanging from the saddle.

Mrs. Osborne stood on the verandah watching her off. Crossing the creek, she turned up the narrow track made by the bullock teams—an uneven ridge of ground between two deep wheel-ruts.

As the path grew more rough and steep she steadied the horse to a trot. One had to be careful—the shadows on the uneven road, and overhanging limbs treacherously merged into the uncertain light.

Then, where the brush formed walls on both sides, a hundred feet high and often curtained among the limbs overhead until the track became a tunnel, she dismounted and led the horse. One might easily ride past a body lying in the edge of that dense mass of foliage, though most likely the horse would warn her.

FOR nearly half a mile she walked, then mounted again, rode another mile and came to a further dense brush. Dismounting again, she made her way into this also. She had come near,

four miles now, she judged, and still no sign of the doctor.

Several hundreds of yards further up the horse suddenly halted and snorted. She was still leading the horse, and now, dragging the unwilling brute after her, she hurried on. For a moment she paused to listen, her own heart pounding so loudly she could scarcely hear. She called, and almost jumped with relief when she heard a faint "Hello!" a little ahead.

Bounding forward, she was soon beside him as he sat by the roadside, his head supported in his hand. In a moment, her arms were around him.

"Oh, Charles, I've found you! Thank God you're alive!"

"Phyl! Good God, you!"

He struggled to rise, but she stopped him. "Oh, dear boy! Are you hurt?"

FOR answer his arms stole around her and his lips sought hers. "No, darling, I'm all right; only a bit dizzy."

She kissed him again.

"What happened?"

"Thoughts wool-gathering, and I caught a low-hanging vine. Dragged me off the horse, and the beggar wouldn't wait. I was a bit stunned, I've got a lump as big as a cricket ball on the side of my head."

"Oh, Charles!"

"Funny! I thought I heard you calling to me, telling me to be careful, just as the thing caught my chest."

"That must have been telepathy. I was lying awake back at Mrs. Osborne's thinking about you and wondering what you were doing."

"But how did you come to be at Osborne's?"

She told him the story, and he laughed till tears came to his eyes.

"Do you feel better now?" she asked him. "Rather! Still a little wuzzy in the head though."

"Oh, wait, I've got some brandy here."

She turned toward the horse.

"Good Heaven. Where's my horse?"

"Oh, I say! Has he walked off?"

"He has. Oh, what a silly fool I am. I forgot it wasn't my own horse. He stands anywhere I leave him. Oh, isn't that the limit?"

"Well, my beloved, it means we'll just have a nice long hike in the moonlight. Fond of hiking, Phyl?"

"On a night like this, it's divine. But you can't hike, Charles."

"Nothing but two broken legs or a broken neck could stop me from hiking in the moonlight with you, angel. The sight of you has cured me."

"I suppose when that rascal of a horse arrives back at Osborne's they'll be in a fearful flutter down there. They'll think there's a pair of us knocked out in the bush somewhere."

"Yes, quite a thrill. Let me see if I can stand."

She helped him up, and for a few seconds he leaned against her, his hand on his head.

"I'm all right, Phyl—just dazed. It soon passes."

He caught her to him again, and kissed her passionately.

"Phyl, you're the most wonderful thing alive. In the midst of all this beauty you seem like a spirit."

She yielded to his caresses, happy and contented. Now she realised why the urge to come out had come to her back in town. To be alone with him here in all this garden of romance.

He released her, and, with arms linked, they started down the track.

"How far do you think we are from Osborne's?" he asked.

"Must be four miles."

"I wish it were a hundred, Phyl. I wish we could go on forever—just you and me walking through the moonlit brush.

It's all so beautiful, so tranquil... and back there at Osborne's—life. Reality!"

She pressed his arm affectionately.

"Tell me about it, Charles," she whispered softly.

They walked in silence a while, and he halted.

"Yes, I'll tell you. But let us sit down—here, on this old log. See, here's a limb for a back-rest. . . I can't tell you so easily walking. I want to feel your arms about me, and feel the comfort of your love. A man's a poor thing, Phyl, without a woman to support him. There's something comforting and strengthening about a woman who loves."

He was silent a few moments after they had seated themselves. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"It's all so perfect, so peaceful. One could wish it were the end of things—that one didn't have to go back."

She pressed his arm in understanding, and he went on.

"One makes a mistake, and in the circle of that mistake others have to pay. It isn't as if I were the only one. There's you, Phyl. . . And there's my profession—a very sacred thing. I'm coming more and more to realise what it means to be a doctor—especially out here—the little homes and huts so far from the centres. If I'd started out here I should never have made the fatal blunder that ruined my life. . . and now yours. Why did you meet me, Phyl? Oh, why should you have been brought into this horrible business?"

HE caught her to him, and held her close. She smiled and kissed his forehead.

"It was written in the stars, beloved. You are mine and I am yours. Nothing that has happened can alter that fact. Love is the greatest thing in the world, Charles, and life isn't long enough for its fulfilment."

"If only I had your faith and your strength," he murmured.

He was silent a few moments then:

"You know Sister Wylie trained in the hospital where I was house doctor? She passed her 'final' the year I was there. Naturally, we were thrown together a good deal. She was rather decent—helped me in several ways. We went out a bit together. Did a show rather frequently, and made love, too, in an easy sort of way. You know, just one of those light flirtations one drifts into. I was never serious. In fact, I didn't take anything seriously in those days, life least of all. The crowd I mixed in was fairly wild."

He paused, and found a cigarette.

"It's so easy to drift. Before one knows one has fallen into disaster. . . then it's too late."

He felt the sympathy in the gentle pressure of her hands. She leaned more closely against him.

"Is it really ever too late, Charles?"

"I've met you three years too late, Phyl. You know, I think it's a great thing for a man when he meets the right girl early in life. A pal of mine, just as wild as I was, met a little bit of a thing, Betty Fareless—I often thought her name should have been 'Fearless.' She switched him round, and now they're married, with a good home, a splendid practice, and a rosy future. . . If only we'd met in those days, Phyl."

"We mightn't have liked each other then, silly boy."

"You would have saved me from making a fool of myself. You'd have drawn me away from the other associations. Sister Wylie wasn't a favorite with the matron, and, after her final, she took up private nursing. She did rather well. I left the hospital, too, and went in with another doctor. Sister Wylie and I still worked together a good deal—got cases for

each other, and knocked around together. The last case we were on together was a heart-patient—a man getting up in years, and in rather a serious condition."

He paused again and she felt him shiver.

He threw the stump of his cigarette away.

"You know, Phyl, I wasn't so keen on the medical side of the profession. I wanted to specialise in surgery; but, of course, it takes time to build up a reputation. I realised that, but I was impatient with medical cases. This case—Castlemann—wasn't sufficiently serious to require a night nurse. If he had specially bad turns, Sister Wylie did double duty, and sometimes Mrs. Castlemann relieved her when the turn was unusually long. It happened one night when one of my pals was giving a kind of farewell party—he was to be married a few days later. It was a very wild and lively affair—drink in any quantity. And right in the middle of it I got a ring from Mrs. Castlemann to say her husband had taken a very bad turn. Sister Wylie, she said, was asleep—had been going strenuously with the patient all day and all the night before, and she didn't care to wake her. I knew Sister needed the rest, so I told her not to wake her, and I went round."

He stopped again.

"It's horrible telling you all this, Phyl. I couldn't if I didn't know how much you care for me. You see, Mrs. Castlemann was much younger than her husband, and quite attractive, too. She often called me in if she had an excuse. She—"

"Had a crush on you," Phyl finished for him.

"Yes, she'd get me there when Sister Wylie was either out or asleep. Of course, it was my own fault. I used to flirt with her a bit—nothing more than a mild flirtation. She was amusing and apparently she found me the same. If I hadn't gone round that night she would have been forced to waken Sister, and everything would have been all right."

"Can we be so sure of that, Charles? We always say 'if—'—if. Yet, how do we know what would have happened 'if—'?"

"Yes, of course, there's that side to it. Anyway, when I reached the fresh air after getting the message my head began to swim. I can never drive down a street after midnight even now without thinking of that night."

HE moved uneasily. Phyl was at once all anxiety.

"Are you all right, Charles? That knock on your head?"

"Just a bit stiff, that's all, Phyl; but to go on. I saw the patient and found him in rather bad condition, but nothing really alarming. Mrs. Castlemann fluttered around me in some sort of gauzy blue kimono. I suppose she thought she looked very sweet and very feminine, and—well, so she did. We flirted a bit, as usual—just quite mildly. She had no more desire than I did to flirt any other way—got an awful thrill out of a few softly-whispered compliments, and an admiring light in a man's eye. She would have been scared to death of anything more serious. I was a bit worried over Castlemann's condition. His wife told me Sister Wylie would be up again in a couple of hours. I didn't wake her. For one thing, she would have been mad about Mrs. Castlemann ringing for me, and I was beginning to be a bit afraid of her. She was taking things too much for granted. I thought the best thing was to leave instructions for her. Mrs. Castlemann offered me a drink, and, like the fool I was, I took it. Heaven knows, I'd had too many already that night. We flirted a bit more, and I was far from steady. Then I wrote a note, telling Sister to give the patient a certain quantity of digitalis—a drug we use for heart cases. I was a bit swummy in the head, and very silly. When I got into the fresh air again I grew frightfully sleepy, and I was soon home

and asleep. Next thing I knew the phone was buzzing like mad, and when I went to it I heard Sister Wylie asking me to come round at once, the patient's heart had failed, and she was afraid he was dead."

PHYL felt his muscles tense as he paused. "It was a shock. I had hoped to pull him through. I felt absolutely rotten in every way. I had another drink and went. Some of the family had already gathered, and were giving consolation to the pretty young widow in tears. I was pretty badly upset—no doctor likes to lose a patient. Of course, heart cases are always a bit uncertain. However, the family seemed very grateful to me for the attention I had given; the funeral passed off, and the bill was paid. I began to recover from my depression; but the shock had steadied me—brought me face to face with myself if you can understand. I thought, suppose it had been an immediate 'op.' . . . and me half-drunk. . . no condition to operate. After all, my profession demanded a great deal. It was a sacred trust. I was ambitious, you see; and yet, there I was, making a damned fool of myself. I thought of a chap who had gone through with me, and had made a mess of things, just as I was bound to do if I kept on as I was going. The thing had been hushed up, but it had ruined him. I can well remember one of our big surgeons talking about it—He ought to have been gaoled, but it's disastrous to make these things public—it shakes people's faith in the profession, and faith is essential to healing." He was right. How often I've seen faith in a doctor pull a patient through. Thank God, I've been able to justify the faith!

He meditated a moment before he went on.

"But to get back to the story. Madeline was out of a job. I suppose I avoided her. I could see our association with each other was only leading into difficulties. I didn't care for her. In fact, I was beginning to dislike her. Then she came to see me and accused me of neglecting her. I told her plainly I was going to take life very differently—go steady and stick to my work. She wanted to know where she came in, and when I said I would try to find cases for her, but would strongly advise her to go back to hospital work, she was furious."

Phyl felt, as he paused again, that the telling of the story brought all the unpleasant experience back to him. She felt for him. He was so sensitive, and felt things so keenly.

"Then I saw the kind of person she really was," he went on.

"She showed me the note I had left that night with instructions what to give the patient. I was horrified as I saw that the amount of drug I had written down would be fatal to a patient in the condition Castlemann was that night. I said to her, 'Surely, you didn't give him that!' 'What else could I do?' she asked me. 'A nurse doesn't question the doctor's instructions.' Then she suggested that if she'd known the kind of party I'd come from and remembered that Mrs. Castlemann was in love with me, she might have hesitated about following the instructions."

Phyl saw the whole situation in a flash. So that was Sister Wylie's hold on him.

"The fiend!" she exclaimed vehemently. "I thought I'd go mad!" he continued. "I was overwhelmed—tried to shut out the horror of what I'd done by drinking. . . and even drugs. It was such a frightful thing for a doctor to do, and I knew if Sister Wylie cared to talk the thing would go further and I would be disgraced. More than that perhaps, for what a case could have been made of it. The young wife in love with the doctor—so easy to

put the husband out of the way. Can't you see it, Phyl? I saw it like a picture painted in living fire—the barristers in the court, the newsboys yelling about the sensational Castlemann Case . . . 'Doctor Accused—in Love With Patient's Wife!' . . . Oh, it was torture, torture!"

"Oh, Charles!" was all Phyl could say; but the sympathy in her voice filled him with comfort.

"Then there was Madeline herself. I knew what she wanted—wanted me to marry her as the price of her silence. Good God! Marry her—live all my life with her. . . I couldn't dream of it. Yet I was afraid—terribly afraid. Here was Mrs. Castlemann. I didn't want to ruin her life. She was just a silly little butterfly with no harm in her; but the trouble would have broken her life. . . And as for my ambitions—ruined, finished."

"And what did you do, Charles?" she asked softly.

"Do! Nothing. I ran away. Saw a position as ship's doctor on a boat bound for the other end of the world, and I got it—sold up my practice, and wrote to Madeline telling her that I would never come back, that I was going to the other end of the world to bury myself and try to forget. And I went. . . But the sea, Phyl, it had a marvellous effect on me. It seemed so clean. It brought me face with stern life, and whipped me into manhood. As first, I thought I'd end it all; but I began to feel that fate—or one might say, God—was giving me a second chance. There seemed so much one could do—a doctor is such a power, and even my bitter experience helped me to understand other men who had been through something like it. Those two years at sea, Phyl, were like a redemption to me. My ambition came back. I took a new grip of myself. I used every opportunity to study and build up my knowledge. And then a great longing came over me to get back into regular practice. I met the old doctor from here, and bought his practice. . . and so I came."

"I'm glad you came, Charles," she said softly.

HE looked at her very tenderly.

"I was glad I came—infinite glad—until she came. I felt I was redeeming myself, making good. It was my second chance, and I was succeeding. . . but now. . . Can one never be forgiven for a slip like that? Is there no recovery? Does Nemesis pursue forever, and hope merely mock one?"

"No, no, Charles," she cried emphatically. "There is always a second chance."

"How can one believe that when hope has been shattered as mine has been?"

"How, indeed? She looked away into the glory of the night—silver moonlight turning the soft foliage of fern and vine into a fairyland. Something of its witchery gripped her mind and laid its spell upon her. It breathed assurance.

She looked into his eyes.

"Sometimes we have merely to wait while our problems solve themselves. There's some purpose behind it all—perhaps behind even her coming. Something tells me it will all come out right."

He made a gesture of resignation, almost of despair.

"If only I had your faith, Phyl! To me it all seems so dark and hopeless."

"What does she want of you?" Phyl asked suddenly.

He shrugged.

"She's tired of nursing. She wants security. Some people don't know what love it. She's one of them. Says she still cares for me, and reminds me that she did a great deal for me; that I was cowardly to go away and leave her to suffer. She suggested there was a bit of talk, and she suffered in silence for my

sake. She didn't make any threat, but left a kind of impression that if I had turned her down she would talk. Of course, she still has the evidence."

"But she couldn't really use it now. It would condemn her for not making it public at the time."

"But does a woman reason such things out when she seeks revenge?"

"She would."

"It wouldn't make it any better for me. A few whispers would do it. The slightest shadow can damn a doctor's reputation. I couldn't bear it. The honor of a doctor's profession has come to mean a lot to me. . . and then, you have come into my life, Phyl. I'd die rather than see your name dragged into this."

"But you—you couldn't do what she wants?"

"No—there seems only one way—just to disappear again. Once a coward, always a coward it seems to me. I couldn't face the horror of publicity."

"I don't think you were a coward, Charles. After all, it was the wisest course—then."

"You—you can't mean that, Phyl?"

"I do, but you can't run away now."

"What can I do?"

She looked away again. It was a frightful tangle. Yet there would be a solution. One could still hang on to faith—the substance of things hoped for."

Such is the optimism of love.

He looked at her with tired eyes.

"I suppose we had better be getting on. But, oh, that we could stay here together forever in this heaven of beauty, instead of going back into . . . hell!"

"How do you feel?" she asked anxiously as he rose to his feet.

"All right, darling," he said, drawing her to him and kissing her again.

In that kiss, Phyl felt his reverence and renunciation. It brought tears to her eyes as they moved sadly and silently down the track.



CHAPTER 8.

ON reaching Osbornes, Phyl and the doctor found Mrs. Osbornes and Sister Wylie in a state of frantic alarm. Long before they reached the house they caught the urgent ringing of the telephone-bell—Mrs. Osbornes had a prejudice against the silencing button—and called out that they were all right.

When Phyl's horse had returned, Mrs. Osbornes had naturally concluded that Phyl, too, had met with an accident. Fortunately the horse had been hungry, and lattered on his way to feed, finally arriving not half an hour ahead of them. Mrs. Osbornes had at once rushed to the telephone to rouse all the neighbors down the creek.

Sister Wylie looked on in amazement at Mrs. Osbornes's emotion when they walked in safe and well. The usual outer calm was broken through. She clasped Phyl in her arms and cried.

"I've been trying for half an hour to raise them down the creek," she said, wiping her tears from her eyes, "but there must be something wrong with the line, or else they were all sleeping like hogs. I just got on to Marsden's as you called out."

"It was just Providence," the doctor smiled. "I'm glad you didn't get through. It would have been quite embarrassing to have had all the district out looking for our dead bodies, and then have us walk in without even a broken bone—it wouldn't be fair to disappoint them like that."

She tried to smile.

"You've always got a joke, Doctor."

Phyl noticed the sullen expression on Sister Wylie's face; and her own burning

dislike of the sister intensified. Yet she smiled as she recalled the situation; naturally, the sister would find little delight in the thought of the doctor and her rival wandering together in the moonlit night.

"I suppose she thinks we staged it all on purpose," she reflected, and felt amused, for it did look rather like it. "Probably she's disappointed that I did come back alive."

She went out to the kitchen. Mrs. Osborne was bustling a smoky fire to make the kettle boil. She stood back a moment, wiping her eyes.

"A nice time I've had with her"—jerked her finger towards the other room. "You'd have thought she'd had the 'jimmies' like old Barney gets after a booze-up. She yelled out like a madman; scared me stiff. There was nothing near her; but she vowed there was a snake in the mattress. . . . Then your horse came back, and she forgot all about the snakes."

THE kettle boiled, and tea was made. Then the doctor decided he would go back to town.

Madeline threw a hostile glance at Phyl. "How will you get back if your car's out of order? Are you coming with us?"

"I'll have a look at the car," the doctor volunteered, rising.

Phyl smiled as she watched him go. He was soon back.

"Not much wrong—just a slight disconnection."

She thought she caught a twinkle in his eye.

"Will you go first, or follow?" he asked.

"I'll follow."

The doctor drove very quickly, and for once Madeline seemed disinclined to talk, for which the doctor was very thankful. Every now and then he glanced into the little driving-mirror to see if Phyl was following. Once, when she caught him glancing, she sneezed.

"Very concerned about the following car, aren't you, Charlie?"

"Naturally," he snapped, and drove faster. He thought the speed made her nervous and kept her tongue quiet.

Then the town. He slowed down, and turned towards the hospital. Phyl waved as she passed on down the street. He waved back while Madeline sat, inwardly furious but silent, watching him.

Depositing her at the hospital, he was gone at his rooms. How unutterably weary he felt. A hot bath, and then sleep. . . . And in a few hours face the problem again. Ah, but there was work to do! . . . Thank God for work!

At eleven he was at the hospital again. The matron was very sympathetic, and also very much amused.

"You poor man!" she said. "You have had a time of it; but, by what I gather, it isn't to be compared with Sister Wylie's experience."

"True, Matron; she had a most excruciating ordeal."

"You know, seriously, Doctor, I don't think she's the type for this kind of place—too panicky. I had to give her a draught this morning to calm her nerves and send her to sleep. She has rather a habit of taking stuff for her nerves or to make her sleep—a disastrous habit. I don't know why she came here. I suppose she thought it would be quiet and restful up here—just a sleepy place where nothing ever happened. She won't be fit for work till heaven knows when. Fortunately, I can manage. You remember Sister Carroll? No, of course, it was before your time here. One of my old nurses. Her people live up here. She came last night on a visit. She's been away to the Islands. I'm getting her to relieve Sister Wylie for to-day and part of to-morrow."

"Splendid, Matron!"

But his lips set reflectively; this was the thin end of the wedge. Sister Wylie would

soon be leaving with a few sympathetic words of advice from the matron. How would it affect him? He scarcely dared to think of it.

Matron watched him as he went down the steps. How changed he was! Yes, it would be better for Sister Wylie to go; the doctor was looking very haggard and worried. There was something wrong, and that something was connected with Sister Wylie. He was too good a doctor to lose. . . . Anyway, Sister Wylie wasn't the kind she liked.

Her opinion was not weakened when, a little later, she caught a snatch of conversation between two women in the ward.

"No love lost between those two," the first said. "You should have seen Phyl Howarth when her ladyship walked in at the bazaar and tried to take the doctor under her wing. He was mighty sweet on Phyl before she came. But doctors mostly marry nurses, don't they? She told me she knew him quite well years ago. Between you and me, I reckon he was finding things too strong with Phyl, and got this sister the job as a good way to break it off. Terrible flirts, doctors."

"Oh, I don't know," the other woman defended. "He doesn't seem very fond of the sister. I reckon she turned up when he didn't want her, if you ask me. It's the sister he'd like to get rid of, not Phyl Howarth."

The matron frowned. She hated this kind of talk. Besides, it didn't do a doctor any good. What a pity that Dr. Raynor should have got himself tangled up! Anyway, Sister Wylie wouldn't last long. Perhaps, with her out of the way—

Down at the police station Phyl was answering the phone.

"Oh, it's you, Daddy! . . . To-night! . . . Oh, you poor, lonely old man! . . . Bob Davis!" She laughed merrily. "Is it you who wants to see me so badly, or Bob Davis? . . . All right, Daddy, I'll come out and act as hostess for the evening."

She laughed again as she put the receiver back.

Father's grumbling that he might as well be a bachelor; and if I leave him out there alone much longer he'll get desperate and find a stepmother for me."

"What?" her sister asked. "Does he want you to go back?"

"Oh, just for to-night. Bob Davis is coming over to stay to-night to help him with some cattle business to-morrow, and father wants me to entertain him." A whimsical light suddenly came into her eyes. The doctor had been round, and had told her about Sister Carroll. Sister Wylie would be off duty till the next afternoon; her nerves were in bad condition. Thinking of it, Phyl stared at the phone. Suppose . . . Well, it was worth trying. Anyway, nothing like getting well acquainted with her; something simply must be done to stop her spoiling the doctor's future.

SHE crossed to the phone again and called the hospital.

"Could I speak to Sister Wylie, please?"

"I'll see if she's awake," the matron answered.

She was. Her dulcet tones came over the wire.

"I was thinking, Sister," Phyl called back to her, "after your very trying experience last night you might like a run out for the night. I have to go out home, and I'd like you to come. It's a very pleasant run, and the change from the hospital would do you good."

Amusement was Sister Wylie's first sensation, then suspicion. What was the little game behind this invitation? She felt angry, and was on the point of snapping out a refusal. But, then, why not go? The girl couldn't do her any harm. Besides, it was sickening hanging around the hospital. She was curious to see Howarth's place,

too; and it would be an advantage to be able to study Phyl; she was up against more than an ordinary bush girl in that lady.

Her voice was very sweet and pleasant as she accepted, and thanked Phyl for her thoughtfulness.

Matron was astounded when Sister Wylie told her. Well, perhaps it would stop the talking!

"It will do you good, Sister. It's one of the most beautiful parts of the district, and they have a lovely home."

As Phyl guided the car in and out along the cuttings she thought she had never seen the mountains look so beautiful. Then on tier, they rose with a thousand towers and folds, a delightful study in light and shade, majestic, inspiring.

She talked brightly and companionably to the girl beside her, telling her about the people and the places they passed along the way.

"I had to go back to-night," she explained. "Poor Father wants me to play hostess to a very eligible young man with pots and pots of money. Bob is rather a dear, too. We've known each other from the time we were kids—almost reared together, you may say. Poor Bob lost his father a couple of years ago, and came into the whole estate. His father was one of the richest men in the country."

The car shot round a bend and they caught a delightful view of a neat white house on the rise across the creek.

"Carroll's," Phyl announced, breaking into her discussion of Bob and nodding in the direction of the house. "Sister Carroll's brother's place. . . . You know, Father thinks the world of Bob Davis; I fancy he had hopes of me in that direction, but—Oh, I don't know, we're awfully fond of each other, but it's more like sister and brother. Robert's keen on the idea of a trip round the world; but he's never been away from home very much, and I think he's rather scared of the big world all on his own. There have been times when we nearly drifted into a partnership to do the world in style together. But I'm afraid we'd get terribly bored with each other's company, and quarrel. Still, a trip around the world is a temptation; don't you think so, Sister?"

"It is most decidedly. Have you ever travelled, Miss Howarth?"

"No, never been out of Australia. How you?"

"Yes, I was born in England. I've been in France and Italy. I think nothing so equal travel to complete one's education."

"You'll delight Bob's heart. You must tell him of France and Italy. He'll be thrilled to bits."

She saw the gleam of calculation in Sister Wylie's eyes. Suppose she took the bait, how marvellous it would be! . . . But would Bob take it? Well, Sister had a certain fascination about her. Who could say? She might make him a perfectly successful wife!

Then they were turning across the blue white bridge over the singing creek; up through the cool avenue to the solid stone house almost hidden among the trees, the mountains sloping up behind, soft velvet-green and dotted with trees, the setting sun splashing the distant peaks with gold. Phyl's heart swelled with pride as she gazed.

She had not been home ten minutes before she cornered her father alone.

"Now, listen, Father; give Bob and Sister Wylie a fair run. It's time Robert married, and I know he'll like Sister."

He stared at her in blank astonishment, then burst into a hearty laugh.

"Good Lord! What in the name of heaven has turned you match-maker? A pretty big responsibility, my girl. Hal Ha! Ha! She shall have her chance. Poor old Bob!"

He certainly stuck to his promise. There was so many things outside needing his attention that night. And as for Phyl herself, she found a great many things

needing to be discussed with the house-keeper. So Bob Davis was given a free hand to entertain Sister Wylie.

WITH eager interest Phyl watched them. Sister Wylie was certainly doing her part.

"She'd give up all ideas of Charles if only she could get hold of a man with money," Phyl thought. She couldn't help feeling a bit mean; it was hard on Bob. Still, who could tell? If he fell for her he might continue to like her. In a different life Sister Wylie might become an entirely different person. As she stole away to some other task, she found a strong doubt—Sister Wylie could never be different. Anyway, Robert had sufficient money to get out of a mess if he got into it.

After dinner, she left them on the verandah together. It was a wonderful setting for romance out there. Phyl excused herself, and her father went to his office, pleading work.

He was sitting at his desk half an hour later, when Bob came to him.

"I say, old chap, couldn't you go out and talk to that dashed girl for a spell? I want to have a chat with Phyl. . . . If I can find her. For heaven's sake, keep her out there for a while: I've got something frightfully important to say to Phyl."

Howarth paused in the act of lighting his pipe, and laughed so loudly and so long that Bob wondered what was the matter with him. In fact, he felt a little nettled. "I don't see anything so dashed funny about it."

At which Howarth laughed all the more. "No no, of course not: it's a very serious business—Ha! Ha! Ha! Yes, I'll go and keep her out of the way while you see Phyl; but don't be too optimistic, my boy: women are queer cattle."

He was still chuckling as he made his way along the verandah.

"Phyl's got an awful shock if this nurse started raving me," he mused.

He turned back and called through the door:

"Better tell Phyl you sent me out, Bob. She'll be pleased. She's a little devil for match-making."



CHAPTER 9.

PHYL was fearfully depressed as she prepared to return to Merriwong the following morning. The whole thing had been a ghastly washout. Instead of Bob falling for Sister Wylie, he had proposed to her and spoiled the whole thing. Well, it was too much to expect anyway, and it served her right. She had been prepared to sacrifice poor old Bob just to get Sister Wylie out of the way. A mean thing to do. Well, it had recoiled on her own head.

The morning was very hot—the burning heat of the mountains. Phyl was anxious to get in early in the afternoon; too early for lunch before starting, yet too late for lunch-time at the police station. She asked Mrs. Horsley to pack lunch and a thermos—they would halt on the way in and have it picnic fashion. An arrangement that never failed to appeal to her.

Sister Wylie was unusually silent as they sped down the slopes and cuttings. Phyl, too, felt she had nothing to say—at least, nothing she knew how to say. She was still feeling a bit of a fool. Lord, what a flop she had come over Bob! It was a fool idea, anyway—just went to show how mad we could be when caught in a lull.

"Isn't it hot?" the sister complained at last.

"Damnably!" Phyl replied vigorously. "I think we'll turn down to the creek under

this bluff ahead—an ideal place for a picnic. There's a lovely shade under that brush on the side of the bluff."

"You must find it hot driving?"

"I do, but I'm used to the heat. Still, I'll be glad of half an hour down there in the cool. A cup of tea will be very welcome."

She guided the car down into the delicious shade of the vine-covered cliff. The little space between the rocks and the creek was covered with a carpet of soft, green grass as inviting as a couch, while a few yards below the stream purred over the stones into a deep pool. From top to bottom of the cliff delicate vines and ferns hung like a fairy bower.

But Phyl's mind was too deeply engrossed in a pressing problem to dwell on these things. Even Sister Wylie seemed more impressed with the beauty of the spot, and, while Phyl unpacked the hamper she wandered around admiring this beautiful fernery of nature.

Phyl was cudgelling her brains to find some opening by which she could introduce the subject burdening her mind. They simply must come to some understanding over it—yet, how? She must talk to the sister—show her the impossibility of her hopes with regard to the doctor. But as she studied the figure standing near the rocks, she realised that there was something very ruthless about Sister Wylie.

What could she say? Blurt out, "Look here, Sister, I love Charles and he loves me, and will never love anyone else. You must give up your hopes of him. You must not ruin his life. You must be merciful."

MERCIFUL!

She turned and looked again, and her heart sank—more mercy in a stone than in that petrified heart. She would have her pound of flesh, every ounce of it.

Could she defy her? Tell her to do her worst—that she couldn't hurt the doctor as much as she'd hurt herself? No—she'd do it just the same, and hurt Charles just as deeply. She would delight, Samson-like, in pulling down the house upon herself as long as it destroyed her enemies. How well she could hate! One only had to look at her eyes. And probably hate would find a way of pulling down the house without pulling it on herself.

Sister Wylie, meanwhile, was attracted by a rare kind of flowering orchid she could see growing down among the ferns in an old decayed stump. She was kneeling on a rock, reaching down to pluck it.

Phyl was on the point of calling out that lunch was ready when Sister Wylie suddenly leapt up with a piercing scream. Phyl crossed the distance between them at a bound. Instinctively she knew what had happened, and, looking down among the ferns, caught the gleam of a green tree-snake as it disappeared into the brush.

"I'm bitten! I'm bitten!" shrieked the sister. "Oh, my God, she was right—I'm bitten!"

Phyl caught her arm.

"Hold on. It's only—"

But she suddenly stopped short. Her eyes narrowed and her face hardened. She was swept by a sudden wave of violent hate. The underlying primitive surged up and took possession of her. She could have wished in that moment it had been a tiger snake. She felt she could gladly have watched her die—so utterly did the flood of hatred overwhelm her. And, in a flash, she saw her chance.

"Help me! Do something!" the panic-stricken sister screamed.

"Oh, do be quick—where's your snake-bite cure? My God, I'll die! I'll die!"

Phyl released her arm, stepped back a pace and laughed—a loud hoarse laugh.

"Do something! Why should I? What

have you done for me that I should do anything for you?"

"You'd let me die!" shrieked the sister, clutching at Phyl's arm.

But Phyl stepped a pace further back, and looked straight into her eyes.

"Why shouldn't you die? Why should you live—you, with your damnable blackmail trying to ruin Dr. Raynor's whole life and future. If you die, he'll be free—safe and happy. Dead, you can't hurt him any more. You ask me to save you! What for? So you may go on robbing me of the greatest thing any woman can have; so that you may go on dragging a man, whose name you're not fit to speak, down to hell. . . . Who cares if you die?"

"You fiend! You murderer!" Sister Wylie gasped, now hoarse with terror!

Phyl laughed again, and something in the laugh—some note of fierce and terrible hatred—warned Madeline to expect no mercy. She recoiled before the deadly menace in those burning eyes.

"You're mad!" she shrieked. "You can't do it—you can't let me die!"

"Oh, can't I? Don't deceive yourself."

In sheer horror, she flung herself at Phyl's feet.

"Oh, save me! Save me!" she wailed.

"Save me, and I'll tell—tell you the truth."

She was holding her wrist hysterically with her left hand, her eyes were dilated with frenzied horror.

"The truth!" Phyl exclaimed. "Go on, then; tell me the truth."

"He didn't do it. I—I saved him. Do you hear me—I saved him. I didn't give it to the patient. I knew it was too much. I only gave half. He didn't die from the drug. He died from the heart trouble."

Phyl caught her by the arm, and jerked her roughly to her feet.

"Is that true?"

"Yes, yes—it's true."

In a few swift bounds, Phyl crossed to the car, whipped a notebook and fountain pen from her bag, and, flipping back the leaves, wrote quickly, but firmly:

"I, Madeline Wylie, declare on my oath that I gave to Castleman, on the night of his death, only half the amount of drug written in the doctor's instructions."

"Sign that," she commanded, thrusting pen and notebook into the sister's shaking hands. Seeing the hand was trembling too much, she caught her wrist and held it steady while the name was signed.

"If I die!" Madeline cried hoarsely, "it will be because you killed me—you murderer."

Phyl took the notebook, and thrust it back in her bag, which she deliberately returned to the pocket of the car. Then she turned back to Madeline and laughed. She was a little breathless, but her eyes were shining with triumph.

"That snake was perfectly harmless—just a tree-snake."

"You lie!" Madeline screamed, with new terror. "You lie! You only want to kill me."

Phyl shrugged.

"Oh, well, I've got some permanganate of potash here. May as well put some on. But you can see for yourself—you're a nurse—you ought to know. See—there at least four punctures. A venomous bite has only two."

SHE carefully lacerated the bite and applied the antidote; then bandaged it with a handkerchief.

The job finished, Madeline sank weakly to the running-board of the car, tears of shock and hysteria running down her cheeks.

"You beast!" she wailed. "If that snake had been poisonous, I'd have been dead now. And you would have been to blame."

Phyl regarded her with unveiled contempt.

"And no just God would have punished

me for it; for if ever anyone deserved to die, you do. To think that all these years you allowed a man to suffer the tortures of hell over something you knew he didn't do, just that you might hold some power over him! That's worse than murder! In all my life, I've never heard anything so devilish."

"If it hadn't been for me, he'd have been a murderer," she retorted sullenly. "I saved him, and then he turned me down—like all his kind. If he hadn't been half drunk, and making love to Castleman's wife, he wouldn't have got into the mess. I served him right. . . And all the thanks I get for helping him!"

She looked malignantly at Phyl.

"Well, I wish him luck with you. If you get tired of him, he'll probably be found poisoned one day."

Phyl only laughed. She noticed Madeline's face switching and her lips showing blue. What a strange horror she had of snakes. Could there be anything in the idea that she would one day be bitten by a venomous snake, and had a kind of presentiment? She certainly looked all in.

Reaching into the car pocket again she brought out her flask, and gave the sister a drink, then brought the cup of tea. They drank their tea in silence, and neither of them wanted any of the lunch that lay spread on trays. In silence, Phyl packed it back in the case, and in silence they finished the trip into town, Madeline suddenly holding her wrist, and darting occasional glances of hatred in Phyl's direction.

Phyl was too thrilled at her unexpected victory to worry about Sister Wylie's glances. She scarcely realised just yet what it really meant to the doctor and to herself.

The sister got out at the hospital gate and walked morosely up the path, while Phyl, releasing the brake, drove off toward the police station.

In her room she took the notebook out, and read again the scrawled statement. It was really no use to prevent the sister talking; but, after having the truth so humiliatingly dragged out, she wouldn't dare to talk. She waved the paper in the air and almost shouted for joy. It meant freedom for both of them. The awful shadow that had filled Charles' life with gloom had gone. Fate had been kind. Faith was justified.

She came out to the phone. She would ring him and tell him to come straight round. Patients must wait. . . Yes, even babies must wait till he'd heard the glorious news.

She pictured his face as he read the words. Imagined the light leaping to his eyes. The shadow would vanish. Marvellous! Incredible!

She could scarcely keep still. Disappointment awaited her, however, for his landlady's voice informed her he'd been called out, and wouldn't be back till late that night. She left a message to tell him she wanted to see him urgently as soon as he came in, and set herself to possess her soul in patience.



CHAPTER 10

AS she entered the hospital, Sister Wylie met the matron. Keeping her bandaged hand out of sight, she tried to appear casual. The matron was brisk and businesslike, as usual.

"Glad you're back, Sister. We're a bit rushed. Sister Carroll has gone. We've got another case in the women's, and on top of that, Sergeant Weston landed up

here with Barney Lennon this morning. He doesn't like running the old chap in; says we cure him much more quickly up here, which is quite true. He should have another dose of his medicine now. He's in the big ward, the corner near the dispensary."

Her shrewd eyes dwelt on the sister's face.

"You don't look much better for your outing. Sorry we can't spare you this afternoon. We're frightfully busy."

Madeline hurried into uniform, her mind whirling and in rebellion. Her hand was throbbing painfully; she must get some lotion on it . . . and a drop of brandy to steady her nerves. What a wretched existence nursing was! And Matron without a scrap of sympathy. Matron didn't like her, she knew. Clannish crowd in these little places! But, of course, the Howarths had money. That was why the matron wanted Phyl to marry the doctor.

She clenched her hands as she thought of it, and the fires of vindictiveness blazed up.

"The little beast! Playing a trick on me like that!"

She hurried into the wards.

Nurse Marsh was just coming off duty, and stopped to speak to her.

"Why, Sister, whatever's the matter with your hand?"

"A snake bit me."

FOR one fleeting second, a smile hovered around the nurse's mouth, then her eyes widened.

"A—A snake! Good Lord, Sister!"

"It wasn't venomous."

"Oh! . . . But you must have almost died with fright."

"Worse than fright, Marsh." She dropped her voice. "I was with Phyl Howarth. I'd rather the devil himself than that girl. She's mad with me over her precious doctor." She laughed unpleasantly. "I could tell a few stories about the same Charles Raynor. They're scared of me—both of them. They'd both like to see me dead. In fact, they'd kill me if they got the chance. She's just as bad as he is; and that's saying a good deal. He can be a very nasty sort of gentleman when he likes."

She smiled meaningly.

"So, if anything happens to me, it might be just as much one as the other. She's a pretty desperate sort of character by the way she acted this morning. She'd be fit for anything."

Marsh stared, amazed at what she heard.

"Well, I never!" she thought. "I always reckoned the doctor was a sly one . . . coming away out here when he was so clever, and might have been doing well in the city." But aloud she only said: "I can't stand Phyl Howarth myself."

Sister Wylie glanced into the ward.

"I suppose there are patients waiting. I must fly round, even if I am half dead."

"There's Barney Lennon."

"What's wrong with him? I didn't catch what Matron was saying about him."

"Alcoholic. He's quieter now; he was roaring like a madman when he came in."

Barney looked up as the sister approached his bed.

"Been out in the country, Sister? Sure the country's the place."

He watched with bleary, blood-shot eyes as she poured out his medicine.

"Drink this," she commanded shortly.

A comic grin spread over his face.

"Bedad, you're a sharp un. It's meself can guess yer don't talk ter the doctor like that. But, begorra, wait till yer catch 'im . . . that's if yer ever do. I'm after backin' Phyl Howarth. Ol' Donal Howarth always got what 'e wanted; an' I reckon the girl's a chip off the ol' block."

"Drink your medicine," she snapped again.

He held it up, still grinning.

"That's ter cure the snake-bites. Is it true yer scared o' snakes, Sister?" He

lowered his voice and peered around the ward. "This blasted place was full o' snakes a while ago." He tossed off the medicine and pulled a wry face. "Yes, begorra! Big ones, little ones, black ones, brown ones, red ones, green ones . . . It's meself's head dodgin' 'em fer days—kapin' out o' Sandy McGregor's an' all. But they always git yer in the end, Sister. Worse than women, they are; an' Lord knows—"

But Sister Wylie had fled.

She went to the women's ward. She was greeted by the woman who had ghosted with her fellow patient about the doctor the day before.

"Enjoy yourself, Sister? Hear you went out with Miss Howarth to Wallarumba. Pretty place, ain't it?"

"Yes," Madeline answered shortly, furious that anyone should want to talk about the Howarths.

"I reckon," the woman went on, "Phyl Howarth feels pretty sore over the doctor. He used to pay a lot of attention there, but he don't seem so keen lately. She thinks no end of herself. Phyl does; but that's the Howarths all over. . . . What's happened yer 'and, Sister?"

"Snake-bite," she answered savagely. She eyes gleaming vindictively. "And as for Phyl Howarth, she's a very dangerous sort of girl. She hates me madly, and you never know the lengths a person of that kind will go to. The doctor is just about as bad as himself. They'd both like to see me out of the way."

Had she not been overwrought as she was, Sister Wylie would never have talked so wildly, but, with the pain in her hand and her nerves worn raw, she scarcely knew what she was saying.

The patient stared at her.

"Well, of all things!" she thought.

"They've had a good bust-up, them two?"

It was ten o'clock at last, and Nurse Marsh came on duty again. Rotten as ten of hours matron had, Sister Wylie thought. Her hand was painful intolerably, and she was almost screaming with pain. She sought the matron's room.

"Matron, I simply must have something to make me sleep to-night. What with my hand, and the shock I had . . . and then, Miss Howarth was most unpleasant. After all, I can't help having known Dr. Raynor before; and if there are things I don't want known about his practice at Perth, I can't help it."

"Sister!" Matron exclaimed sternly, "I know it's very unprofessional to talk about the doctor—"

Sister Wylie laughed a little unattractively.

"Know it! I should say I do. I know a doctor is such an exalted being it is blasphemous even to whisper a reflection against him."

"Sister, you must surely be allowing your nerves to run away with you, talking like this. You ought to let the doctor look at your hand. I've just had a ring from him. He's bringing a patient in."

"I don't want to see him."

"I'm afraid you may have to. I find you'd better go to bed now."

It was half an hour later

when the doctor arrived with the patient. He was tired and depressed after a wearisome day.

"I think you'd better have a look at Sister Wylie before you go, Doctor. I'll be with you as soon as we've fixed the patient up. She's in a frightful state of nerves. Something bit her on the hand on the way in to-day. She says it was a snake. She wanted me to give her a sleeping draught. See what you can do for her. I'm getting a bit tired of her nerves. Oh! and then Barney Lennon in a frightful stew. He seems to have recovered from the D.T.'s and wants to go. It appears Kerry is off on this gold hunt very early in the morning and Barney wants to go with him. So

good heavens! he can scarcely stand up, and he shakes like a leaf. He needs at least another two days in bed."

The doctor smiled.
"A devilish hard-hearted female, that matron," he mimicked. "I'll see if I can persuade him of the advantages of an extended rest."

He stepped through into the men's ward.
"Well, Barney, have you killed all the snakes?"

"Now, Doc, none o' yer jokes. It's myself that ain't the only one goes seein' snakes. There's Sister. She more'n sees 'em, bedad—she gits bit by 'em."

He beckoned the doctor a bit nearer.
"Listen, Doc, I've got ter git out o' 'ere. It's the chance o' me life, and Kenny's off fast thing in the mornin'."

The doctor shook his head.
"No use, Barney; you know what Matron is. I can't go against her orders. Of course, I could say you're fit to be discharged, but everyone on the staff knows you're not."

"It's the devil's nonsense yer talkin', Doctor. Three penn'th o' grog and I'd be as right as you are."

The doctor's eyes twinkled.
"I know, Barney, but you see how it is." He glanced cautiously around. "You know, the Lord helps those who help themselves. Nurse Marsh doesn't shut the doors at night, does she?"

A cunning light broke over Barney's face.
"Yer not, man—!" he stopped and comically winked a swollen eyelid. "But what the devil am I ter do fer clothes, Doctor. It ain't no picnic huntin' gold in these yer perimeters."

The doctor bent a little nearer.
"There are no snakes in that little room in the corner over there, Barney—no harm in having a look there. Now, remember—no puttin' me away."

"I always said yer was a gentleman, Doctor. It's meself'll always be after doin' yer a good turn." He lowered his voice to a confidential whisper. "If I was yerself, Doc, I'd be wary o' that sister. She's been smortin' fire an' blood all day. A rare Tartar she is. Gawd, 'elp the poor bloke as she gits on 'er back."

The doctor shook his head reprovingly.
"No scandal, Barney. It ain't done, you know."

"It's me dooty ter warn yer, Doctor—seem the sport yer after bein'."

The doctor laughed, and thought he might as well all up in to see Sister Wylie; the matron might be busy for some time yet.

He found the sister in a very excited condition, and was more than puzzled by her manner. She was evidently in a furious mood. Barney had evidently quite good reason for his statement about "fire and blood."

She looked at him with eyes glittering with wrath.

"I suppose you've seen that angel of a Howarth girl?" she snapped.

"No, I haven't. I've been out all the afternoon. I've only just returned." He began to wonder just what had happened. He thought of Phyl and her bewildering action in asking Sister Wylie out to Wallarimbah.

"Let me see your hand," he said.

He examined it carefully.

"Um! It's a bit inflamed, but nothing to worry about; sure to be rather painful. But really, Madeline, your nerves are all to pieces. Even the shock of the snakebite shouldn't bring on this condition. What has upset you so much?"

"Ask that precious girl, if you want to know. She did her best to kill me to-day—the beast!"

She was almost purple with fury. The doctor put his hand firmly on her shoulder.

"Now, Sister, be sensible. You're just working yourself into a fit, and allowing everything to play on your imagination. I'll give you a draught, and after you've had a good sleep you'll feel a bit calmer."

He wondered again, as he went to the

dispensary, just what had taken place. Phyl, he knew, could be fierce when she was thoroughly roused. Apparently she had been roused. He smiled a little grimly; evidently, Sister Wylie had met her match.

He made his way back with the draught, grinning at Barney as he passed through the ward.

THE matron met him as he was coming back.

"Oh, here you are, Doctor! Have you seen Sister Wylie?"

"Yes, and I've given her the draught—a fairly strong one. She's in a highly hysterical condition."

"Yes, I think she'd be much happier in the city where there are no snakes. I'll talk to her about it in the morning."

He made no reply, and a few minutes later, left the hospital.

Reaching his rooms, he found Phyl's message awaiting him. He glanced at his watch—midnight! Rather late, yet it seemed urgent. He was really curious, too, as to what had taken place between the two girls. He wished Phyl could have been kept out of the business; Madeline was so unscrupulous and vindictive.

He wanted to see Phyl; but to go round at midnight—?

He was still hesitating when the phone rang, and he heard Phyl's voice. His heart bounded at the sound of it.

"I must see you at once," she said. "It's something I must tell you before you go to bed."

"I'll be there in a minute and a half," he called back, tremendously relieved at the happy note in her voice. Whatever had happened, Sister Wylie had evidently suffered a severe defeat; hence her bitterness.

He stole quietly out, hoping his landlady's curiosity had not been unduly aroused.

Phyl met him at the gate and, excitedly grasping his arm, led him round to the side of the house to a seat under the trees. And there, his arms around her, she told the story.

He was almost too amazed to speak.

"You marvelous girl!"

"I told you, Charles, that faith would be justified. And to think that the awful shadow has simply faded away!"

"Wonderful!" he murmured, his lips on hers. "I feel such a prayer of thankfulness in my heart. Phyl, I scarcely know what to say. After all this time, to find out I was not to blame. Really, Phyl, I feel grateful to her for not giving him the dose."

"I don't," Phyl said emphatically. "No decent nurse would have given it; and to think that all this time she held it over you, knowing how it tortured your soul. No one but the lowest type of criminal would do such a thing."

"But think, dearest, she did save me. Only a very proficient nurse would have understood enough of the patient's condition to know the dose would be fatal. I gave the instructions. I really think I should try to help her get a position. You understand how I feel, don't you, dearest?"

Phyl swallowed hard, and smiled.

"Yes, I understand. You're right, dear boy. I'll help her, too, if she'll let me. If she needs money, I can help." Women of Sister Wylie's type were usually in need of money, she thought. "Perhaps," she added. "I, too, will feel grateful in time. Now, you must go, old boy; you need rest; but, oh, I just couldn't wait till morning to let you know."

"You wonderful girl!" he murmured, kissing her again.

"Did you get my message?" she asked him as an afterthought.

"Yes, it was on my table. But it was so late I didn't know whether I ought to come, or leave it till to-morrow. I'm glad you rang."

"Think I could wait till to-morrow?"

"Now, to-morrow is something to look

forward to—glorious to-morrow!" he murmured, little dreaming what even a day might bring forth.



CHAPTER 11.

THE dawn came softly, stealing over the hills with magic flush. Young Charles Weston had anticipated it, and Jim Weston had just picked him up to quieten him when the phone rang—instantly, urgently.

The sergeant handed the baby to Netta. "Take the young shaver till I answer the phone. If he goes on like this there's a bad time coming for the early worms."

He hurried to the phone.
Phyl hearing him go out, slipped into her sister's room.

"Let me take the young rascal, Netta. You need all the rest you can get; and I just adore having the little monkey."

Before she reached the door, Jim came back.

"Who's after you so early this morning?" Netta asked.

"It's the hospital. Pretty urgent by the sound of Matron's voice."

"Probably Barney playing up again. They had to send for you last time he was up there, didn't they?"

"Yes, more snakes, I suppose. Funny with the D.T.'s that they always see snakes. Still, I don't think it's Barney, somehow."

Phyl went to her room with the baby till he went to sleep again, and she carried him back to his mother. Hearing her brother-in-law returning, she stepped out to the verandah to meet him. She noticed he had left his car in the street—must be going out again.

WATCHING him as he came up the steps, she thought he looked very strange and disturbed. It took a good deal to disturb Jim, too; something rather serious must have happened.

"It's a pretty bad business, Phyl," he said as he halted at the top of the steps. "Sister Wylie is dead."

"Sister Wylie!" she gasped, her eyes wide. "But she—" Her hand went to the lattice for support. Good God! Had she been wrong about the snake? Had it been a venomous snake after all? But it was only a harmless green thing! Were there more than one kind of green tree-snake?

She moistened her dry lips, and her voice was low and hoarse.

"Was it—was it the snakebite?"

"No, she died from an overdose of sleeping drug."

Phyl relaxed with a gasp of relief.

"Oh, I'm so glad."

"Glad!" he looked at her in dismay. "I say, I wouldn't go saying things like that if I were you, Phyl."

"I mean I'm glad it wasn't the snakebite. She was bitten by a harmless snake on the way in yesterday when we stopped to have lunch on the creek. If I'd made a mistake, and it was really a venomous snake, I'd have been to blame. It would have been horrible. You didn't think I meant that I was glad she was dead?"

"Of course not, Phyl."

Her mind went back to that fierce scene of the day before. She felt a little ashamed of her savage feeling now. Yes, in the heat of her hatred yesterday, she could have been glad to see Sister Wylie dead; but it was really in defence of one she loved. Anyway, that was yesterday. Things were different to-day. He was still looking at her strangely.

"I'm afraid it's going to be rather an unpleasant business. They've sent down to Belben for Dr. Turner."

"Dr. Turner? Why?" she asked, puzzled.

"Where's Charles?"

"Oh, they always get another doctor."

opinion in a case like this," he replied vaguely.

Netta came out, and he told her the news. Back in the room, young Charles began to cry and Phyl went in to him, Jim lowered his voice.

"I'm afraid Netta, this is going to be a nasty business, but I don't want Phyl to worry about it."

"Why, Jim? What has Phyl got to do with it?"

"Nothing, but I'm thinking it may be awkward for—"

"For the doctor?" she finished anxiously. "I really don't know what to think. They all seem rather confused. No one could give me a very clear idea of things."

"Was the doctor there?"

Before he answered, Phyl came out again. She wondered why they stopped talking, and looked so deeply disturbed.

"Things must be rather upset at the hospital, Jim. Is Charles there?"

"Yes, he's there. I think I'll have a cup of tea, Phyl, and then I'll have to get back, and see if I can get any more light on it. I'll be away some time."

Phyl handed the baby over to her sister, and hurried to get Jim the cup of tea. She was wondering at his manner, and then, how did Sister Wylie come to take an overdose of sleeping drug? Well, she was probably in the habit of taking sleeping draughts.

It seemed hours before Jim came back, and, when at last he did, he seemed more grim and worried than ever. Dr. Turner had arrived and they were waiting for the Coroner.

He took Phyl aside. "No use in keeping you in the dark, Phyl. This is going to be a very unpleasant business."

"How do you mean, Jim?"

"I mean for the doctor. You see, he gave Sister the sleeping draught last night. He was the last one to see her. He says it wasn't strong enough to harm her, but there it is—she's dead. You can see the position. Of course, we're keeping it all as quiet as possible in the hope that we may get more light on it. We're waiting to hear now what Dr. Turner says. There's the possibility Sister's heart may have been weakened by the shock, and the dose may have affected her unduly. Matron says the sister was frightfully agitated last night."

He went away again, and Phyl went to her room with a feeling of horrible gloom. Only last night things had seemed so bright. Their troubles seemed over. Now they were plunged into this horrible thing. But, of course, it would turn out all right. It must have been a weak heart. Her death might have been entirely from shock—nothing to do with the sleeping draught. Poor Charles. Everything seemed to go against him.

It was late in the afternoon when Charles came. She saw, with a stab of pain, how white and strained he looked.

Without a word he drew her into his arms.

"What does Dr. Turner say?" she asked. He released her and sat down, fumbling for a cigarette with fingers that were far from steady.

"I may as well tell you the worst, Phyl. Sister died from an overdose of sleeping drug, and I gave it to her; but I swear on my oath I gave her no more than an ordinary dose. Dr. Turner is very worried—doesn't like the idea of any reflection on the profession, but underneath it all I feel he can't get away from his personal prejudice against me. He thinks I gave an overdose, all right, . . . in mistake. He'd like to keep that opinion to himself if he could; but there'll be the inquest. Matron's worried almost frantic over it. Her sympathies are all with me. That's just how things stand. Dr. Turner

would give a certificate of heart failure, only people have been talking."

"And if he doesn't?"

"Then it will be put down to my carelessness, and everything will be finished for me."

"Oh, Charles!"

He looked at her with tortured eyes.

"Good God! To think this could happen now after—after last night. One shadow no sooner gone than a worse one takes its place. But, thank God, I know I didn't give her an overdose. You believe me, don't you, Phyl?"

"Of course, I do. The idea's preposterous! She probably had a supply of her own, and took that as well as what you gave her. Don't worry, dear old boy. Everything will come out all right."

But, in spite of her cheerful face, her heart was very heavy and troubled. Was everything going to be all right? Suppose the people began to talk. And how could it be avoided? Hadn't Charles said it had already started? She felt sick and faint at the idea. In that moment she was almost a fatalist—the doctor was doomed to trouble, and, even dead, Sister Wylie would bring evil upon him.

He was looking at her compassionately.

"Oh, Phyl, I've brought nothing else but trouble to you. God knows, I wish I'd never come into your life."

"Don't, Charles. I'm glad—very glad—that you did come into my life. Believe that, dear, won't you?"

He caught her to him almost fiercely.

"I do believe it, Phyl. You wonderful girl. And now I'll have to go and see my patients. I'll be pretty late getting round. Then I'll come and talk to you again."

Some time after Charles had gone she heard Jim come back.

She scarcely dared to go out to him for news—there could be nothing new. The fact was, she was scared there would be. She heard him on the phone giving her father's number; but she was too much absorbed in her anxiety for Charles to be interested.

She came out as Jim left the phone.

"Any more news, Jim?"

He looked at her with a queer expression in his eyes, then looked away.

"I don't know what's going to happen, Phyl. The wretched business is getting worse every hour. . . There's no man I know I admire more than the doctor."

"I know that, Jim. How could anyone help liking the doctor?"

"Yet—?" He looked at her a little helplessly. "I'm a policeman. Remember that, Phyl. Duty must come first."

His words filled her with a cold fear.

"Good heavens! What do you mean, Jim?"

"Oh, it may not be as serious as that," and with that he turned and left her.

She felt she was stifling in the house, and went into the garden where she paced up and down the paths, tortured by new fears, and terrifying forebodings. That was why Jim had rung her father. What was going to happen?

The day was brilliant and beautiful, but Phyl knew nothing but gloom. She paced up and down till she saw her father's big Buick turn the corner and come to a standstill outside the gate.

Jim came out of his office to meet him, and took him back there. For half an hour they were closeted in the office, and then came out together, her father looking very troubled. Jim left him, and he came slowly up the steps to meet her. He kissed her gravely and tenderly.

"This is a frightful business, Phyl. Can we go somewhere where we can talk quietly?"

"Come into the lounge-room, Father. We can talk there."

He sank into a big lounge chair, and she sat on the arm. His arm stole affectionately around her.

"Phyl, I'd do anything in the world to

save you from trouble. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Daddy," she answered in a choking voice. "You've been wonderfully good to me."

"And if I can do anything now to help in this trouble I will; but tell me what happened between you and Sister Wylie on the way in yesterday."

She stared at him, astonished—had someone been talking?

"Did you have a quarrel?" he persisted.

"Yes, Father, we did."

"Over the doctor?"

"Yes, over the doctor. . . But why do you want to know, Father?"

"Because quite a number seem to know about it, Phyl. It appears Sister Wylie told Nurse Marsh and one of the patients at the hospital that you had a violent row, and she said that both you and the doctor would be very glad to see her dead."

"Oh, Father, how could she say such a dreadful thing? It's absurd."

"But, don't you see, Phyl, what a nasty complexion it throws on this business! She's dead. . . And the doctor gave her the draught."

PHYL stared at him, her eyes dilated with horror.

"You mean—that Charles may be arrested for . . . for murder?"

He looked at her gravely.

"When these rumors fly around, it shows a motive. But, of course, you will be able to tell your story, and that may put an entirely different complexion on the whole business. Sister Wylie has the reputation of being rather temperamental and unreliable."

Phyl bit her lip. Tell her story. Tell that Sister Wylie held evidence of the doctor's instructions to give a fatal amount of a dangerous drug to a heart patient, and that Charles had disappeared when the patient died. Tell that she had forced Sister to sign a statement to the effect that she had not followed out the instructions. Even the sister's confession would be suspect, given to save her life. That would be another case of a similar kind. And if they got digging down into his somewhat compromising friendliness with the patient's wife. What evidence could be more damaging?

Her father was watching her. "Was it true, Phyl, that she held some thing over the doctor?"

Her face worked with emotion.

"Yes, Father."

He drew her down to him.

"Can't you tell your old father all about it?"

She hid her face on his shoulder and cried. Then, controlling herself, she told him the whole story.

He listened with a worried frown, and when she had finished, he shook his head. "That will only make things look worse."

"I know. I'm not going to say anything about it."

"I'm afraid you may have to. Suppose they put you in the witness-box? I won't help the doctor if you refuse to speak."

"The witness-box! I shall not go into the witness-box. Oh, Father, it's all so ghastly!"

"Of course, it may not come to anything like that," he said consolingly. "You see, if this rumor gets around it will force the Coroner's hands. It can't be hushed up. The police will be compelled to take action."

"I won't give evidence," she cried fiercely.

"I won't!"

He looked down at her in dumb disapproval.

"I know what I'll do," she exclaimed and denied. "I'll marry Charles."

"Marry Charles! Of course, when the is cleared up—"

"No, no. I mean straight away. I want to stand by him, fight as his with

They couldn't make me give evidence then, could they, Father—a wife doesn't give evidence against her husband."

"I don't know about that, Phyl," he said very slowly.

"Anyway, I want to marry him. If he has to go away, I mean, if they take him away I want the right to be near him, to stand by him."

"Oh, but that would be impossible, Phyl. You couldn't marry him if—"

She sprang from the chair and faced him. "Why couldn't I?" Her eyes were blazing.

"Father, is that all you think love means to me—just to marry a man when everything's all right? If you were in my place you'd feel the same—you'd want to stand by him; want the world to know you were his, and that you believed in him. Suppose my mother had been in trouble, wouldn't you have wanted to do the same?"

As he looked at her straight figure and flashing eyes he began to smile.

"Yes, Phyl, you're right, I would."

"And I'm your daughter. We Howarthas are loyal to those we love; we don't let our people down. It would be so difficult, just as a friend; but as his wife— You would agree, Father? I know he wouldn't marry me unless you did. You believe in him, don't you? You must believe in him."

His eyes were moist as he looked into her face.

"Before God, I'm proud of you, Phyl. I'll agree to your scheme; and I'll stand by the doctor every way I can—with my friendship, and with my money, if he needs it."

She threw herself into his arms, caressing him in gratitude; and then, still clinging to him, she sobbed out her fear. He soothed her as he had done ever since the days when he had been both father and mother to her. Poor Phyl! If only he might take her sorrow on his own broad shoulders! But that could not be—love demands that its Gethsemane be trod by each one for himself.

Jim listened in silence to Phyl's idea of marrying the doctor at once. Phyl knew by his face that he was opposed to it; but he remained silent with a brooding, troubled look in his eyes.



CHAPTER 12.

NEITHER the sensation of Sister Wylie's death nor the dark shadow threatening the doctor prevented people from becoming ill. Indeed, they seemed to have chosen this very embarrassing time to require the doctor's services. It was not till late next day that Phyl found herself again alone with him.

How haggard he looked! His lips so set, and the shadow of hopelessness in his eyes! It was damnable, she thought fiercely, that life should repay him in this way after all the help he had given to so many people. He never spared himself; rich and poor, they all got the same attention; and in many a home in the outlying parts—rough huts and camps buried in the wilderness—the doctor's name was blessed for the care and healing he had brought. He was so tender and understanding, and no call was denied. If he had been weak, he had paid very dearly. Surely the slate had been wiped clean! Out in this wild mountain country he was such a blessing: no one could love and understand the people here more than he did!

Her voice was very tender as she asked: "You've had a long trip, Charles?"

"Yes, Phyl—away up Bannion's Creek. Thank God for work!"

He looked at her again, and the shadow in his eyes deepened.

"I've never realised just how much I

loved it out here, Phyl, until now when I may have to leave it all. The hills and valleys, the deep peace that seems to lie over all this country; the sounds of the forest, the call of the birds! It has caught my imagination. It grips me as no other place has ever gripped me. The people, too—their grit and cheerfulness in the face of hardship. . . . And then, you, Phyl—you seem to be a part of it, too."

HIS arms stole around her and held her close to himself. He touched her hair almost reverently with his lips; and again she caught a sense of renunciation in his caress. She clung to him almost fiercely, feeling terribly afraid. She could never part with him—never! She loved him better than life itself; and nothing—nothing—must be allowed to separate them.

"Do you want me, Charles?" she murmured.

"Want you! Dearest, why do you ask that? I want you more than life, or anything life can hold."

"More than freedom, and more than your profession?"

"Yes, yes, more, much more."

"Then, Charles, I want you to take me—take me now."

With her head on his shoulder, her face against his, she told him of the talk she'd had with her father.

"If we were married, Charles," she finished, "no one could part us; and I could stand beside you and fight with you."

He pressed her very tenderly to himself, a new light shining in his eyes. How amazingly marvellous she was—ready to face everything . . . for him; to throw in her lot with him against the world. But no man worthy of the name could accept such a sacrifice. No matter what happened, he must never shadow her life with his disgrace. . . . Yet, to give her up—how could he? But love made it possible, demanded it, in fact.

She looked again into his face.

"What are you thinking, Charles?"

"I was thinking, dearest, if I had only known you in the early days, how different life would have been! How bitterly we pay for our follies! He kissed her lips. "You wonderful girl! You make me feel very humble. To think you should offer me what you have done! To have you for my wife—I can't imagine anything in life more wonderful."

"And I can't imagine anything in life more wonderful than being your wife."

"Oh, my darling! But it's impossible. No man could do it, darling; it's all such a ghastly tangle. You must not be dragged down with me. It would be the last straw, Phyl—it would drive me mad."

"But, don't you see, Charles, I can't be kept out of it. Suppose—" She shivered as she recoiled from the thought, then went bravely on. "Suppose it does come to the worst, and you're . . . charged with this thing, I'll be forced to give evidence. If I refuse to speak, that will only tell against you. This is the only way out, Charles."

He looked at her with despair in his eyes.

"The only way! To let you marry me! To let you share the disgrace! To keep you waiting while I served, perhaps years in gaol . . . And even if I get out of it nothing can save me from the stain on my name; and that's the end as far as my profession is concerned."

He thought a moment.

"God help us, Phyl! There's nothing but a blank wall whichever way we turn."

She pleaded with him.

"But this is a way, Charles—the best way in the world. I want to do it. I want to have the right to share it with you. I don't care what anyone thinks: the opinion of the world—what does it matter?"

"It does matter, Phyl. The desire for the

good opinion of our fellow men is woven into our very consciousness. Civilization is built on it. No use thinking we can disregard it as we choose. I can see it more clearly than you can. I can see myself an outcast, a pariah, shrinking from the gaze of those who were our friends. Imagine it, Phyl—slinking away into side streets at sight of someone we know. It's an appalling thing, Phyl. Life like that would be intolerable, damnable. Oh, I know you'd be brave; but you don't know just where it would hit you."

"Charles, I'm sure you put too much emphasis on that kind of thing. Out here, we learn to be more independent."

"Out here!" he cried. "That's just it. You've grown up in a different atmosphere, an atmosphere in which your name has been respected for generations, and where you're measured largely by your worth. But the moment you take my name you will place yourself in an entirely different atmosphere; and it will wear down even that brave consciousness of independence. I've seen it. I've lived in a different world; and I know it would gradually overwhelm you. . . . No, darling, in the eyes of the profession, this affair will be the unpardonable sin—something which can never be lived down. For me, this is the end of everything."

"Everything!" she echoed in agony. "But our love, dearest; nothing can end that? Somewhere—away in a new country, we could make something of life."

"You would leave everything—your home, your people, your country—for me? Oh, you wonderful, wonderful girl! But even in a new country there'd be no chance for me, Phyl. No, we must face the facts—everything is utterly finished for me."

She clung to him tearfully.

"Oh, Charles, they couldn't convict you without my evidence. And if I were your wife I couldn't be made to give evidence, it's the only way."

"The only way!" he repeated.

A NEW fear rushed upon him. Suppose they put her in the witness-box and she refused to speak, might she not be charged with being an accomplice with him? The more he thought of it, the more horrible the thought looked.

"The only way! No, no—surely not! There'll have to be another way. I'll have to think it all out. It's such a tremendous thing you've offered."

"But, darling, it must be done quickly; it can't be delayed. It must be done before the trouble actually comes; and you never know what may happen even in a day."

"True, Phyl. To-morrow, I'll see you again, and we can talk the matter over."

"To-morrow!" she looked at him pleadingly. "It's such a long time, Charles; and once the inquest is held—"

"I must have time, Phyl. This thing demands calm thinking. But, unless I see things in a very different light, it's utterly impossible."

She looked at him with a rueful smile.

"You're not so very chivalrous, Charles. You need a long time to consider my proposal. You ought to have jumped at it."

He smiled at her.

"God knows, I'd like to, Phyl. No man on this earth has ever been honored as I have to-day. Your love and your faith are the most beautiful things I have ever known. Now, I must leave you. I have to see Dr. Turner; and there are still patients waiting for me."

Phyl's father was coming in at the gate as the doctor came out. He glanced at the shadowed face with sympathetic eyes. Poor devil! He was hard hit! He extended his hand, and the doctor gripped it gravely.

"I've been talking to Phyl, Mr. Howarth."

"Yes, Doctor?"

"And if ever a father ought to be proud,

you should. She's the most splendid girl that ever lived."

Her father nodded.

"Yes, I am proud. And I consider you should feel proud, too—proud that you have been the man to win her love."

The doctor looked at him steadily.

"I want to thank you for your friendship in this trouble. I've been talking to Phyl; but what she suggests is quite impossible. She can't realise just what it means."

"I think she does realise, Doctor."

"But if this thing goes as it looks certain to go, I may have to spend the rest of my life behind bars. No man could accept her offer in the face of that. She must be kept out of it."

"That, I'm afraid, won't be so easy. She's sure to be drawn into it."

"Then, she'll just have to tell what she knows."

"It would absolutely break her heart, Doctor. I'm not so sure that her way isn't the only way after all; and I'm not looking at it from her viewpoint either."

The doctor shook his head.

"There must be another way. I'll find one. I can't allow her to do it. Her whole life just beginning! Would to God I had never come into her life. I had no right to have loved her, to have let her see I cared. I was weak; that has been my curse from the first, weakness—allowing things to drift, or running away from them. Fool to think I could ever bring anything but trouble to anybody. Life has no time for a weakling."

"We all make mistakes, Doctor," Howarth said kindly. "I don't know that you were so much to blame. But women can complicate things fearfully; especially women of Sister Wylie's type. Don't give up hope; something may turn up. What did you say to Phyl?"

"I said it couldn't be done; but I'd see her again to-morrow, after I'd thought things out."

"A good idea. After all, things may be altogether different to-morrow. I'll see you again to-morrow, then."

The doctor went out to his car, and drove off up the street.

He caught a peculiar expression in people's faces as he passed them in the street. Outside Sandy McGregor's bar he noticed several loungers stare at him, then speak to each other and turn to stare again. His lips set, and his eyes considered with anger. It was all so ghastly—discussing him; speculating as to whether he really did give her the overdose; talking about Phyl! . . . Talk! Talk! . . . It was everywhere. He read it in men's eyes as they turned away from his glance; in the stiffness of Dr. Turner's manner; in the quickly averted glance of Nurse Marsh's eyes. It was all about him—sinister, suggestive. He saw the courtroom; the lawyers; Phyl in the witness-box! Saw the sensational headlines in the papers—"Doctor Raynor's Defence! Will Phyl Howarth Give Evidence?"

At last, he was back at his rooms. He had his tea. A few patients were waiting; and then came a call a short distance out. The evening was almost gone when he returned and garaged his car. It had been a long and trying day; a hot and stifling day, too.

WEARILY, he sank into a chair. He could hear Mrs. Brown moving about the other part of the house. What did she think of it all—this quiet, hard-working woman who, for twelve months, had looked after his rooms and provided his meals? Did she think him capable of such a thing as people were whispering? Not a sign had she shown that a breath of suggestion had come to her—the same quiet efficiency in the routine.

Then, even while he was thinking, came a quiet knock at his door; and there was Mrs. Brown herself with a cup of coffee.

"Why, Mrs. Brown, what have I done to deserve this extra kindness?"

She placed the tray on the table.

"You—you must be tired, Doctor. I thought you'd like a cup of coffee."

He saw the sympathy in her eyes; and he stood staring, scarcely trusting himself to speak.

"And I want to say," she went on, "that them as knows you like I have what's lived in the same house aren't likely to take notice of a lot of silly talk."

He smiled gratefully.

"I can't tell you how much your kindness has meant to me, Mrs. Brown; and, whatever happens, I'll remember all you've done. I want to thank you for it."

She stood staring at him, a suspicion of tears in her eyes.

"But you don't think, Doctor—?"

He smiled again, and patted her shoulder.

"Don't worry, Ma. Everything will be all right."

But even as he said it, a terrible doubt darkened his mind. How could it be all right? . . . Still it was good to feel Mrs. Brown's sympathy.

As she was going out, she turned.

"Oh, there's a phone message from Dawson's. He's worse; and they want you to go out. I said you was away; and they said they hoped you'd be able to come first thing in the morning."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Brown."

He drank his coffee. . . . Dawson! . . . How much longer would he be able to run out up the valleys and the mountains to his distant patients?

He sank back into the lounge chair and smoked several cigarettes. This thing had to be faced. There was Phyl. No running away this time.

Again, he went through the horror of the publicity. How the papers would revel in it! Well, it was their trade. . . . The disgrace he had brought on the profession!

. . . And the only hope of escape was to allow Phyl Howarth to marry him that her damning evidence might not be dragged from her! Was that really her idea?

Or was that a camouflage hiding a deeper reason; a lever to force him to agree? A tender light filled his eyes. She loved him so deeply, she wanted to sink with him.

. . . No, it couldn't be considered for a moment. Phyl, marry a man accused of murder! He could hear the whispers: "She married the doctor. No doubt she was in it with him; the nurse knew too much."

. . . Oh, he got out of it, but— . . . Phyl waiting while he served a sentence; waiting five, ten, fifteen years! Phyl, the wife of a felon! Phyl, who ought to be a proud wife, and a proud mother of sturdy sons and daughters. . . . Children of a felon! Good God!

Dawson! . . . In the morning!

It came to him like a flash—"The Devil's Elbow!" He knew there must be another way! . . . And so natural, too—the doctor worn out with work and worry, called out after a sleepless night, losing control of the wheel one moment on the dangerous curve on the mountain pass, and hurtling to death over the precipice below! . . .

Coming down the pass on the return journey—just one fraction of a turn and it would be over. Nothing would ever be suspected. The whispers would be hushed at a breath. . . . But Phyl? . . . Yes, even Phyl would forget . . . in time. He would be a beautiful memory. Some day, she would find someone else who would make her happy.

He lay back with closed eyes, listening to the rumble of thunder. A storm! So much the better—the mountain road would be slippery. Yes, it was the way out—the only way.

Back at the police station, Phyl had talked again with her father.

"He must be made to see it, Father. It's the only way. Oh, why did he put me off till to-morrow? It's an eternity!"

She wandered restlessly about, doing everything she had to do, and many things

she need not have done—anything to divert her mind. Even the queer, oppressive silence of the day seemed ominous. The grim silence of her brother-in-law frightened her. She scarcely glimpsed the torture he was suffering, for never had duty loomed so darkly in his path.

To Phyl, he seemed no longer a man, but a grim, terrifying arm of the law. Paralyzed her at the thought. . . . Suppose to-morrow should be too late!

SHE determined to phone the doctor and insist on talking the matter over to-night. She rang, but he was not in.

After tea, she paced the garden. Saw the lightning quivering away on the horizon; heard the low, ominous rumble of thunder in the distance; but she scarcely noticed their existence. She was frightened at much more terrifying forces now. Yes, frightened! She was frightened of everything . . . and everyone. She dreaded the thought of going where people could see her—the way they looked at her. No wonder Charles felt it all so keenly—Charles, who loved his profession so dearly. Would he have to give it up—the work which was the breath of life to him? Would they take him away? Would they shut him up in a dark prison? He who so loved the open hills!

She felt stifled at the thought.

But surely she was frightening herself for nothing! The whole thing might come to nothing. But, even then, Charles would have to leave this place—go away to a new sphere. Would he be able to practise somewhere else? Or would the story follow him? No, of course it would not. . . . Yet how the past always had a way of turning up when least expected—like Sister Wylie coming to this spot.

Anyway, why shouldn't the coroner give a verdict of heart failure, and the whole horrible fear vanish at a breath?

But something told her it couldn't be like that. And she knew that Charles knew it, too. . . . Oh, if only she could persuade him to marry her! That, she knew, was the solution. Jim disapproved. He naturally would; but he didn't know the story, and couldn't see it as she did. But even her father wasn't as keen on it as he tried to make her feel. It was all so terrible. She felt like breaking down and crying hysterically; but she pulled herself together. She couldn't afford to break down.

She would need all her strength to get this thing through.

Late into the night she paced the garden, watching the vivid lightning and listening to the low, shuddering rumble of the thunder. At last she went to her room.

In bed she lay awake, listening to the storm coming nearer. The lightning seemed almost continuous. Somehow, the oppressive atmosphere grew more and more tense, and then the storm broke, fury with wind and rain dashing flames against the house, she felt there was something in the turbulence of the elements akin to the turmoil of her own feelings.

Then it subsided—suddenly and unexpectedly—to be followed by a deep hush. "The calm after the storm," Phyl thought, finding a sense of peace steal into her mind. Was it symbolic of the lives?

Would they find peace after this storm that was sweeping their lives? If so, she could believe it. Faith—"Faith removes mountains!" She prayed softly, silently, fervently, for faith to remove the dark and fearful mountain that lay in the path of the doctor's hope and freedom.

It was impossible to sleep, and she was thinking of Charles—the first time they met. The first time he had kissed her the night of the dance at Wallarumba, the coming of Sister Wylie; the snake. She felt, as she thought of it all, as

she had lived a hundred lives in these few days.

How would it all end?
From somewhere a rooster's shrill crowing echoed clearly over the slumbering town and died away in the deep stillness that precedes the dawn.

The stillness was suddenly broken by the sound of a car accelerating as it started off in low gear.

Phyl listened intently. It was passing in front—would it be Charles called out on a case? . . . Charles, her beloved! Deep yearning came over her as she followed the sound of the car far up the main street, and she found a fervent prayer rising from her heart in an anguish of entreaty to the Eternal Spirit of Love—"Oh, God, give him back to me, and to the life he loves."

A sense of peace stole over her troubled spirit, as though the soothing of unseen hands had touched her, calming and strengthening her heart.

The sound of the car died away in the distance, but the sense of a soothing, unseen presence remained with Phyl, and in a few minutes she was sleeping like a child.

While, out on the winding road, with grim face and tragic eyes, the doctor sat behind the wheel of his car. . . And over the hills and valleys the dawn came stealing silently, softly, clothing the mountains in the magic flush of the new-born day.



CHAPTER 13.

SANDY McGREGOR'S bar was open from six o'clock, but only when some boarders were making an early start on their departure did he do any business before nine, excepting, of course, in cases when some unfortunate, after a tortured night, sought "a hair of the dog."

Sandy, not expecting custom from either of these sources this morning, was busy in the yard when he heard a loud knocking on the bar, and came hurrying through from the back, wondering who his early customer could be.

Reaching the door, he halted with an exclamation.

"Well, Barney, mon, an' how did ye come out of the hospital so braw and early?"

"The hospital! Bedad, it's meself 'as been thirty miles up Cedar Creek these two days lookin' fer gold w' Mick Kenny."

"Looking fer gold with Mick Kenny?"

"An' sure we've found it. It's meself as always told yer there was gold up Cedar Creek, an' no more'n thirty miles from this blessed spot, Sandy."

"Aye, it's lucky ye are," Sandy replied, reaching for glasses. "You'll have a drop to celebrate the occasion?"

Barney smacked his lips in appreciation.

"It's good stuff yer after keepin', Sandy. It's meself as niver says no when it's a good thing. It's a dry wurruk trampin' the hills lookin' fer gold."

Sandy grinned.

"And how came ye to find gold so soon? It's no more than two days since Mick Kenny went out."

"Sure, it's a foine hushman, 'e is, and it's right on top o' the gold we're after pitechin' our camp the day we went. An' when we starts ter dig around, yesterday mornin', sure, we'd found the spot in less than an hour. Fill 'em up again, Sandy."

"And how do you come to be in here, man, with such a fortune awaitin' you?"

"Sure, an' it's this way, Sandy. Kenny—yer should 'ave seen the lad when 'e caught a look at the stuff. It's meself as thought the swalpeen was daft. But when 'e cools off a bit, 'e looks at me sudden-like, an' slaps 'is knee. 'Barney, me

boy,' says 'e, 'and what's the fust thing ter do when yer finds gold? Dig fer yer life,' says I. 'Sure, and that's where yer wrong,' says 'e."

"It's pegin' out the claim we must be after doin', or, bedad, some spalpeen'll be shuntin' us off our hard-won roighs. It's meself as'll stay and kape on with the diggin' whiles you take the moke and see what's ter be done about this pegin' out the claim, and be careful ter kape yer big mouth shut till it's safe. And don't forget, says 'e, 'ter bring back a couple o' bottles from Sandy's."

"Aye, the man's right, and I'm advising you, though it's no ways to my own interests, not to be hangin' about too long, or you may not be fit to gang away back to Kenny, but gangin' to the hospital instead."

"Sure, and it's foine luck I'm after havin' speakin' out with the nurse in lookin' after a cross child away among the women. But it's a divil of a job I had. Sure, was yer after hearin' anything about me givin' 'em the slip?"

"No, no, man. The town's been full of more exciting things these two days. It'd not surprise me if they haven't missed you yet."

"What's that yer sayin'?"

"Have you not heard the news? The new sister was found dead there the mornin' before yesterday."

"Sister Wylie. Dead, yer sayin'? It's meself can't believe it's true."

"Aye, and that's not the lot." He lowered his voice. "I'm not the one fer gossipin'; but there's a lot of whisperin' of uncanny doings."

"Sure, yer take me breath away, Sandy. The sister was after seem' snakes like meself, and, bedad, she was after gettin' bit by one o' the varmints, and that's with-out bein' near yer pub, Sandy. Was the reptile after killin' the girl in the end?"

"No, mon. It's about the cause of the dyin' there's the talk. And it's the doctor who's a very worried man."

"The doctor! I can't believe it. It was after bein' struck on Phyl Howarth, the doctor was. It was only the sister, 'erself, was after chasin' the doctor."

"Aye, that's what they're saying—that he'd not be sorry to be rid of the woman, and seegin' she died kind of mysterious-like in her sleep, well, you can see for yourself how the talking started. There's to be the inquest to-day, and we're all wonderin' how it'll all turn out."

Barney's eyes bulged as he caught the significance of Sandy's words.

"Bedad, it's after bein' a sorry trouble fer the doctor."

"Aye, it was he who went in to give her the draught to make her sleep. . . and she woke up no more. It's careful I must be of what I'm saying; but you're not the man to be repeatin' thins. There's talk of Phyl Howarth havin' a bitter quarrel with the sister over the doctor. Sergeant Weston's going around with a face as worried as an owl's, fearin' the doctor's heading for sore trouble."

"And what would the doctor be after doin' such a thing for?"

"Well, she was acquainted with the doctor away in some other part, and they're whisperin' that she knew somewhat too much about him."

"Bedad, an' I can believe she'd be after knowin' all a man's business, and not forgettin' it. She's the kind ter be joggin' a man's memory if 'e was after forgettin' it 'erself. It's meself as always said women was worse than the booze, an' if this ain't proof, me name's not Barney Lennon."

THEY were interrupted by a couple of stockmen coming in for a drink. When they had gone out again, Barney turned again to the hotel-keeper.

"And this pegin' out a claim, Sandy? I'm after findin' out what's ter be done.

What in the name o' Saint Patrick does it mean?"

"It's not the kind of thing I understood, Barney. I cannot help you. If you be asking about a good drop of whisky, I'm the man for you; but gold mining—it's not a thing I know anything at all about."

"Bedad, yer don't ave the need ter know. It's a good claim yer on in the place roight where yer are, I'm thinkin'."

"Go to the Sergeant, man; he'll know all about it."

"Sure, an' what am I thinkin' o'? Didn't Mick Kenny say the same? I'll be gettin' along ter the sergeant before he goes off fer the day."

"Aye, and it's good luck I'll be wishin' you."

"Bedad, I'll be after takin' the bottles fer Kenny."

SANDY supplied them, and Barney was soon bestowing them in the safety of his big saddle-bags.

At the police station, he knocked at the office; but, finding no one there, made his way to the front door of the house. Phyl came to the door.

"Hello, Barney!"

"And how's yersef ter day, Phyl. What's this yer been doin' ter yersef now? Yer not lookin' so well."

Ignoring his comment, she tried to smile. "I didn't expect to see you, Barney; I thought you'd gone bush again looking for gold."

"An' it's about that same I've come ter see the sergeant; for sure, we've found what we was after lookin' for."

"You found gold, Barney?"

"It's as true as I'm standin' here. Any day, now, an' I'll be a millionaire. Can yer fancy yer old friend, Barney Lennon, ridin' around in one o' them Rolls Royce motey cars, smokin' a mighty long cigar? . . . Or, maybe, it's an airplane I'll be after havin'."

Phyl laughed.

"You'll be leavin' us then, Barney: going to live in the city."

"Divil a bit; the same old place 'll do Barney Lennon. It kept me whin I was poor, an' I'm thinkin' it's got the fust claim whin I'm rich."

"Oh, I'm glad you won't be turnin' the old place down, Barney. I'll find the sergeant and send him out to you."

Barney was touched by Phyl's shadowed eyes and pale face.

"Rotten shame!" he thought as he went out. "She's one o' the best."

Jim Weston came out.

"Is this true, Barney? Have you struck it lucky?"

"So 'tip me, God, it's true! An' what I wants ter know is about this 'ere pegin' out a claim."

"You'd need to. As soon as this news gets about, you'll have thousands of people rushin' out all over you. Come along to the office."

"It's the dream of me life come true," Barney exclaimed as they entered the office.

"Don't be too optimistic, Barney," Weston counselled. "These rich strikes have a way of peterin' out when you start to work them. Remember Doolan's find last year?"

"Doolan! 'E niver sees a bit o' color but 'e's struck a million-pound mine."

"Yes, that's a common habit with prospectors."

He gave Barney all the details of the "peggin' out" process, and wished him good luck.

After watching him round the corner, he returned to the verandah where he encountered Phyl.

"Afraid he'll scarcely get past the pub without callin' in; and heaven knows when he'll get back to Kenny." He shrugged. "I suppose the poor chap can't help it. He seems to have been born with a thirst. Pity, all the same."

He glanced sympathetically at Phyl. Poor

kid! In spite of her attempts to be cheerful, she was looking very thin and haggard. . . . And only God knew what the day might bring! There seemed only one possible outcome the way things were shaping. What, with people talking—!

He looked at Phyl again. He'd have to have a talk with her after breakfast—put her wise to the position, and warn her what to expect.

PHYL'S mind was on the doctor. Was it his car she had heard in the early hours of the morning? She felt sure it was. What would happen when he came back? The suspense was intolerable.

Suddenly, she made up her mind. She had had many an intimate talk to the old padre, Reverend Thomas. He had known her for years. She would go round and talk it over with him—get his help. She must talk to someone. Charles must be made to agree with her scheme. Perhaps Mr. Thomas would talk to him.

She thought of Jim. He worried her. His grimness these last two days made her terribly afraid. As soon as Charles came back they must get things fixed up. She would ring and find out when he was expected back.

Mrs. Brown informed her the doctor had gone out early in the morning. She thought he had gone to see Dawson. He hadn't left any word. Probably he would be in again before eleven.

Phyl asked her to let her know when he came in, and rang off. She must persuade him! She would persuade him! It was the only way. . . . His wife! What did it matter even if the law found him guilty? She believed in him, and she would be waiting no matter how long. She shivered; it was a ghastly picture her mind conjured up.

With an effort she recalled her thoughts. This would not do! No crossing bridges before she came to them—such hideous bridges!



CHAPTER 14.

THE sergeant was right: Barney had succumbed to the lure of The Plateau View. Perhaps he would have succeeded in passing had it not been for running into Tom Riley just near by; and now they were "having one" together.

"You're looking pretty well, Barney," Tom was saying. "Last time I saw you was before you went to the hospital. Must have looked after you well there."

Barney spat with disgust.

"They didn't keep me, anyway."

"I heard about you disappearing in the night. Things have been pretty lively at the hospital lately. Must have all happened soon after you left. Lord! I wouldn't like to be in the doctor's place, the way things are looking."

Barney sipped his drink slowly.

"An' begorra, there ain't a whiter man in the country. A feller never knows what the devil's goin' on. There's me lyin' awake an' waitin' fer the chance ter slip out before mornin', never dreamin' they'd be findin' the sister dead soon after I'd gone."

He lifted his glass slowly to his lips, and emptied it.

"And, begorra, Tom, it was lucky fer me they did 'ave some excitement; fer when I got into the room lookin' fer me clothes, I 'ad ter look be the light o' a match, not bein' game ter put on the light, an' the saints preserve me, I grab the wrong pants."

TOM laughed heartily, and cast a look at Barney.

"You picked a decent fit, Barney, even if it was dark."

"Sure, I'm wonderin' if they've found out yet."

"Not likely they'd notice a little thing like that when there's so much doin'."

Barney put down his glass reflectively.

"She was a Tartar, was that same sister; but, sure, we parted good friends."

Quite decent she was ter me that night—tryin' ter get me off ter sleep, an' me prayin' ter all the saints ter kape me awake. I'm watchin' Nurse Marsh, an' sittin' up in bed jist ready ter dive inter the place ter look fer me pants, when all at once I sees Sister marchin' through the ward in one o' them fancy kimineros. She looked almost as surprised as I was myself. 'Why, Lennon, she says, 'can't yer sleep?' 'That I can't, Sister,' I says; 'I don't know what the devil's the matter.' 'Thin let me get yer somethin' ter make yer sleep,' she says. 'What about yerself?' I says. 'Are yer after keepin' awake when yer've 'ad a draught from the doctor an' all?'—Fer I 'ard the matron mention the draught, yer see. Well, off she goes an' brings a glass o' water an' a couple o' them aspas. I had ter pretend ter swallow 'em, but I didn't; I got 'em 'ere in me pocket this blessed minute. But I'll niver forget the joke about yer tryin' ter make me sleep, an' me prayin' ter keep awake. . . . But, sure, she slept sound enough 'erself, poor girl!"

Tom Riley was staring at him with wide eyes.

"Good Lord, Barney! Do you mean all this happened after the doctor had gone?"

"Yes, bedad, away on when every soul was asleep, an' me gettin' ready ter bolt."

"Then, by heavens, Barney, this clears up the trouble for the doctor!"

"What's that?"

"The doctor was supposed to be the last person to see her alive; and now you say you saw her hours afterwards."

"Oh, sure, she was alive! Corpses don't walk."

"And she got you something to make you sleep?"

"Yes, she said she couldn't sleep 'erself."

"Well, she must have gone and found some more dope for herself, and the doctor is getting the blame."

A light of great admiration leapt to Barney's eyes.

"It's herself'd make a first-rate detective, Tom. And if I hadn't met yer reight 'ere jist now, they'd 'ave 'anged the doctor fer a thing 'e niver even thought o' doin'."

"Come on around to the sergeant, and tell him."

"Sure, if it's the doctor I'm after 'eipin', I'll be lovin' no time."

Jim Weston listened eagerly, and, questioning Barney carefully, wrote his statement down.

"You see, Barney, even a spell at the hospital turns out for the best sometimes."

"Bedad, it was Providence I got too much at Sandy's, and started seein' snakes."

Phyl caught sight of Jim Weston's face as he came into the house. Whatever had happened? He looked absolutely transformed.

"It's all right, Phyl," he cried excitedly. "Read this."

She read the statement, and then stood speechless with feeling. The next instant, Jim was startled to find her arms around his neck, and a kiss planted on his tanned cheek.

"It's too wonderful!" she cried. "I know she took drugs. Oh, thank God, Barney was there."

"Yes, and keepin' awake to make a bolt. Things do seem ordered for the best sometimes, Sis."

Phyl thought of her prayer. Had it been answered. Where was the doctor. Somewhere on his way back from Dawson's.

Then the phone rang, and Weston moved away to answer it.

"A ring from Marsden's," he announced a minute later as he came back. "The doctor had an accident—"

She almost screamed as the word was spoken.

"Oh, nothing serious, Phyl—an accident to his car, I was going to say. Car got bogged going through the creek. He lost his hand trying to get it out. He won't be able to drive when they do get it out. They rang to see if I could send out for him."

"Let me go," she said eagerly.

He smiled.

"You'll have some jolly good news for him. I'll get my report ready for this inquest."

He gave her hands a squeeze.

"You don't know what this means to me, Phyl. Things were looking as black as midnight; and to think it would be my duty—!"

"I know, Jim, you old dear. You've been looking just like a hideous monster to me till just now."

He laughed happily, and went to bring her car out.

Phyl found the car too slow to suit her. Here, over these winding mountain paths but a few hours ago, the doctor had gone out in the darkness—a tortured man. Now she was following with the news of the glorious unexpected. Her prayers had followed him . . . and they had been answered. It was wonderful day after darkest night.

HOW beautiful the mountains were this morning! She loved every twist and fold, every peak and gorge. Charles, too, loved the mountains. Among these glorious hills they would make their home.

With every mile, her excitement grew. . . . Over the Pass, and down to the creek. . . . And there was the car, standing in the stream where it had stopped as the doctor was coming back from Dawson's.

She smiled. Whatever had made the doctor keep down so low in the crossing. It was a treacherous crossing.

She left her own car on this side, as the doctor's car, partly in the crossing, made it impossible to get across.

As she crossed the swinging footbridge, she saw him coming over the rise from the house beyond. He must have heard her car.

She waved, and he came hurrying down the slope to meet her.

In spite of the shadow on his face, he was smiling.

"You, Phyl!"

"Yes, old boy, me again."

He was holding her in his arms, then turned with her to re-climb the slope.

"Wonderful news, Charles," she cried excitedly. "Everything's all right. Old Harry Lennon came back to town this mornin'."

It seems he saw Sister Wylie come through the ward long after you left and go into the dispensary."

She told him the whole story as they stood in the golden sunshine at the top of the rise.

The doctor's eyes wandered up the winding road to the pass, and he was thinking of The Devil's Elbow a little beyond. He was deeply moved as his eyes came back to the bogged car in the creek. He drew Phyl to him again almost reverently.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

"Yes, Charles, I heard you going so early this morning, and my prayers followed you. . . . And they were answered!"

His eyes were lifted again to the pass.

"Yes, Phyl, they were answered."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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